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crystal teardrop...'
excerpts
from the journal
of Joan Baez**

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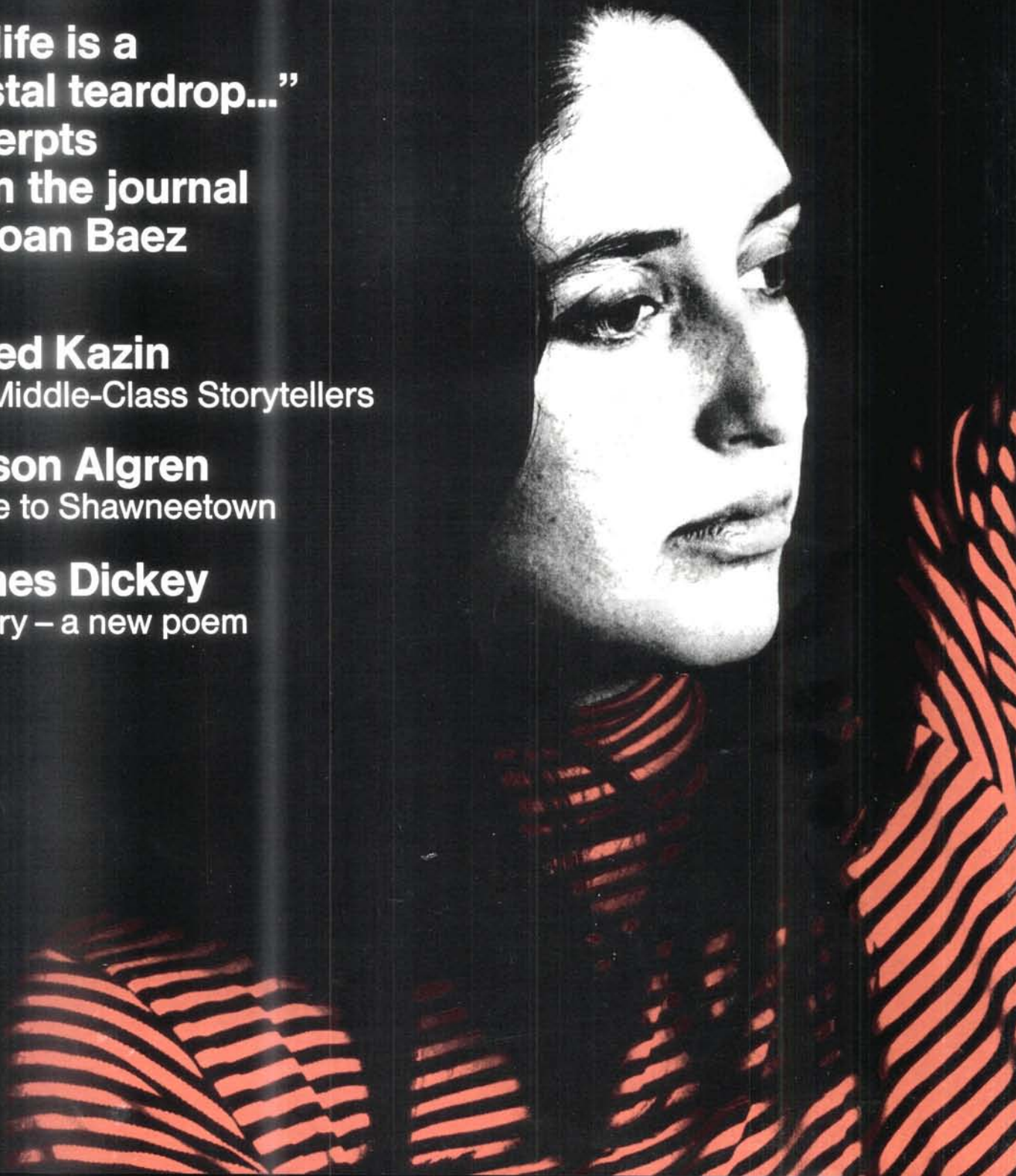
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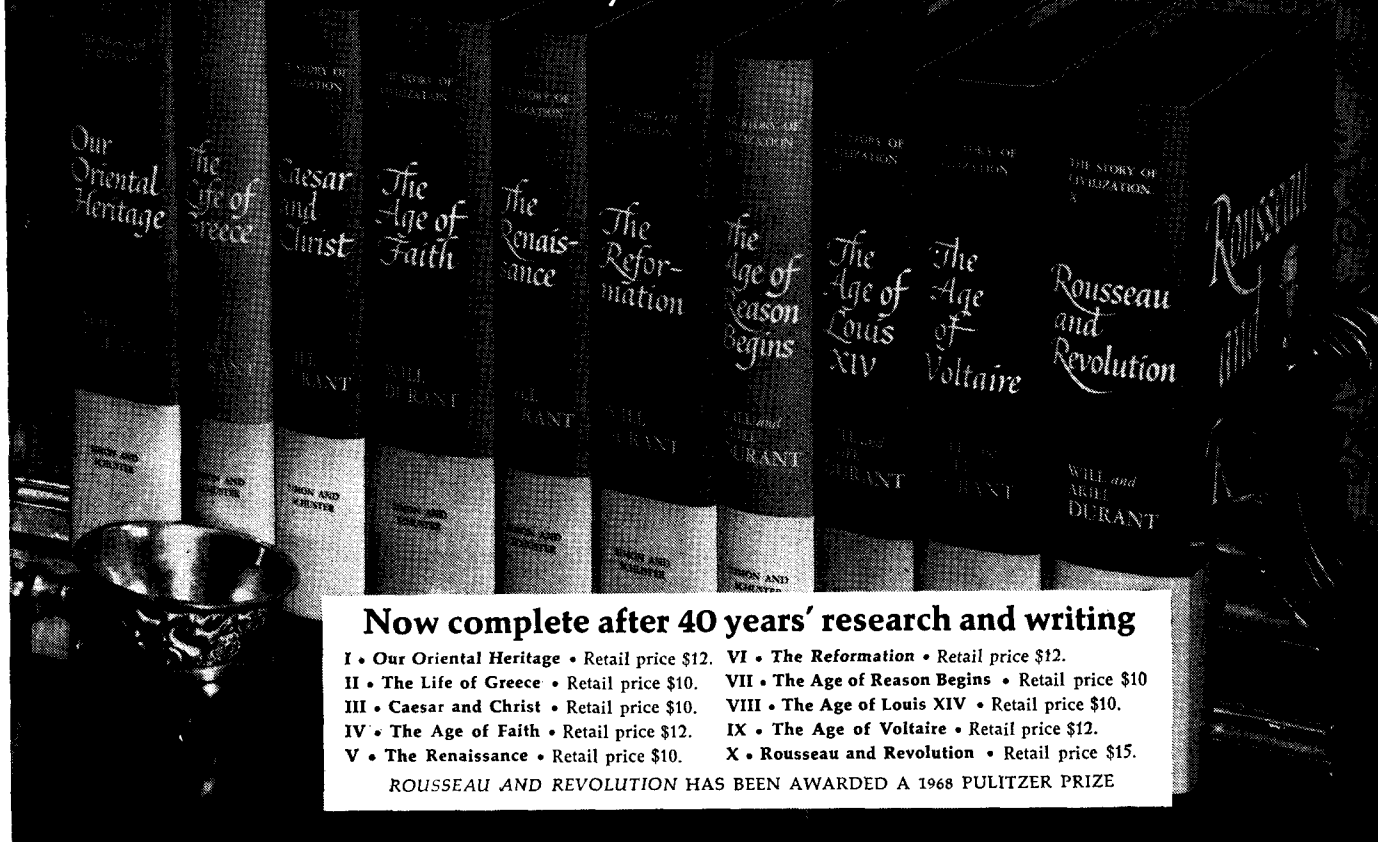
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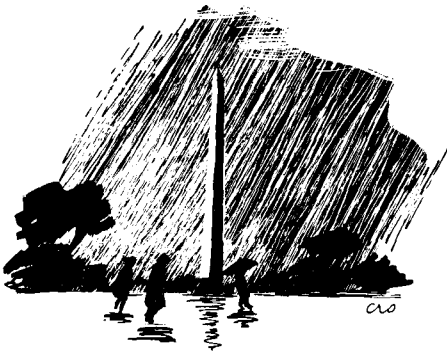
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reports

Washington



Even before Robert Kennedy was killed, stilling the most insistent voice in the campaign that "we can do better," there was growing pessimism here about the chances that the elections would contribute much toward resolution of the nation's deepest domestic problems. Up to the end, there was an unshakable worry within the Kennedy camp that his messages about the need for new directions were not getting through. Some of his advisers, among them several who had counseled against making the race, had felt all along that this year's electorate was not ready for what he had to say. The elders in the campaign organization thought that there was a necessity for keeping the senator's idealistic young activists quiet and out of sight. There would be time enough to try to remake the world, they said, if and after Kennedy was elected.

One of Kennedy's advisers, assuming that even in the unlikely event of a Kennedy victory it would be close and fractious, asked him not long ago and not entirely in jest whether he really wanted the job. But John F. Kennedy talked quite a while about getting the country

moving again before the spirit of what he was saying caught on. Perhaps Robert Kennedy too was conditioning the public mind. Now that will be impossible to tell.

It is generally assumed here that the next Congress will be at least as conservative as this one. Nothing has happened to offset the conservative tide that became so evident in the 1966 elections; if anything, events have reinforced it. Moreover, despite the deep and complicated entanglements of the Vietnam War with the domestic crises, there is a growing body of thought that the resolution of the one, even if it comes, will not bring relief of the other.

War cost

"To put the matter briefly," said Charles L. Schultze, former director of the Bureau of the Budget, in a recent speech, "the ending of the war in Vietnam will not automatically make available any budgetary resources for transfer to bold new programs aimed at meeting the nation's social problems." Schultze, who resigned as Budget Director early this year, is a man of exceptional intelligence, and he devoutly wishes that his prognosis were otherwise. Therefore, his thesis is receiving serious attention here, and is concurred in by a number of current and recent government officials — who also wish that it were otherwise. The reasoning runs roughly as follows.

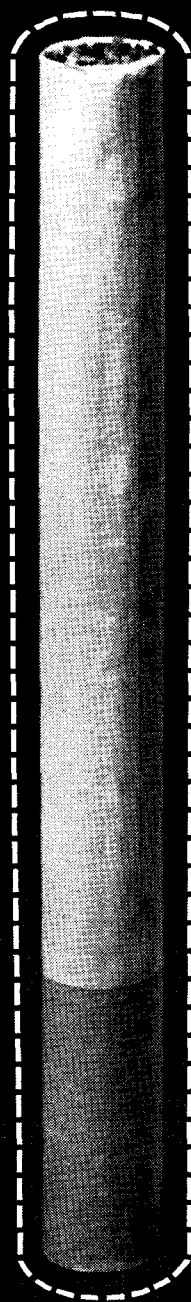
Although the Vietnam War is now expected to consume directly some \$30 billion of the \$79 billion in defense expenditures this fiscal year, there is no reason to believe that defense expenditures would be reduced by anything like that amount following the cessation of

Vietnam hostilities. For one thing, some of the costs attributed to Vietnam would have been incurred in any event: bombers would be kept at the ready and would be flying practice missions instead of combat missions. Some of the aircraft now sent to Vietnam to replace planes lost in combat would still have been bought to replace obsolescent planes and those lost in training flights.

Moreover, the Vietnam War has been, compared with other wars, fought on a low inventory. During the Korean War, excess military stocks were accumulated; this time, to the distress of some of the military, Defense Secretary McNamara held procurement for Vietnam more closely to estimated combat needs. New stockpiles have not been built up, and some that existed have been eroded. In addition, during the past three years, some routine military spending, such as for military housing, has been stretched out or postponed.

Inevitable claims

If defense expenditures after Vietnam should be at about the same level that they were before the war began, taking into account increases in prices and military pay since then, Schultze estimates that they would amount to about \$62 billion — or a reduction of about \$17 billion from the current level. Otto Eckstein, a Harvard economics professor and former member of the Council of Economic Advisers, estimates that the reduction will be even less — about \$13 billion "if the new President takes a strong, independent, economy-minded stand," and about \$8 billion if he "accedes readily to military requests." Even Schultze's more optimistic figure is immediately reduced by at least another \$2 billion



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Washington

or so, however, when he adds other inevitable sources of claims on the money: the depleted stockpiles, the deferred construction, and, of course, the destroyed territory of Vietnam. And there are those who argue that lest any post-Vietnam pullback become a rout, we will be under pressure to develop new weapons systems which have heretofore been ruled out because of the costs of the war.

But not much of even the remaining money is likely to be made available for civilian programs. Some or most of it would go to offset the unusually high budget deficit — at least \$20 billion before the new surtax, which will expire July 1, 1969. Schultze takes it “as practically certain” that a surtax would not outlast the Vietnam War. The balking at the President’s tax request over the past two years bears witness to his point.

Fiscal dividend

Even if there were no direct transfer of large amounts of money from the military to the civilian economy after Vietnam, it would be logical to assume that the money which is added to federal revenues each year simply through the growth in the economy — the “fiscal dividend,” which comes to about \$12 billion in *additional* money each year — would be available for new domestic programs. (Vietnam is now costing about the equivalent of three years’ fiscal dividend.) But no such assumption can be made. First, some of this money is absorbed automatically by the inexorable rises in the costs of existing federal programs through increases in the price of operating them and in the size of the population. Expenditures for medicare and social security will rise; more veterans will be claiming more veterans’ benefits; there will be need for more facilities and more employees to administer patents and passports, parks and prisons, and, of course, the Internal Revenue Service. Military and civilian federal employees will receive higher salaries, and in the aggregate these pay raises are very costly. All of this will absorb at least half of the annual fiscal dividend.

The rest, with luck, would go into paying off past debts to the existing

social programs which have been underfinanced during the last few years: aid for education, the poverty program, rent supplements, water pollution, and others. There would be little enough left for this, and still less for new departures.

Finally, another source of pressure on federal funds is likely to come from the search for relief from the rising state and local taxes. Resistance to these taxes has also been on the rise, the resistance having been a large factor in the difficulty over the President’s surtax proposal. There will be increased demands for some form of revenue-sharing, under which part of the rise in federal revenues each year will be turned back to the states and localities. Schultze, for one, fears that the states and localities would use this new money to meet routine costs, and to avoid or diminish the need for further local taxes: “Little of it would, I venture, be used to mount major new programs, aimed at the poor, the inner city, environmental pollution, or the provision of job opportunities for the unskilled.”

All of this has to do not with what can be done, but with what is likely to be done; not with the only option that is before the public and the politicians and the policy-makers, but with the option they are likely to elect. This point of view may be reinforced somewhat by defensiveness and battle fatigue. Whatever the circumstances, the alarm is being sounded that the end of the Vietnam War will not, in itself, resolve some of the most serious difficulties plaguing us here at home.

Peace by 1970?

One problem in even discussing the question of what will happen “after Vietnam” is the assumption that such a clean-cut state of affairs will come about. First, of course, there is the question of whether the negotiations will succeed. Caution is the official line, but to the extent that there is anything that can be described as a prevailing point of view here, it can be said to be optimism in general and pessimism in particular. The going assumption is that neither side wants wider hostilities, and that therefore the Paris conference will somehow work, but no one knows just how to get there from here. The most optimistic estimate is that there might be some form of cease-fire arranged in the

next few months, to be followed by some form of settlement sometime next year. This raises the second point about the “after Vietnam” discussions: although withdrawal of some portion of American troops is bound to be part of the arrangement, a settlement is not likely to be marked by raising (or lowering) the flag and shipping all the boys back home.

Beyond the number that will remain in Vietnam, there are already some 48,000 troops in Thailand, and American soldiers are expected to be part of the Far Eastern scenery for some time to come. Last year, in fact, there was initiated an exercise within the government to measure the possible fiscal effects of the various possible combinations of hows and whens the Vietnam War might draw to a close, but the project foundered on the multitudinous variables. Nevertheless, even if one accepts the most optimistic timetable, partial, let alone full, relief from the financial pressures of the Vietnam War is not likely to be felt for two years at the least.

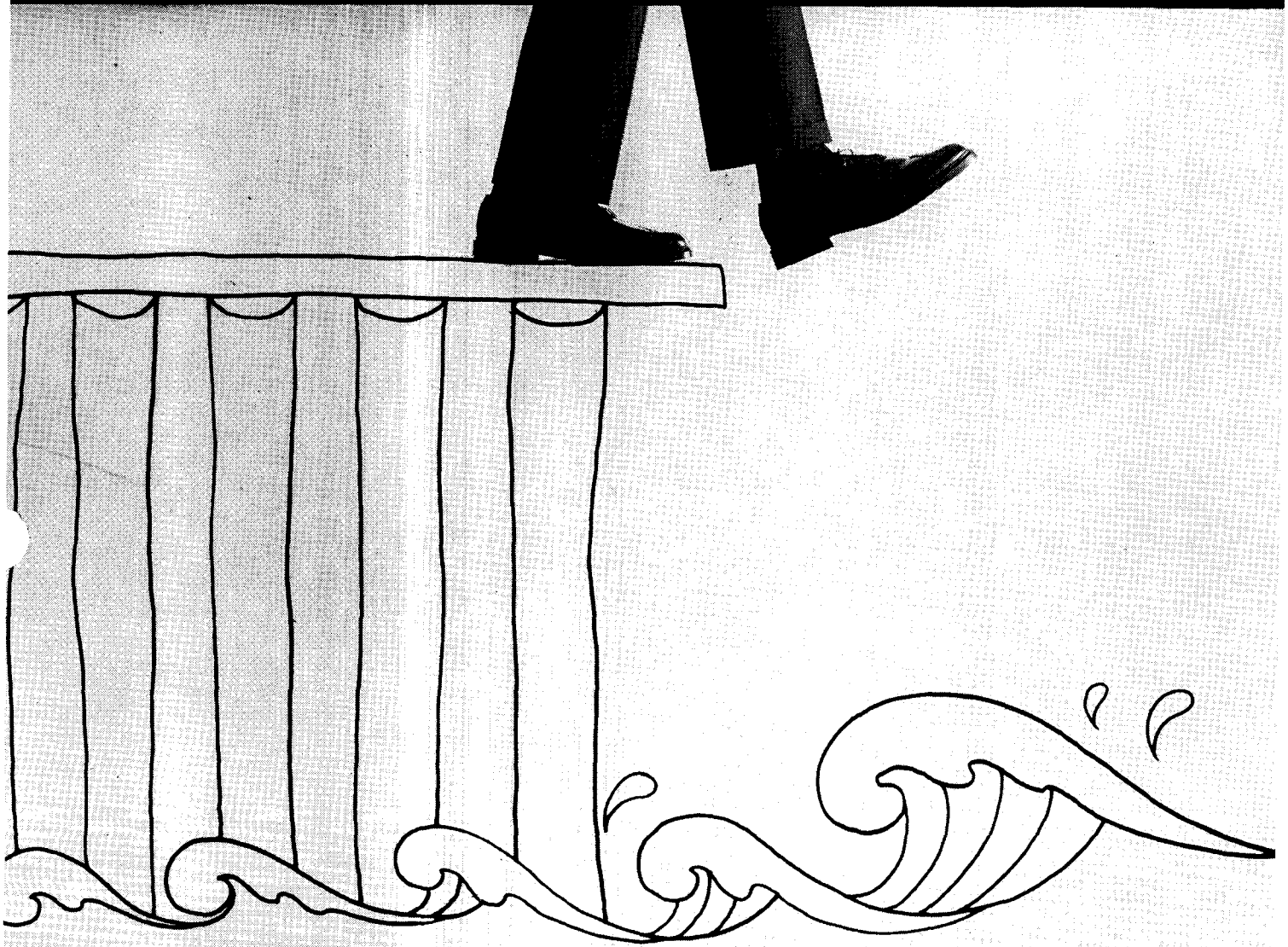
Finding funds

There are adventurous thinkers in and out of Washington who have notions for escaping from dependence on the federal taxing, appropriating, and budgeting process for the financing of programs to meet our racial and urban crises. For example, there are schemes for freeing vast bank and insurance company reserves for investment in urban development. For now, and for the foreseeable future, however, there remain two primary ways of coming at the question of where to find federal funds for meeting domestic problems. The first is to focus on reallocation of resources in the small — that is, within the given framework, or, as those who deal with budgets are wont to put it, how to rearrange the slices of the pie. The other is to concentrate on reallocating resources in the large, or, in the budgetman’s metaphor, enlarging the size of the pie itself. There is a great deal of difference.

If one deals with the question in terms of transferring funds from x to y, then the argument has been circumscribed and the options have been narrowed considerably. To be sure, with effort, great effort, more money could be found even within the framework that the Schultze

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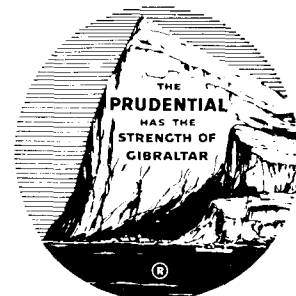
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There Ought To Be A Law!

by
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Years ago a crusty old friend of mine was elected to the Kentucky Legislature and went up to the state capitol for his first term. He never went back for his second.

In those days, too, an interminable amount of bickering about matters all too inconsequential was the rule—and always about more laws and taxes, never less of either.

My friend declared he had little talent and no taste for this profession. "The Legislature meets for sixty days every two years" said he. "Right there the law made a mistake. It should meet for two days every sixty years."

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Washington

thesis laid out. As he is well aware (and tried to correct), there are farm subsidies, ship subsidies, travel subsidies, and veterans' programs, among others, that are, in a word, senseless. There are projects such as the SST which should be moved down the priority list or off it completely.

The trick

Despite the McNamarization of the Pentagon budget, there remains a lurking suspicion among lay observers, and certainty among some who have examined the behemoth at close range, that there is money to be extracted for other purposes there, too. There has, in fact, developed something of a vogue within the government of re-examining the claims on the military budget. The view is that the Schultze thesis is substantially correct, given the current situation; the trick, then, is to change the situation by compressing military spending. Within and outside the government, there are men who, for reasons of international policy as much as to save money, are still trying to abort the "thin" anti-ballistic-missile system to be constructed against Chinese missiles. This "Sentinel" system, for which almost \$1 billion was proposed this year, is officially estimated to cost \$5 billion, but many believe that the final cost will be at least twice that, and moreover, that a "thick" system will not be far behind.

Questions are also being raised about the extent to which the United States should continue to maintain ground troops ready to fight large land wars in Asia or Europe on short notice. Tactical and strategic weapons systems are being reviewed, and the Air Force's pet Manned Orbiting Laboratory program, costing \$1 billion over the past two years alone, is being questioned a bit more closely.

The fact is, however, that these sorts of major changes within government spending are very difficult to bring about except when an Administration is new. After a while, the opponents within form their own strong alliances and power bases. Thus, despite McNamara's enormous impact on the Pentagon, after some time — more time than

anyone had reason to expect — his power too began to erode; thus the MOL and the "thin" ABM.

One option for the next President therefore, is to talk long and loud about the need for "reorder priorities" within the budget, and to work furiously within the Congress to bring that about. This requires a series of assaults on congressional power bases, and not without some risk. It is said, for example, that the SST project lingers on as much as anything because Senator Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat of Washington, site of the Boeing Company, presides over a subcommittee which approves the money for the rent supplements and model cities programs, and the *quid pro quo* is understood. The MOL is said to owe its existence to the need to pacify the Air Force after it lost the space program to the civilians at NASA. Such an effort to find more money through re-examining existing projects is a worthy one, and the possible rewards, which could come to perhaps some \$5 billion a year, are nothing to sneeze at. But even if successful, it is not likely to make the kind of difference that is being hoped for "after Vietnam."

Taxing expansion

The second option which the next President has is to focus national attention on the larger question of what we wish to do with our wealth which grows by \$35 billion to \$40 billion a year. One way to consider what this means is to realize that between 1961 and 1967 the American economy grew by an amount equal to the entire economy of West Germany, the third largest in the world. Another way is to realize that in six years the nation will be producing some \$240 billion more than was produced last year. The issue, then, is what portion of these automatic new riches should go for private consumption, and what portion should be put to public spending to cure our miseries? In laying out his post-Vietnam hypothesis, Schultze sees this separate, larger possibility: "Should additional resources be needed to meet the ills which trouble us as a society, economic growth will provide them. If, as a nation, we truly believe that the greatest and wealthiest republic on earth should not have its poorest citizens in hunger and squalor, and

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Washington

rat-infested shelters — if we truly want to arrest the decaying inner cores of our large cities — if we literally believe what our textbooks tell us about equality of opportunity — then, Lord knows, a shortage of economic resources is not cause for failing to act. . . . My point, therefore, is not that we cannot afford to devote whatever resources are needed towards easing the tensions which are now wrenching the social fabric of the nation. Rather my point is that cessation of hostilities in Vietnam will not automatically make those resources available. . . . To put the matter in its bluntest form, the only way to make really large additional resources available to meet our social problems, is to tax ourselves — to decide deliberately that some fraction of the growth in what we might otherwise have consumed for private pleasure we shall devote to the public good.”

Sackcloth society

That is the point about federal budgeting. No one is talking about severely high taxes, or suggesting a sackcloth society. If, for example, federal tax rates were now at the level that existed before the 1964 tax cut, this year alone federal resources would be greater by \$20 billion. When the tax cut was being considered within the Kennedy Administration, John Kenneth Galbraith was its most strenuous opponent. The author of *The Affluent Society* argued at length and almost alone that the money should be put to social purposes rather than returned to the private sector. But the view that the tax cut was needed to stimulate the economy prevailed, and in those terms the policy was a success. The New Economists had no more way than anyone else of knowing what the commitment to Vietnam would come to, but it does appear now that their theory of lowering and raising taxes to heat and cool the economy was more economically sound than politically sophisticated.

This is not to say that Vietnam has not distorted the balance of national allocation of resources. On the contrary, the war has distorted the balance so much that it will require more than an end to the war itself to straighten things out.

The argument is made, particularly by government officials, that money alone will not solve the problem. While no sensible person doubts this — there is a great deal to learn and much competence to be developed — the danger with this argument is that it can become a trap, paralyzing both money and competence in inaction. A growing number of people believe that if the domestic crisis is to be met, it will have to be met on the same scale as were the other great problems of the past thirty years: war production after 1939, nuclear research and development during the war, and the economic rehabilitation of Europe afterward. In all three cases, the large dimensions of the problem were accepted; great, virtually open-ended, amounts of money were committed; the best minds were thereby attracted; duplication, waste, and confusion were expected and blinked at; and the crises were met.

No one knows how much Congress and the voters have been hiding behind the Vietnam War as an excuse not to do what they did not want to do anyway. No one can be sure what difference it would have made if the President, instead of making an *a priori* decision that it wouldn't work, had put the larger issues before the public, and fought for acceptance of a different order of commitment. The big questions now are whether the men who want to succeed him will try, and whether the public mind will change. The prevailing view here is pessimistic, at least in the short run. For all of the warnings, the public, as seen from here, does not yet appear to believe that there is a national crisis. Since this country has a slim record of planning before the event, the expectation is that things will have to get worse before they get better, and that they will.

— Elizabeth B. Drew

The Supersonic Boom

It was a painful decision for Boeing. The Seattle aircraft manufacturer announced recently it was delaying the first test flight of its supersonic transport by a year — to 1972 — because of technical problems. With 3000 employees at work on the SST and orders on hand totaling \$5 billion, Boeing was in no mood to delay the controversial

plane any longer. Boeing also knew that the Administration, which has committed \$653 million to the SST so far, was facing growing congressional pressure to cut further SST funds. A delay, the company feared, would aid critics who want to ground the plane altogether.

But Boeing had little choice. The plane on the drawing boards is 50,000 pounds overweight — far too heavy to fly profitably across the Atlantic — and needs substantial design changes. Technical problems are not surprising in a new plane, especially one designed to fly 1800 mph (one mile every two seconds) and whose tail is bigger than the wings of a 707 jet. What is surprising is that Boeing was able, once again, to say little about the SST's main technical problem: the loud thunderclap widely known as sonic boom.

“Le bang” and the SST

Whether Boeing talks about it or not, however, the boom speaks for itself. If the SST flew from New York to Los Angeles, for instance, 10 million people in a 50-mile-wide path beneath the SST would hear the boom. Depending on atmospheric conditions, it would sound like dull thunder in the distance or a firecracker 25 feet away. There's no way known to eliminate it or even reduce it much. If fleets of SST's crisscross the continent day and night, warns Senator William Proxmire (D., Wisconsin), the most outspoken congressional critic of the SST, “we will all live out our lives in an immense drop forge foundry.”

At best, sonic boom would be one more noisy nuisance, unnoticed by some, startling to others. At worst, it could cause fright, accidents, or even heart failure. In France last summer three workers were killed when the sonic boom from a French fighter (the French call it “le bang”) collapsed the roof of an old farmhouse. Sonic boom has also broken windows, cracked plaster, and knocked pictures off living room walls. The Air Force, which has been flying supersonic planes for nearly 20 years, has paid several million dollars in damages. In fiscal 1967 alone, the Air Force settled 3357 claims, totaling \$440,000.

Hushing a problem of this stentorian magnitude is about as easy as hiding an elephant in a Volkswagen. Already a worldwide ban-the-boom movement is springing up. Canada

and Sweden have outlawed boom-producing flights over their land, and Germany and Switzerland say they are prepared to do so. In the United States, Santa Barbara, California, and Dearborn, Michigan, have anti-boom laws, while similar legislation was recently introduced in New York City. Because the courts probably will invalidate such local laws on the grounds that they exceed a city's legal jurisdiction, the United States needs a national anti-boom law. Unfortunately, although Senator Clifford Case (R., New Jersey) introduced legislation in May to ban commercial SST flights over the United States, a federal law is unlikely in the foreseeable future; certainly the Administration doesn't want to handicap a project it has backed from the beginning and which is slated to get at least \$1 billion in government money if and when full-scale production starts.

Anti-boom

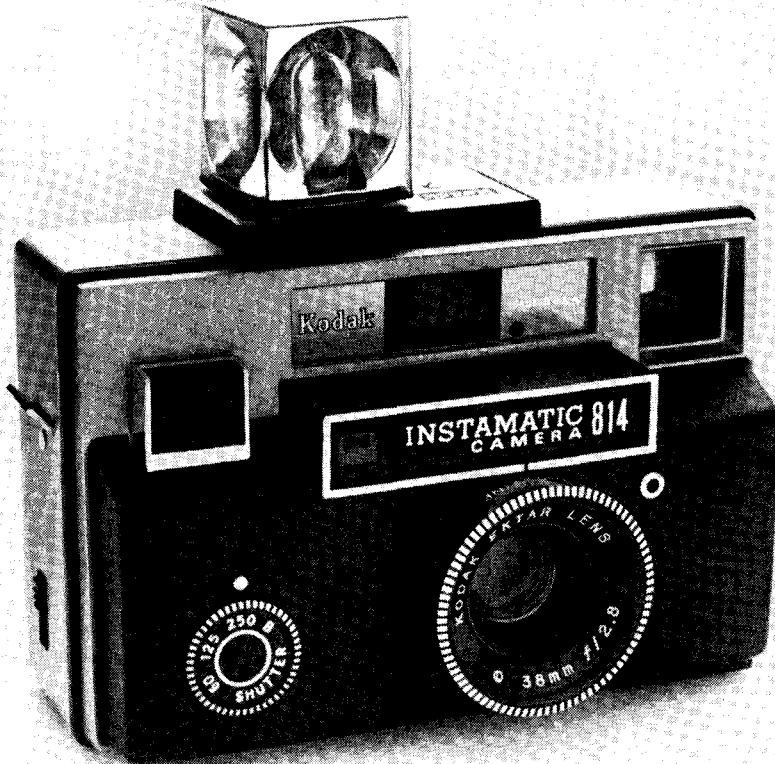
Partly by default, the center for much of the ban-the-boom protest has not been Capitol Hill, but the Cambridge, Massachusetts, home of Dr. William Shurcliff, a fifty-nine-year-old Harvard physics researcher. A year or so ago, Shurcliff read several irate letters in the *New York Times* complaining about sonic boom. He wrote to nine of the letter writers expressing his concern and inquiring whether "I could contribute \$10" to help fight the SST. Discovering that there was no private group against the boom, Shurcliff decided to form his own.

Today the Citizens League Against the Sonic Boom has over 2200 members, including many doctors, professors, engineers, physicists, and a "sprinkling of housewives in areas already badly boomed." The League acts as a clearinghouse for all SST information, disseminates anti-SST literature, runs newspaper ads, and sparks letter-writing campaigns. Shurcliff himself answers an average of 35 letters a day, practically all against the SST or sonic boom. He is on the phone frequently with Senator Proxmire ("we have a Bill and Bill relationship"), feeding him information.

Bearing the brunt of the Bill and Bill attack — indeed, all the SST criticism — is Major General Jewell Maxwell, who heads the SST program at the Federal Aviation Administration. The Mississippi-born

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The Supersonic Boom

Maxwell, who is on leave from the Air Force, travels around the country speaking on behalf of the SST in a forceful yet charming manner. He mixes folksy anecdotes about stagecoach days with slightly chauvinistic rhetoric about the need to maintain the country's commercial aviation leadership. Listening to Maxwell, one gets the impression that if we don't build the SST, the United States will be relegated to the status of underdeveloped country.

He cites our balance of payments deficit, noting we have to meet the challenge of the Concorde, the British-French SST that will be flying some three years before Boeing's. He reminds his audience that exporting a single Boeing SST "will pay for 20,000 Volkswagens, or 10 million Japanese transistor radios." What he doesn't say, however, is that the Institute for Defense Analyses, in a study commissioned by the FAA, found that the SST would not significantly improve U.S. balance of payments — and under certain conditions would worsen it.

When he comes to sonic boom, Maxwell admits "we have a problem." But, in fatherly tones, he assures his listeners that the SST will fly supersonically only over oceans, away from populated areas. At a glance, this concession seems to solve the boom problem, especially since Boeing and the airlines generally agree that if sonic boom is a public nuisance, the SST should not fly over populated lands.

Sunny talk, economic forces

"We faced that decision two years ago," says H. W. Withington, Boeing's vice president in charge of the SST, and decided the SST is "worthwhile even if it never flies supersonically over land masses." From Trans World Airlines, the first airline to order the Boeing SST, comes an echo. "Even with boom restrictions, the SST makes economic sense," says Robert W. Rummel, TWA's vice president for planning and research.

Such sunny talk aside, economic forces could easily pressure SST backers into seeking flights over populated areas. Boeing estimates it will sell a minimum of 500 SST's by 1990 if the plane is banned over

land, compared with 1200 if there is no ban. At \$40 million per plane, Boeing will forfeit \$28 billion — greater than its total sales for the last 15 years. Can we rely on corporate conscience to limit SST flights when the price is so high?

Such sales penalties are confirmed by the airlines. Says TWA's Rummel: "We expect to have 50 Boeing SST's by 1980 if there are no restrictions. If the plane is banned over land, my guess is that we will have bought between 25 and 35." American Airlines, which has ordered six Concorde and six Boeing SST's even though it flies no ocean routes, would probably cancel its orders if



supersonic flight is limited to over-ocean routes. Eastern, United, and other airlines that fly mainly domestic routes are in similar straits. Even Pan American World Airways, whose flights are largely over water or sparsely populated land, says a ban could force it to fly 17 percent of its planned SST routes at subsonic speeds.

Moreover, a ban would probably mean a higher fare to help airlines recoup the higher cost of flying the SST at less efficient subsonic speeds. To the airlines, a higher fare is no more desirable than a foggy runway, for it would surely cut passenger demand, removing the profits from SST flights for certain airlines.

The economic pressures will also bear down on the government, which expects to recoup its money if Boeing sells 300 planes. If Boeing sells 500 planes — which the FAA confidently says it will — the government will earn about 6 percent on its investment. But in making this estimate, the FAA again rejected the forecast of its own consultant, the Institute for Defense Analyses, which says only 279 SST's will be sold if there

are boom restrictions. Once more the FAA ignored the advice of its advisers, choosing only the information that fits the procrustean bed it and Boeing have carefully made for the SST.

Muffling

In short, a ban on SST flights over land could mean the difference between profit and loss — for Boeing, the airlines, and the government. With so much at stake, all three have tiptoed about trying to muffle the boom issue. One of their most frequent arguments is that people will accept booms once they get used to them, just as they have accepted many other noises — from jet engines, motorcycles, pneumatic hammers, and the like — so common these days. An FAA brochure, in fact, states that "individuals tend to accommodate themselves to an initially disturbing noise once it becomes a pattern of life." Boeing, more childishly effective at public relations, calls sonic boom "a twentieth-century sound."

Clearly, the SST's backers want to persuade the public to stop worrying and learn to live with the boom. As Senator Proxmire puts it, "The SST will start by flying the ocean routes. Soon the economic pressures of flying these high-cost planes on limited routes will force admission of the planes to a few scattered land routes. And ultimately they will be flying everywhere."

Proxmire's fear is not eased by the pronouncements of government officials. Alan Boyd, Secretary of Transportation, thinks the SST will be able to fly supersonically on portions of domestic flights. On a flight from Chicago to Los Angeles, he was quoted as saying in *Science*, the SST could fly subsonically to Denver, then supersonically from Denver to Los Angeles, where there are "lots of mountains, lots of desert, and very few people." And General Maxwell "suspects there are land areas we will be permitted to overfly." When pressed for details, Maxwell pleads ignorance. Asked by the House Appropriations Subcommittee last year whether the SST would fly over populated land, he replied, "We do not, at this moment, I feel, have sufficient understanding of what criteria we should employ to say an airplane would have acceptable sonic boom characteristics to be completely sure of this."

But there is sufficient understanding of sonic boom "characteristics," at least enough to predict its effect in most cases. To begin with, any airplane going through the atmosphere disturbs the air and creates pressure waves. These waves travel at the speed of sound, but fan out in all directions and are too weak to be heard. The only audible noise comes from the engine. When a plane travels supersonically, however, the waves of air molecules cannot get out of the way of the plane fast enough. They pile up and lag behind the plane, creating a shock wave that is heard on the ground as a sharp crack or thunderous roar, depending on the weather and other factors. Contrary to the popular notion, the boom does not occur only when the plane breaks the "sound barrier." Like the wake of a ship, the boom is continuous as long as the plane is flying supersonically.

Boom and superboom

The boom's intensity is measured in pounds per square foot (psf) of "overpressure" — the pressure wave created by the plane in excess of normal atmospheric pressure. Tests have shown that an overpressure of about 6 psf will crack plaster and an overpressure of 10 psf will shatter glass. The FAA says the Boeing SST will be under 2.5 psf, so will cause little or no property damage. But under certain atmospheric conditions, the Air Force has found that the boom produces a "focusing effect" that can amplify a 2.5 psf pressure to a glass-shattering 10 or 15 psf. Because no one seems to know exactly when this so-called superboom will occur, a pilot cannot fly around the atmospheric conditions that cause it.

Even without the focusing effect, the booms expected from the SST are bad enough. The same day that "le bang" killed three Frenchmen, the President's Office of Science and Technology released the results of the sonic boom tests carried out the previous year over Edwards Air Force Base in California. The report indicated that from 33 to 98 percent of the people in the test objected to booms in the 2.0 to 3.5 psf range.

If this isn't sufficient evidence for the FAA, it can restudy the now famous Oklahoma City tests. In 1964, the Air Force "boombarded"

Oklahoma City some 1250 times over six months. Boeing was quick to point out that "the overwhelming majority feel that they could learn to live with the number and kind of booms experienced" in the Oklahoma tests. But even though Oklahoma City is heavily dependent on the aviation industry for the livelihood of many of its residents, a sizable number — 24 percent — said they could not learn to accept sonic boom. The 24 percent figure looms even larger considering that the SST will serve less than 5 percent of the population. What's more, the tests were run during daylight hours only and were well publicized in advance. Many residents, in fact, used the 7 A.M. boom as an alarm clock.

All at sea

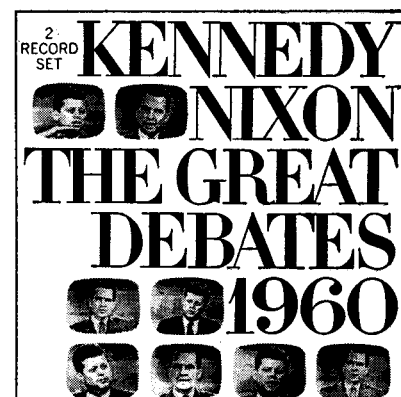
The evidence accumulated by Harvard's Shurcliff suggests that even if the SST is limited to over-ocean flying, a typical transatlantic flight would boom about 4000 people aboard fishing boats, tankers, pleasure boats, and big passenger ships. The Swedish American line has publicly protested sonic boom, adopting the position of Bo Lundberg, former director general of the Aeronautical Research Institute in Sweden. Lundberg, one of the most persistent critics of sonic boom, wants extensive boom tests at sea. No one is sure, for example, that the boom won't harm large schools of fish, but this is a consideration that Senator Warren Magnuson, from Boeing's home state, obviously considers trivial: "Nobody yet has produced any testimony to show that the fish will write their congressmen," he told the Senate last October.

Boeing has been studying sonic boom since 1958 and is now trying to reduce both the sonic boom wave and its duration. But Withington concedes that "changes in the level of sonic boom are coming very hard and slow." There's no breakthrough in sight, he says. "It's just a matter of chipping away."

\$4.5 billion bird

Chipping away at the boom is no easy task. For one thing, the technological task of building an SST is so great that Withington says Boeing could not take a one percent performance penalty even if it meant a lower sonic boom. "We do not make design changes just to reduce sonic boom," he says flatly.

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The Supersonic Boom

The problem is compounded by airline requirements for a plane with a low operating cost per seat mile. Simply put, a long, thin light airplane will cause less boom than a heavy wide plane. But a long thin airplane is precisely what the airlines do not want. It is tougher to land and will carry fewer passengers, two solid anticommmercial properties. Withington says the airlines, though concerned about the boom, "have not given us any trade factors" — things they would give up to reduce the boom. And TWA's Rummel concedes: "There's little room for trade-offs. The only way I know to get rid of the boom completely is to fly subsonically."

To fly subsonically, of course, the airlines don't need to spend \$40 million for an SST. Along with Boeing and the FAA, the airlines can bide their time on the boom issue, knowing full well that once the SST is flying they will have a powerful foot in the door leading to unlimited flights. After all, who will then be able to clip the wings of a \$4.5 billion bird nested by the government and carefully raised by one of the country's biggest industries?

—Stephen Shepard

China



In early January, 1967, as the maelstrom China calls its Cultural Revolution swirled through virtually every section of the country, a fascinating term was added to the Chinese Communist lexicon. That term was "economism." As originally employed by Lenin some fifty years ago, it described, simply enough, the economic activities of nonrevolutionary organizations of workers. But as the Chinese are wont to do with Communist terms,

the Cultural Revolution version of economism was sinocized and extended to cover a multitude of non-revolutionary sins. Or more specifically, a multitude of economic activities at variance with the philosophy and policies of Mao Tse-tung. Now, more than a year and a half later, economism not only is still around but is eating away China's economic underpinning, hampering Mao in the attempt to re-establish his political hegemony, and, perhaps more important, giving vent to popular frustrations that have been building up for eighteen years.

Labor revolt

Certainly the political and leadership changes resulting from the Cultural Revolution cannot be lightly dismissed. When the dust settles, and when Mao Tse-tung finally decides whom he can and cannot trust, those who troop to the balcony of Tien An Men for mass rallies will include many unfamiliar, and inevitably younger, faces. These men will practice the rituals of the Maoist cult: bowing before the Mao image, singing the hymns that praise Mao's "omniscience," and wishing the chairman 10,000 years life and more. They may even attempt to run the nation along the lines drawn by Mao. Yet they, as the leaders of any state, must eventually come to terms with the realities of the Chinese nation. Not the least of these realities is the anti-authoritarian attitude of the populace.

Economism represents the most profound expression of that attitude yet to emerge from behind the now somewhat wobbly Bamboo Curtain. For in the remote village and crowded urban area alike, the peasant and the industrial worker have seized the Cultural Revolution and the breakdown in authority it caused as an opportunity for free expression and action. In doing so, each has demonstrated that he is not, as he is so often characterized, merely a "blue ant" in a colony of untold millions of "blue ants," all working toward unselfish collective ends. To the contrary, economism is an emphatic expression of self-interest and unbridled individualism. The first use of that term came immediately on the heels of the decision to carry Mao's then sociopolitical upheaval to the factories and the farms. Throughout most of 1966 the production units in China were off-

limits to the Red Guards and other pioneers of the Cultural Revolution cause. Then in December of that year the leadership inexplicably loosed the movement on the workers and peasants. The effect was immediate and mind-boggling in its violence. Bloody clashes between intruding Red Guards and their would-be targets of Maoization erupted across the country; the workers and peasants showed little patience with the arrogant and pompous youth who came to reform them. Peking, obviously caught off-balance by the sudden outbreak of fighting, hastily churned out decrees designed to halt the spreading disorder. It was a puerile attempt to kill an incensed tiger with a pop-gun. Decrees, exhortations, and the invocation of Mao's name and his inimitable "thoughts" were, in short, simply ignored.

"Back pay"

The arrival of the Cultural Revolution in the factories and on the farms sparked what production-conscious leaders like Premier Chou En-lai must have feared most: chaos. As the hard-pressed factory managers and village cadres met an intense barrage of criticism — the result of the general assault against officialdom — they parried with the best defense they had: money. It was handed out in generous quantities under the guise of "back pay" or as stipends for those who wished to visit Peking and other parts of the country to "exchange revolutionary experience." Wages were increased, additional bonuses were handed out. In China's most important industrial city, Shanghai, it was claimed that during one month the equivalent of \$12.7 million was used to grease the workers' palms. Hundreds of thousands of workers and farmers thus began pouring into the capital, their pockets crammed with unimaginable amounts of hard cash. They descended on Peking's department stores like swarms of hungry locusts, buying out bicycle, watch, radio, jewelry, and clothing departments. All of this was condemned as economism.

Even those who stayed at their places of work found opportunity to join the economic melee. Peasants decided that in the framework of the annual distribution of income from collective work, they would distribute all funds and share out all

grain "in order to prevent hunger." People who had been sent to the harsh rural areas from the cities, especially youth, began flocking back to their former homes. In doing so they threw China's carefully regulated labor distribution system out of whack. They no longer contributed to production in their assigned areas of work; they had difficulty finding legitimate employment once back in the cities.

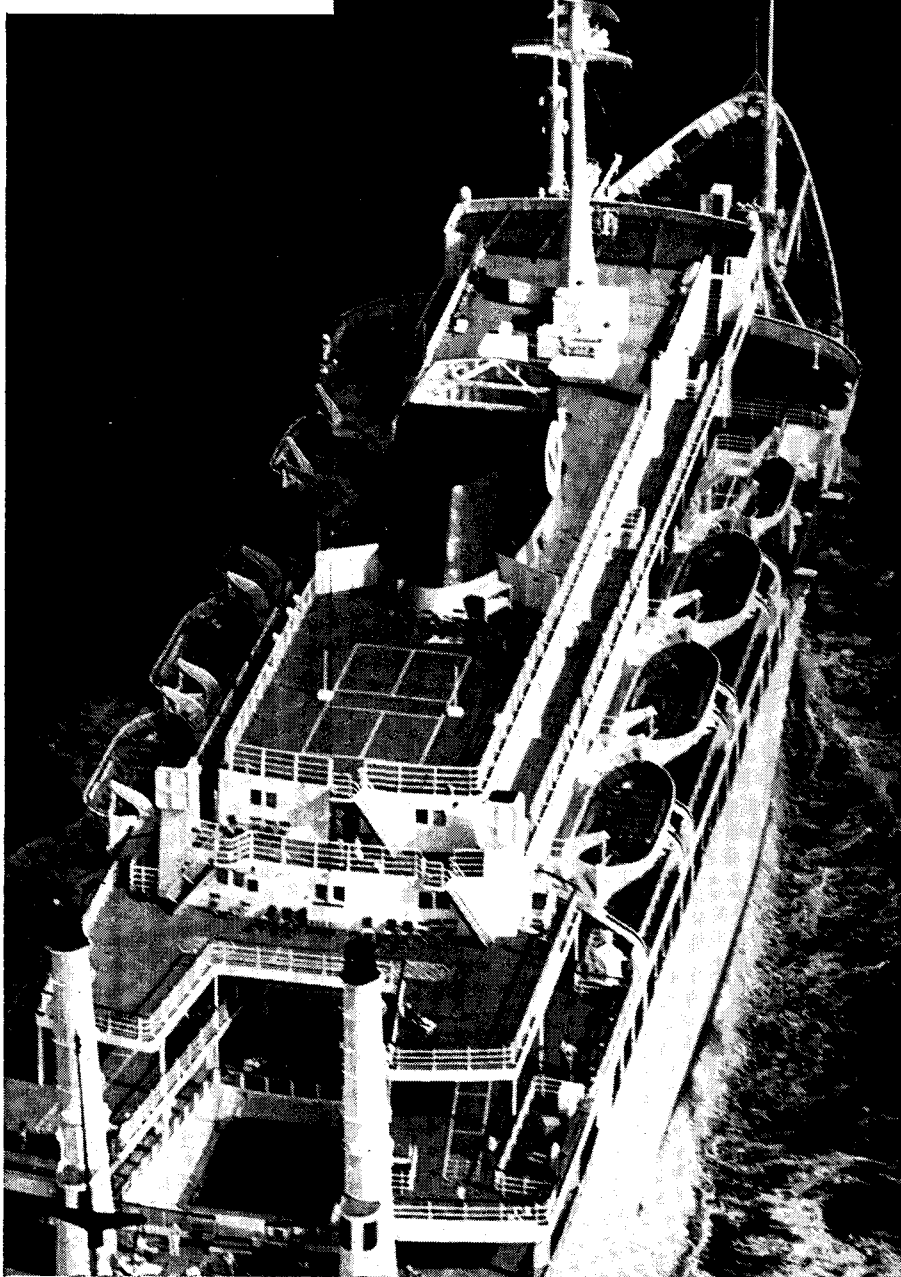
King of the mountain

Mao, outwardly undisturbed by the quakes rocking his castle, pressed ahead with his grand design. New leadership organs called Revolutionary Committees began appearing in scattered areas. The rule, however, remained generally no rule. By midsummer, 1967, the nation seemed to be only a nudge away from civil war. Open denunciations of anarchy filled the official press, yet the Maoist leadership proved powerless to do more than maintain its precarious hold on the nation. Then still another "evil wind" blew across China: factionalism. The myriad pro-Mao groups that had sprung up during earlier upheavals began playing king of the mountain, fighting for key positions in the new leadership units and ignoring pleas for unity.

A significant part of the desire for the leadership posts, it turned out, was plain and simple greed. Men with authority, any Chinese will tell you, are men of means. It was true in traditional China, in modern China, and in the period of Communist rule. Chinese Communist officials, especially in recent years, had by their power attained greater material comfort. The peasants and workers know this. So does Mao Tse-tung, for that is one of the oft-heard criticisms of the pre-Cultural Revolution leadership. The difference is that Mao and his closest disciples consider such practices capitulation to capitalism, while the populace looks on with envy for the good life.

What initially was denounced as economism — the indiscriminate passing out of state funds, the substantial increases in wages, bonuses, and benefits, the strikes and disorders among workers and peasants — soon developed into an even larger economic morass. As Peking struggled to impose order, to resolve the factional disputes and weave a

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tighter national fabric, the Cultural Revolution's goal of remodeling the Chinese man by eliminating his self-interest became an object of open if unspoken derision. Earlier economic demands apparently arose spontaneously or at the instigation of Mao's opposition. But now an element of organized effort began to appear. Having learned the power of group action, workers banded together to press for higher pay, better working conditions, and more extensive benefits. This, Peking angrily countered, was "guild mentality" and, you guessed it, another form of economism.

One of the factors contributing to the labor discontent was that since 1964 China had adopted a system of worker-peasant labor. In its simplest form, that system uses peasants and the urban unemployed for part-time or seasonal work in industrial enterprises in place of some permanent employees. This has resulted in the displacement of permanent workers, who in turn have been forced to work in the countryside. Those who come to the factories only on a part-time basis are paid lower wages than permanent staff and do not receive the standard fringe benefits. For those forced to the rural areas, the communes have had to assume responsibility for their food, medical, and other needs. This system, in other words, benefited the state and not the individual. It is believed that several million workers were affected by the introduction of the part-time employee. The Cultural Revolution offered the displaced individual a chance to air his gripes and demand retribution. And that, or so the Maoists complain, opened yet another stream of economism.

Entrepreneurs

By the end of last year, the problem of economism had thus grown in definition as well as influence. Stories began to appear in both the official and unofficial press of entrepreneurial activities that would gladden the heart of any red, white, and blue capitalist. In the central China city of Wuhan, one enterprising but unidentified fellow rounded up a supply of small agricultural machines and set out for the rural areas to peddle his goods. He must have been successful, for when

he was caught, his activities were loudly condemned by no less a mouthpiece for the Maoists than the Party newspaper *People's Daily*.

From Shanghai came word of a special body set up to stop the activities of speculators. One report revealed that the special group had swooped on speculators at railway



stations, wharves, hotels, restaurants, and guesthouses, confiscating large quantities of cigarettes, watches, towels, as well as industrial and other consumer goods.

By early this year reports from wide areas of the country chronicled the mounting economic anarchy. Profiteers were fostering a free market in housing and offering to construct shanties — at, of course, a fat price — on public land. One speculator, as disclosed in a report following his arrest, had accumulated ration coupons for more than 50 tons of rice and 3817 yards of textiles. In coastal areas, young people spent their time catching fish, prawns, and other aquatic products which they could sell at the rapidly growing but illegal markets. Private street factories appeared in many of the large cities, presumably manufacturing simple consumer goods which have always been in short supply and great demand. Enough official complaints and warnings have been aired over such activities as the scalping of Mao badges and other Mao paraphernalia to indicate that the speculators know what they are doing. Reports from Canton revealed that counterfeit jenminpi (China's currency) had turned up in that south China city.

These developments, though strange against the backdrop of China's economic stability in the last few years, come as little surprise to those who were able to follow firsthand the political disturbances in Hong Kong last year. When the colony's police were occupied with Communist demonstrators and

bomb terrorists — when, in effect, the controls were relaxed — hundreds of vendors selling as many different commodities suddenly appeared where normally they would have feared to tread. Many of those who staked out street corners in the stuffy, proper, business-suit-and-tie Central District of Hong Kong Island had come from China only a few years before. If they had learned the business aplomb they demonstrated during that short period in the colony, they were exceptional students indeed.

Obviously they had not come into the hot and heavy competitive world of fast-buck Hong Kong unprepared. Somehow — and this applies even to the youngsters whose experience comes entirely from the post-Communist period — they had learned while still on the mainland the lessons of economic self-interest and, more important, of economic survival.

Reprimand

Nothing says this more emphatically than the fact that early this year — more than a year after the first appeal to "oppose economism" was published — the Maoist leadership was forced once again to reprimand those who continue their bourgeois ways. It was necessary to issue a ten-point decree against "counter-revolutionary economism and speculative, profiteering activities." This order, which revealed how far economism had spread, declared that unlicensed traders and vendors and unlicensed individual handicraftsmen must be suppressed. People's Communes, their various units and members, were ordered to stop engaging in private commerce. The use of free markets by state enterprises, business establishments, schools, and public organizations was forbidden. The distribution of liquid funds, public reserves, and welfare funds of collectively owned units also was condemned, and those who had already distributed the cash holdings were ordered to "voluntarily return the money." Moreover, the leadership was forced to admit that wage structures, welfare benefits, cash incentives, working conditions, and even canteen food were matters worthy of review — but at a later date. It also confessed that the part-time, rotating worker-peasant system of labor was due for re-evaluation —

again at a later date. In the meantime, the old systems would have to remain in effect. Wage increases, additional bonuses, new welfare benefits, and other such improvements in the workers' living standards were to stop until the leadership could examine the problem and formulate new policies.

"The way we want"

The question this dilatory approach raises is whether the workers and peasants can be so easily placated. The Maoists in Peking have consistently argued that the "evil winds" of economism have been fanned by the "handful of Party power-holders taking the capitalist road." Yet there can be few in China who accept that explanation, for it is clear to all that whatever "power-holders taking the capitalist road" existed in the past, they have long since been eliminated. They also know that the instigators of economism, at least at this point, are the people themselves. Their demands, they feel, are justified. And, although Peking may have bought time by promising reforms, how much time is a nagging uncertainty.

In some areas the workers have adopted a wait-and-see attitude toward the leadership's promise. They have left their production posts and are now engaging in commodity speculation or simply whiling away their hours playing poker or Mah-Jongg, either at home or in the numerous gambling parlors that have cropped up. When challenged about leaving their assigned jobs, the workers reply with clever excuses. "We are not yet clear," a typical response runs, "whether we are producing for the proletarian headquarters [Mao's side] or the bourgeois headquarters. We will not, therefore, take part in production." Others, when accused of playing poker and chess late into the night and thus being too tired to work the following day, defend themselves by saying: "We are rebelling against the old factory regulations and shall do things the way we want." The Maoists, of course, are not deceived by such arguments. Yet the workers, being China's and Chairman Mao's much-exalted proletariat, are not so easily dealt with. It is, the workers can rightly claim, the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

The situation in some rural areas

is not much different. Peasants are engaging in what they call "small freedoms." They neglect the collective fields, choosing instead to gather rocks to build houses, or cut timber for firewood which can be sold for cash, or work their private plots. There have been reports, too, of collective fields being divided up and shared out to individual families, of commune animals being placed in private hands. How widespread these activities are is impossible to say. However, one strong indication that this form of economism is rather extensive is that the national press has felt compelled to denounce it on more than one occasion.

While it is thus possible to catch these glimpses of economic upheaval in China, it is not possible to see the whole, unblurred picture. That there have been serious economic dislocations is only too evident. But whether they have set back China's development one year or two, five or ten, is best left to the crystal-ball-gazers. What is known for fact is that no country can undergo such a turbulent and extended period of unrest, can deliberately destroy an intricate and efficient, if politically unsanitary, mechanism of economic management and control without serious losses.

Costly experiment

It is impossible at this point to measure the full economic impact of transportation breakdowns (especially on the railways), the industrial cutbacks due to raw material shortages; the effects of work stoppages, of damage to equipment during clashes between rival worker groups. There are also losses resulting from pilfering, the free-for-all distribution of funds and commodities, the waste of materials from inefficient plant operations, and the lower quality of workmanship. Then there are the intangibles. What was the value of the loss in managerial know-how and technical expertise following the purge of factory foremen and managers? It is doubtful whether even the Chinese leadership has been able to assess the full impact of these developments. But one suspects the cost must have been enormous.

Thus in pure economic terms, it is evident that the Cultural Revolution has proved a costly experiment. Yet it is in a political sense that the economic loss and the influence of

economism seem destined to have the greatest effect, at least over the long run. The popular view in the West that, given time, China will mellow and become a less antagonistic member of the comity of nations has been buttressed by developments over the past two and a half years. The wide-scale appearance of what Peking has chosen to call economism represents a frank expression of what truly motivates the average Chinese. Despite his expressed determination to do so, Mao Tse-tung has clearly failed to rid the Chinese worker and peasant of self-interest. And that, eventually, appears likely to spell the bankruptcy of his design for a Maoist China chugging ahead on political steam alone. To the Chinese people, that conclusion represents nothing startling. For as one of their ancient sages once put it: "The swan does not need a daily washing to stay white; the crow does not need a daily inking to stay black." Changing man's basic nature is like trying to make the swan black and the crow white. Even Mao Tse-tung does not have that power.

— Arthur C. Miller



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Malta

At the very heart of the Mediterranean, the small, newly independent country of Malta is making a gallant effort to transform its economy from that of a great naval base and fortress into an economy based on something radically different—a mixture of holiday resort, place of retirement, and center for light industry. This metamorphosis is the price Malta has to pay for the age of nuclear weapons and the diminished military power of Britain. Long sustained by the British Armed Forces, and the Royal Navy in particular, the Maltese are now compelled to rely more and more on their own resources and their own enterprise.

The Royal Navy has had ties with Malta for nearly three hundred years—since Admiral Sir John Narbrough commanded a Mediterranean squadron to deal with the Barbary pirates. Now the Royal Navy has all but vanished from the Grand Harbor. The senior naval officer watching the interests of the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance from Malta is no longer a British but an Italian admiral. And when warships visit the island, more often than not they are ships of the United States Sixth Fleet, whose crews come ashore to spend their dollars on Maltese lace for Moms at home, the local beer, and whatever else sailors spend their money on. Such visits are not strictly necessary, for in these days a navy is most efficient when it stays at sea, but the Americans want to help the local economy, while reminding the Maltese that the U.S. Navy is policing a Mediterranean in which Russian warships are increasingly prominent.

British exodus

The falling off of the British military presence in Malta was foreshadowed in 1957. Withdrawal began in 1961 and will be completed in 1972. A few figures show the size of the problem facing the island. Before withdrawal began, the number of Maltese civilians employed by the British services was nearly 19,000 and service expenditure was running at £20 million (\$48 million) a year. Toward the end of 1967, only 7500 Maltese civilians were working for the services, and service

expenditure was at the rate of £12,500,000 (\$30 million) a year. After the British exodus, according to present plans, there will be fewer than 3000 service jobs for Maltese civilians, and service expenditure will have dropped to £6 million (\$14,400,000) a year. Already many Maltese have found work outside the service establishments, in the new tourist and manufacturing industries, and others have emigrated. But if the island is to absorb the withdrawal and lower the rates of unemployment and emigration to healthy levels, 15,000 new jobs must be found within the next three or four years.

By American or British standards the figure of 15,000 new jobs is puny. But Malta is a tiny country



with a total population of only 318,000, and unemployment is chronic. There has always been a necessary flow of young Maltese to Australia, Canada, Britain, and the United States; and the emigration continues, to the sadness of many Maltese girls who are destined to remain unmarried simply because there are not enough young men to go around.

In Britain there is probably more goodwill for Malta than for any other country in the Commonwealth. This is partly because of the dogged behavior of the Maltese during the Second World War, when, bombed and starving, they stood firm amid their ruined homes. Their new national flag of red and white incorporates the George Cross, awarded to the island fortress by King George VI in 1942 “to bear witness to a heroism and a devotion to duty that will long be famous in history.” There is scarcely a British family that has not had a member serving in Malta at one time or

another. Indeed, some British servicemen, enchanted with the island, have stayed on in Malta, or returned to live in retirement. In the local telephone book English names are interspersed with the Borges, Grechs, and Micallefs. For the Royal Navy in particular, Malta is the adored partner in an enduring love affair, and British officers and men who served in Malta when the White Ensign had no competitor are hurt and bewildered by the change.

There was a characteristic display of British affection for Malta early in 1967, when Harold Wilson's Labor government, to the dismay of the Maltese and the fury of British Conservatives, announced an unexpected acceleration of the services' planned withdrawal from the island. British residents in Malta, headed by a woman leading a dog, staged a march of protest through the capital, Valletta. Alongside retired warriors in tweed jackets and club ties, young service wives pushed prams or clutched at toddlers. The Maltese thronging the sidewalks pelted the demonstrators with flowers; some shed tears of gratitude. The governor-general, Sir Maurice Dorman, an Englishman, announced that he stood foursquare with Malta. (This utterance, by the way, underlined the almost theological complexity of the Commonwealth: the personal representative of Queen Elizabeth II, Queen of Malta, was hurling defiance at Her Majesty's Government in London, which owes allegiance to the same lady, except that there she is the Queen of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The governor-general, it seems, was acting with impeccable constitutional propriety.)

Maltese malcontent

While the British in Malta were making their feelings known, the Maltese Parliament and trade unions were not idle. In Parliament a bill was introduced to make the presence of the British Armed Forces illegal unless the British government agreed to delay their departure. The Maltese argued that, if withdrawal were to be accelerated, then all British servicemen might as well go forthwith; it was a matter of national pride. Meanwhile Maltese workers in the service establishments, under orders from the General Workers' Union, contrived with the utmost courtesy to render the

British Forces totally impotent by withholding labor and refusing to unload essential supplies.

All of this was too much for Whitehall, which capitulated with the promise of an eighteen-month breathing space. At the same time, the British government suggested the setting up of a joint Anglo-Maltese mission to spell out the economic problems facing Malta as a result of the British decision to cut defense expenditure. Under the leadership of Lord Robens, chairman of Britain's National Coal Board, the mission got to work with commendable speed and made a number of workmanlike proposals for attracting investment to both the manufacturing and the tourist industries. These proposals included the building of an ambitious new industrial estate and a floating dock for the Malta Drydocks, which, with the dearth of naval work, is concentrating on the repair of tankers and other commercial vessels.

The mission also emphasized the urgent need for more electric power and more water for factories and hotels; and it insisted that if all its proposals were put into immediate effect by a vigorous steering committee, the goal of 15,000 new jobs could be reached. Three months later, Lord Robens was chosen to head the steering committee.

Ambitions

When the first warning of the military withdrawal came, the diversification of the economy began. But it did not go ahead with dizzying speed. Perhaps most Maltese found it hard to believe that their island, coveted for so long, had lost some of its strategic importance with the advent of Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles and nuclear submarines. In any case, dizzying speed is uncomfortable for a Mediterranean people whose government officials quit work for the day at lunchtime during the hot summer months. In spite of a complicated question of legal ownership and the dislocation of shipping in the Mediterranean after the Arab-Israeli war, the management of the Malta Drydocks scraped together enough business to keep their labor force intact. But this success encouraged elements of the General Workers' Union to make demands that drove customers from the dockyard in the first weeks of 1968. All the same, there has



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Peter Brook, the distinguished British director of the Royal Shakespeare Company, who has staged some of the most imaginative theatrical presentations of recent years, including *Marat/Sade* and *The Investigation*, writes with enthusiasm and concern about the meaning of contemporary theater, not forgetting that "a play is play."

SYLVIA PLATH

ON GOING MAD

A chilling story, "Johnny Panic and the Bible of Dreams," by the young, tempest-tossed New England poetess whose death by suicide in 1963 cut short a career of great promise.

Malta

been some notable progress. New small industries are well under way. They range from car-assembly plants to a factory processing synthetic fibers. Their output includes furniture, office equipment, clothing, electrical goods, and fiberglass boats.

Even though all raw materials must be imported, the island's manufacturers are finding small but lucrative overseas markets, especially in North Africa and the Middle East. But they are looking to the Continent also; and the government is convinced that Malta must join the major economic group in Europe, the European Common Market, with its 200 million customers.

Two ambitious projects are under consideration. One is the building of a large new yacht center to hold 1200 boats and to augment the existing marina, which is already attracting yachtsmen from as far away as California. The other is the establishment of a free-trade zone, fully equipped to handle bulk-carrier and container-ship traffic, and with a hinterland for industries with air-traffic facilities. This zone would be a nonresidential area, essentially separate from Malta.

Stimulus

All of these undertakings, actual or prospective, have had the stimulus of the Maltese government's aids-to-industries program, which in turn has been made possible by British financial help. Linked to the ten-year defense agreement entered into by Britain and Malta at the time of Malta's independence is a financial agreement under which Britain is providing Malta with grants and loans amounting to £51 million (about \$122 million). By drawing on this money, the government of Malta is able to offer hoteliers, industrialists, and others a tempting range of concessions — capital grants, large loans, exemption from customs duty, and the waiving of income tax for ten years. For manufacturers there is also the offer of factories ready-built.

It is on tourism, however — the enticing of the sun-starved troglodytes from Britain and other parts of Northern Europe — that the Maltese are making their most spectacular effort. Everywhere there are new government-aided hotels (in-

cluding a Hilton and a Sheraton), new restaurants, new nightclubs, new discotheques.

Perhaps nowhere else on earth is so much history and prehistory visible in so small a compass. Malta, only seventeen miles long, and at its widest, nine miles across, is the principal island of a tiny archipelago, of which the other, even smaller, islands are Gozo and Comino.

Land bridge

The archipelago is the remnant of a land bridge that linked Europe and Africa when the Mediterranean was a freshwater lake; and in Ghar Dalam, the Cave of Darkness, there are fossil remains of hippopotamuses and elephants, which became trapped as they tried to move to the African warmth from a Europe threatened by the Ice Age. Majestic stone temples record a megalithic civilization that flourished between 3000 and 2000 B.C. From Homeric times Malta has been "the navel of the Inland Sea," and its capacious harbors have always attracted seafarers and adventurers. After the Phoenicians came the Carthaginians; then the Romans, Arabs, Normans, Angevins, Aragonese, and Castilians. For two and a half centuries, from 1530 on, the aristocratic and chivalrous Order of St. John of Jerusalem, better known as the Knights of Malta, were the sovereign rulers of the island. When Napoleon Bonaparte landed in 1798, the Order, now become flabby, capitulated and fled.

All who have paraded through the Malta story have left their traces in artifacts, temples, tombs, Roman baths, paintings, tapestries, fortifications. The British contribution has not been untypical: an Anglican cathedral in rather self-conscious juxtaposition to the more than three hundred Roman Catholic churches; vistas of barracks, wardrooms, and airfields; and a proliferation of bars and eating places from whose sausages-and-mash the new tourist-conscious Malta is struggling to release itself.

Immutable

It would be misleading to suggest that the Maltese are Englishmen with a Mediterranean veneer. They have an immutable national identity that has kept them separate and distinct over all the centuries of diverse occupation. They are one of

the few peoples in the world who do not really mind if foreign residents make no attempt to learn the native language. The Maltese language, Punic in origin, became fused with Arabic during the Arab occupation and has since acquired garnishings of Sicilian, French, Italian, and English. This language, the refuge and privacy of the Maltese, is a powerful factor in holding them together. It is the secret weapon with which they have always scored off the foreigner, whenever their interests have required it. They are bargainers and businessmen of epic shrewdness.

The Maltese, under a succession of foreign overlords, have always had to live by their wits; and it is understandable that they have never allowed themselves to become indissolubly attached to the master of the moment. There was a time in the fifties when the Malta Labor Party, then in office, put signs outside every Labor Party club saying "Englishman, pay up or go home!" Earlier, this party had put forward a plan to make Malta a part of metropolitan Britain, with three Maltese members in the House of Commons. Today the party feels that Malta's best interests could best be served if the island were something like a Mediterranean Switzerland aloof from commitments to any of the big powers but ready to receive help from all. The party now in office, the Nationalist Party, never favored the idea of integration with Britain. It strongly supports the Western alliance, but not all of its members would put Britain at the head of a list of nations drawn up in order of popularity; for the Nationalist Party includes a strong element emotionally inclined toward Italy, in preference to Britain.

— Robert Stimson

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew writes regularly from Washington for the ATLANTIC. Stephen Shepard is a London correspondent for the McGraw-Hill World News service; he previously covered SST developments for BUSINESS WEEK. Arthur C. Miller is a freelance journalist based in Hong Kong. Robert Stimson, a former BBC and Associated Press correspondent, manages Malta's television station.

the mail

The media barons

SIR: Commissioner Nicholas Johnson's article ("The Media Barons and the Public Interest: An FCC Commissioner's Warning," June *Atlantic*) is very welcome to those of us who have read the recent spate of highly uncomplimentary pieces on the FCC and its commissioners. These men have been accused, rightly or wrongly, of being at least incompetent and at most stupid bunglers. They have been portrayed a number of times as mere dupes of the "media barons." It is good to see a paper by a Commissioner who is willing to respond to some of these attacks, and to give the public another side to the story.

MICHAEL F. D'AMICO
*Michigan Technological University
Houghton, Mich.*

SIR: Having recently completed a study of FCC licensing policies for the period 1934-1952, I was somewhat surprised that Commissioner Johnson failed to discuss the reasons for intermedia concentration.

Almost since its creation, the Commission has preferred the legally, technically, and financially "able" applicant over those who would offer local residence, community identification, and high (if not complete) integration of ownership and managing elements where these priorities conflicted. Usually those who met the former qualifications best in a comparative hearing were in possession of other businesses, and their holdings often included other media interests. The majority reasoned that this, far from constituting a discrepancy, strengthened their applications by guaranteeing a financial solvency which presumably would lead to a continuous and improving program service.

When the FCC finally did become concerned about concentration and monopoly control after 1937, it found itself faced with the supreme irony. The only way it could ensure meaningful competition, especially in the

great population centers, was to license similarly concentrated corporate entities. The ideal of the independent small businessman who took a real financial risk, was a local resident and civically identified, and would devote his energies wholeheartedly to the management of the station necessarily fell by the wayside. And with it the nostalgia for a way of life fast disappearing.

H. T. WILSON
*York University
Toronto, Ontario, Canada*

SIR: Commissioner Johnson spent a good deal of time castigating the communications industry but failed to criticize directly his fellow commissioners for their long history of yielding to industry pressure. An interesting fact is that of the twenty-two commissioners who have served a year or more since World War II, seventeen, or about 75 percent of them, have gone to work for (or consult) commercial broadcasters or communications companies. Is the fact that FCC commissioners are dependent upon the industry they regulate for future employment in the public interest?

MARC NATHANSON
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Report from Jerusalem

SIR: Your June issue contains an unsigned report on Jerusalem which requires correction on general as well as specific points:

1. Your correspondent refers repeatedly to the "Israeli conquest" of East Jerusalem and the West Bank. This is hardly the term to evoke memories of the true chain of events during May and June, 1967, by which a war of self-preservation was forced upon Israel by the Arab armies which encircled it — and to which your correspondent makes no reference whatsoever.

2. In speaking of the holy places in Jerusalem, your reporter claims that "today there is an effective exclusion by the Israeli conquerors of

Muslim pilgrims." On the contrary, even today one can see pilgrims from, say, Iran visiting the Mosque of Omar. The fact of the matter is that less than 10 percent of the world's 465,000,000 Muslims live in the Arab countries which have warred with Israel. It is a peculiar logic indeed to blame Israel for the refusal of the Pakistani government (to which your correspondent refers) to follow Iran's example and permit its nationals to visit these holy places too. One might also mention that even Jordan today permits some of its nationals to visit Jerusalem.

Thus the outstanding fact about religious freedom in East Jerusalem today is that it is the first time since Jordan took over this part of the city in the war of 1948 — and then prohibited Jews of *any* nationality from entering — that all three major religions have access to their holy places. This fact, however, does not prevent your correspondent from trying to create the impression that Jordanian Jerusalem had an "international character" which has been "altered" by Israel's replacing Jordan as the ruling power.

3. As an example of the measures adopted by Israeli authorities in East Jerusalem, your correspondent describes the "expropriation" of land for housing schemes — without mentioning that compensation or resettlement has been arranged in all cases of private ownership. He states that any Arab who leaves Jerusalem for Jordan loses his property — which in practice is not the case. He also cites the imposition of heavy taxes — without making it sufficiently clear that these were not special, punitive taxes levied on East Jerusalemites but the ordinary (and admittedly heavy and progressive) ones paid by all Israeli citizens.

But would that the problem in connection with Jerusalem were only economic; for there can be little doubt that in the long run the residents of East Jerusalem will on the average benefit (as many have al-

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ready) from being integrated into a dynamic economy with a per capita income four times as high.

4. Your correspondent concludes with the contention that "[Israel] alone has the power to break the present impasse" by making concessions. He does not explain why concessions which would unconditionally give the Arabs back what they possessed before June, 1967, will bring them now to make the peace that they could have had then for the asking; surely, the results of Israel's unilateral withdrawal from Sinai in 1956 give no support for such a belief. Nor does your correspondent explain why the Arab countries should not be called upon to make the crucial "concession" of recognizing Israel's legal right to exist, without which there will not be lasting peace in the Middle East.

DON PATINKIN

Professor of Economics

*The Hebrew University of Jerusalem
Jerusalem, Israel*

SIR: I have read the unsigned report on Jerusalem very carefully and am surprised that a similar survey was never made during the twenty years of Jordanian occupation which violated all the international and human laws so suddenly brought to the fore now. The short memory of your correspondent is amazing. No mention is made of the fact that East Jerusalem was occupied by Jordan in 1948 after a war which violated the decisions of the UN in 1947.

No mention is made of the fact that the Jewish inhabitants of East Jerusalem were expelled by force after a bloody struggle not with the Palestinian Arabs but with the English-trained, well-equipped foreign Jordanian Legion, which annexed the whole West Bank of Palestine.

The author mentions that the Jews were "unfortunately excluded" from their holy places but does not mention that all the synagogues were razed and the tombstones of the thousand-year-old Jewish cemetery were used to pave latrines and barracks in the Jordanian army camps. In those twenty years of desecration no voice was raised to uphold the rights of those who made Jerusalem holy.

How soon are the Jordanian documents commanding their soldiers to murder the whole Jewish community, including women and children (if the Jordanians won), forgotten! If the hotels in East Jerusalem have

fewer pilgrims, who are to be blamed but the Arabs themselves?

If the rabbinate have come back to the old city, haven't they come back to their own property confiscated in 1948? If in her fight for survival Israel has regained her own, why should she hand it back to those who had taken it by force? To date no Arab mosque in Israel has been destroyed, no Christian holy place desecrated. On the contrary, countless soldiers lost their lives in the fighting to preserve the holy places from mortar fire. Access to those places is now open also to Israeli Arabs, who had been denied it, and to all other Arabs who wish to worship there.

I wonder at the logic which confers rights on Jordanian conquest which would deny them to the Israelis.

DR. D. BEITH-HALAHENI
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

SIR: Your unsigned report on Jerusalem is a curious piece, reasonable on the surface yet so selective and incomplete as to distort the facts and trap the unwary reader. No references are made to the Jordanian shelling of Israeli Jerusalem, destruction of the Dormitian Church, desecration of Jewish holy sites, slaughter and expropriation of its indigenous and ancient Jewish population in 1948, nor to the simple legal fact that Jordanian Jerusalem became so by armed conquest under King Abdullah. It is forgotten that Jerusalem was the capital of Israel for more than 1000 years, that the Jewish people have never considered it otherwise, and that only under Jordanian control has the city been forcibly without a Jewish population.

It is difficult to see what concessions can be made to governments that have pledged themselves to the physical annihilation of Israel and do not admit to its very existence.

PHILIP R. ALPER, M.D.
San Bruno, Calif.

SIR: I wish to commend you for the extremely intelligent and well-informed report on Jerusalem. It coincides with information from other reliable sources, including American scholars who have been living in Jerusalem since June, 1967.

RAY L. CLEVELAND
*Associate Professor of History
University of Saskatchewan
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada*

Our correspondent replies:

The June report from Jerusalem has disturbed readers who do not accept that city's international character. But anyone with firsthand knowledge of Jerusalem knows that that character is ineradicable, even if damaged gravely by a twenty-year division. Jordan's glaring mistake in excluding Jewish worshipers from its zone of control is pointed out in the report. So is its destruction of Jewish communities at the time of its conquest of part of the city in 1948.

Today the exclusive control of the entire city for the first time since mandate days by one government, that of Israel, raises unanswered questions. These were elucidated first in the Thalman Report at the UN in 1967. (1) How can historic conflicting claims in Jerusalem be honored? (2) How can Arab Jerusalem be isolated from its natural hinterland and the status of its residents be altered without violating international law? (3) In political terms, how can Israel's profound links with Jerusalem be reconciled with the rights of its minorities, who are supported by large constituencies abroad?

The report noted: (1) An international consensus that unilateral action cannot alter Jerusalem's international character. Neither Jordan's nor Israel's control there has ever been recognized internationally. (2) The organic relationship of Jerusalem and the West Bank cannot be broken simply by administrative fiat. (3) The effect of the present Israeliization of the city's economic and civil life on Jerusalem Arabs is either to drive them out or to reduce them to the status of Arabs in Israel. This is the crux of their silent but anxious attitude today.

The point of the report was to outline the reasons for continuing tensions in the city. It also repeated the idea of a condominium regime for the city, being urged by many who see it as a way to peaceful reconciliation among all those deeply concerned with the city's fate.

To Professor Patinkin:

1. The Israelis themselves claim conquest of Jerusalem and celebrated it elaborately this spring.

2. "Effective exclusion" means practical exclusion because Muslims cannot recognize the control of their shrines by "unbelievers."

3. Evidence on property expropriation is irrefutable if one visits East Jerusalem today.

4. I made no suggestion that the Arabs should be given back what they held unconditionally. Certainly they must recognize Israel's right to exist. Several governments have offered, through Ambassador Jarring, to do this.

To Dr. Beith-Halahent:

I assumed general knowledge of conditions in the divided Jerusalem between 1948 and 1967.

Mention is made of Jordan's expulsions of Jewish families from the Old City and exclusion of Jewish worshipers.

There can be no dispute about the return of the rabbinate to *their* properties.

Exclusive control of the entire city by any regime means continued conflict; and the international aspects of the city are a matter of continuing concern to the international community. Jordanian conquest of part of the city was not recognized in 1948. Nor is Israeli jurisdiction recognized today. The report attempted to explain why.

More on bullfighting

SIR: Adherence to the right must be a family trait of the Buckleys. "Bullfighting authority" Fergus Reid Buckley, in his otherwise aficionated article on Dominguín ("Death and Dominguín," June *Atlantic*), has the matador—in the climax of the Malaga corrida—carrying his muleta in his right hand during his series of five passes *naturales*. This graceful, basic maneuver is, politics aside, performed with the muleta in the left hand. At least, that's what less authoritative bullfighting sources say.

DAVID C. GOELLER
Owings Mills, Md.

Mr. Buckley replies:

Sharp-eyed reader David C. Goeller is correct. *Naturales* are performed with the left hand: Dominguín performed his five monumental *naturales* with the left hand. In the past several years, similar passes with the right hand have been loosely dubbed *naturales* although they are not. Freudian slip.

As for my being a "bullfighting authority," the only authorities on bulls are the bulls themselves, those who raise them, and those who fight

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them. I do not enter a ring with bulls if there is any way of avoiding it. Alas, two or three times there has been no way at all of avoiding it, and great sport was had by all, especially the bulls.

Black anger

SIR: Robert Coles, in his review of Eldridge Cleaver's book, *Soul on Ice* (June *Atlantic*), wrote: "I'm sick and tired of a rhetoric that takes three hundred years of complicated, tortured American history and throws it in the face of every single white man alive today." And I, as a white Northerner of New England descent, am sick and tired of the attitude of many of our country's blacks that their blackness proves them Good and my whiteness proves me Bad.

The history of all races and colors is one of warring and killing and cruelty. Our masses of illiterate blacks are excusable for not knowing that fact, but the enlightened Cleaver surely should know that wickedness was pretty well distributed, throughout the ages, in every race, including his own. All of us, blacks and whites, are descended from murderers and cutthroats. So what? Our present problem is to create an atmosphere in which our two races can live together in some kind of harmony, and Cleaver's hate attitude only delays matters. The black race will never elevate itself by using the white race as a whipping boy on which to vent anger.

MARCIA DUNWELL
Plainwell, Mich.

SIR: I am glad to see that a man with the credentials of Robert Coles in "Black Anger" is also "tired of a rhetoric that takes three hundred years of complicated, tortured American history and throws it in the face of every single white man alive today." I find it absurd to blame today's white people for what are, in truth, the sunk costs of American history. This generation of white men ought to be judged and held accountable for what it does — and tries to do — with the historical burden it has inherited. That seems to me to be enough to ask.

HENRY ANDERSON
Hingham, Mass.

Advice and consent

SIR: I note with astonishment a reference by Gar Alperovitz ("Two Cents and More: Advice to the Sec-

retary of Defense") in the June *Atlantic* to "the tough military leaders who so frightened Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (by his own account in *A Thousand Days*). . . ." I have searched *A Thousand Days* in order to find out what could have led Mr. Alperovitz to make such a statement, and I must confess myself baffled. It is true that I included the Joint Chiefs of Staff in a listing of dignitaries whose presence in the Bay of Pigs meetings discouraged me from expressing open opposition, but most of the dignitaries mentioned were civilians. I nowhere refer to our military leaders as "tough" or display, as far as I can find, any undue fright about them. I do find, on the contrary, such characterizations of JCS presentations as "assertive, ambiguous, semi-literate and generally unimpressive" (page 456) and as "below their usual level in logic and literacy" (page 487).

I regret too that this twisting of evidence is all too typical of Mr. Alperovitz's work, and it is why one cannot take him very seriously as a historian. Let me cite two (of many) examples from his book *Atomic Diplomacy*. Thus, in describing Ambassador Harriman's talk with President Truman on April 20, 1945, Mr. Alperovitz writes that Harriman "argued that a reconsideration of Roosevelt's policy was necessary." The citation is to pages 70-72 of Truman's *Memoirs*. What Truman actually reported Harriman as saying was the exact opposite: "Harriman took me aside and said, 'Frankly, one of the reasons that made me rush back to Washington was the fear that you did not understand, as I had seen Roosevelt understand, that Stalin is breaking his agreements.'" Even worse is Mr. Alperovitz's statement that Joseph C. Grew "was already convinced that 'a future war with Soviet Russia is as certain as anything in this world can be certain.'" Here Mr. Alperovitz took a fragment of Grew's sentence, and by inserting a period, suggested that this fragment represented Grew's entire thought. He unscrupulously left out the rest of Grew's sentence, which reads ". . . unless we recognize the danger and take steps to meet it in time." Such distortions can only be regarded as expressions of contempt for the normal standards of historical scholarship.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
New York City

SIR: Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding's little satire ("The Aerospace Bonus Boys, June *Atlantic*) is about two years too late to be amusing. Aerospace engineers are currently in less demand than Zeppelin mechanics. Space research — massively funded seven years ago for the silliest of reasons ("prestige," "showing up the Ruskies") — is now, when its enormous practical benefits are on the edge of realization, being put on iron rations.

This past year, tens of thousands of highly trained aerospace engineers and scientists have been thrown onto the streets. Their chances of re-employment, even in related technical fields, are not good. The nationwide "shortage of technologists" has always been nine-tenths myth — created by technical industry's personnel departments for reasons that are obvious. Besides, who needs Zeppelin mechanics?

DON RYAN
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: My thanks to the *Atlantic* for continuing the interpretive articles on the breezes of discontent blowing within many Americans. (Robert Stone's "We Couldn't Swing With It: The 'Intrepid Four,'" in June.)

The anthology on the power of nonviolence, *The Quiet Battle*, is by Mulford Q. Sibley (not Spofford Sibley). He is a professor of political science at the University of Minnesota and a member of the working party on *In Place of War, An Inquiry Into Nonviolent National Defense*, prepared by the American Friends Service Committee.

ANNE H. GRIFFIS
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR: Please! Let me cling endlessly to that golden, gleaming thread of ecstasy which dangled me far above my own life for that one glad moment upon reading Christopher Logue's so beautiful, so moving, so right poem ("Pax," June *Atlantic*).

ROBERT NELSON MOORE, JR.
Normal, Ill.

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

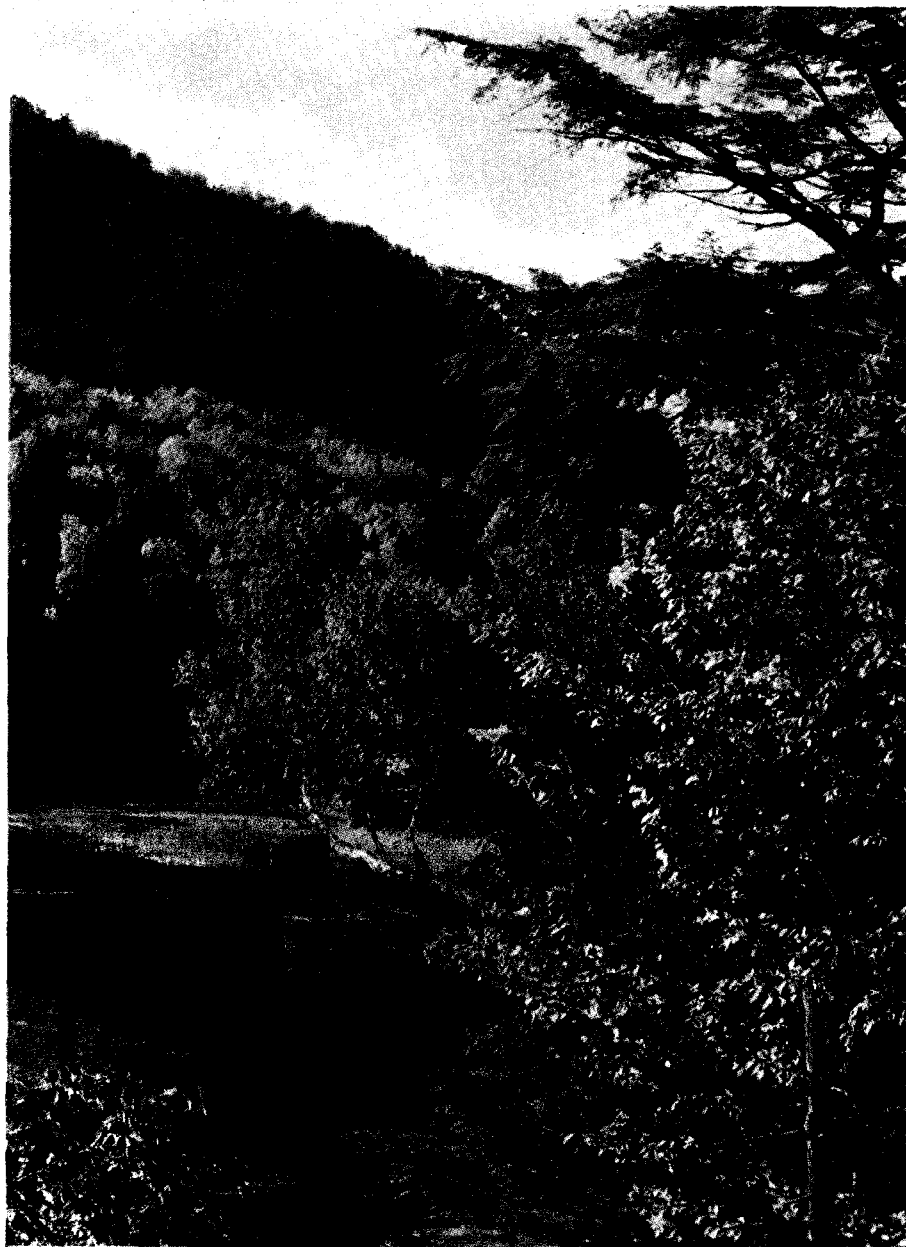


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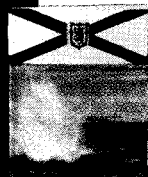
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MY LIFE IS A CRYSTAL TEARDROP

BY JOAN BAEZ

An extraordinary daughter here tells about her extraordinary parents and talks about war, protest, pacifism, and human frailty in an excerpt from DAYBREAK, the journal of Joan Baez. The book will be published this month by The Dial Press.

MY MOTHER can't stand anything phony. She refuses to go to teas, prefers young people to older. She works in the garden, making flowers come up out of the dirt. She wears her hair long, down her back when she's at home, and up in a braided roll when she goes out. Her back is strong, and her hands are gnarly and full of veins. I think she must have worked very hard when she was little to have such hands. Her eyes are huge, frightened, deep, and magnificent; her forehead almost always in a worry design; her mouth too tight and her chin tense. Yet there is an overwhelming strength in her face, and she is one of about five women I can think of who are in her category of beauty. Her figure is excellent. When she runs, on the beach, dressed in blue jeans and a T-shirt, with her hair all down, she looks nineteen. She is fifty-four.

Mother was born in Scotland, and brought to America when she was two. Her mother died when she was three. Her father was a very far out Episcopalian minister who loved the theater, sang off-key from the pulpit, dressed his children out of the missionary barrel, fought a fiery public battle with the DAR, and had a weakness for marrying domineering women. Mother says I would have loved him. I can think of only one picture of him, a portrait showing a weak, thin-nosed, rather nice-

looking sad man. There comes to mind now a picture of Mother's mother, carrying Mother's sister on her back: She is very pretty, also sad, tilting her head back as though to bump it in a nice way against the baby's head. Now I think of the picture of Mother which I have hanging in my house. It was taken when she was ten. She is standing on a beach in the wind with the ocean in back of her, her arms outstretched in youthful grace, her dark legs poking out of an oversized black bathing costume, coming a bit together at the knees, the wind blowing her hair across her face, across an exquisite smile. Her head is tilted back, as though butting the wind. She is like a lovely bit of dark heather. She has kept the grace and beauty through unbelievable odds, odds which have given her a power and wisdom which she tries very hard not to acknowledge.

Her first stepmother was classically frigid, and appears dressed in white, smiling very sweetly, in all the old albums. She's the one who would hand Mother and her sister fifteen cents and say, "Here's your allowance for this week," and before they could close their fingers over the coins, she'd say, "And now, because you've spilled the ink in the study and made a mess in the john and stolen peanut butter from the big jar, I am taking it away."

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Maybe you can learn to be good children, and then you will get your allowance." Money was dirty to touch, Jews were dirty to live near, sex was dirty to think about or have; children were taught by punishment; and in the meantime, dressing everyone in white frocks would tide things over (to her credit she grew up to become a very spunky old lady). She let go her grip long enough to produce a son, a half-brother for Mother and her sister to look after. He grew up to be a right-wing fanatic, made it through medical school to become a urologist on sheer strength of will because his mother told him he was too stupid to pass the exams. I heard he's an excellent doctor.

The next stepmother was a six-foot-tall redhead schizophrenic who made puppets and dressed in purple and orange and was prone to chasing Mother's father around the house waving a butcher knife and screaming. Mother once ran to her father's church, entered in the middle of the Sunday sermon. She reached the pulpit and stood there anxiously in her funny missionary clothing, waiting for her kindly but oblivious father to stop his ranting long enough to notice her. When he didn't, she leaned forward and caught his eye and said, "Daddy, please, you must come. Meg's beating up Pauline."

"Heavens!" he said, sweeping down from the pulpit and rushing out of the church. He arrived home too late, as Meg had dragged Mother's older sister around by the hair, beaten and kicked her until she was unrecognizable, and locked her in her room.

Meg's sadistic energies were centered on the older sister because of her closeness to her father, and Mother was more often than not just ignored.

She declared her independence when she was thirteen. Meg threw a pot of steaming boiled potatoes at her from across the room. Mother ducked the potatoes and went about washing the dishes. Meg came up behind her and slapped her full strength on the side of the face. Mother whirled around and said, "Damn you!" and Meg froze in shock. When she regained her fury she raised her arms to beat Mother, but Mother caught her arms midflight with her own slippery hands, and lowered them to her sides, saying, "Don't you ever do that again." Meg fumbled in her defeat, and finally said, "Go outside and fill this up with berries," handing Mother a pot, and Mother said, "If you want berries, pick them yourself." From then on Mother kept her coat hanging near the front door, with two nickels in the pocket, one for bus fare, and the other to call a friend.

At some point in her childhood she lived in a sort of gypsy camp for a while, eating potato crusts charcoaled in the fire on sticks. She and her little friends ate them because there wasn't much food

around and no one bothered to feed the children. She found communion wafers delightful, but not very filling. And she *was* guilty of stealing peanut butter — she would steal it in great globs, knowing that she would eventually be caught and punished. She's not hungry like that anymore, but she still has a craving for peanut butter.

There was one school she was sent to which she loved. They left her alone there, and she could sit by a brook and not go to class. She was good in drama and wanted to act, but the ghosts of stepmothers, sweetly and regretfully explaining to her that she was inadequate in every way and not very bright, kept her from pursuing anything beyond the first few steps. It was the same with nursing. She loves it, and is brilliant with sick people, but she never got beyond being a nurse's aide.

She has told me of when she was left in charge of a dying girl. The child had been in an accident and was fatally hurt, and Mother was supposed to mark down the exact time of her death. She watched the little girl struggle, and give, and struggle again, always fading, and always in pain. When her small muscles sank into the hospital bed for the last time, Mother felt very deeply the blessing of that final defeat.

Her father by blindness to his children, and the stepmothers out of jealousy and the etiquette of the times, convinced Mother that she was not pretty. When she and her sister were little, their hair was pulled tightly back and braided, lest anyone should notice that Pauline had soft yellow curls and Mother had shiny handsome brown hair. Still, in every picture I've seen of her when she was young, she is nothing less than strikingly beautiful.

In a snapshot taken of her when she was about eighteen she stands sideways to the camera, dressed in satin, with some feathery shawl around her shoulders, her eyes looking into the lens. She is a vamp, a gypsy queen, a mystic, a blueblood. She is all of those things still, and the battle rages inside and outside Mother as to whether she will ever admit to the fact that she is glorious.

My mother's been to jail with me twice now. We did civil disobedience together at the Oakland induction center. She told me she didn't know if it would do any good, but that it might give other mothers some courage to do the same, or something just as radical. It did. On our second trip to Santa Rita Prison, there were at least three women in with us who said that Mother had given them the strength to act out their convictions.

Mother really hated it in jail, because it was so easy for her, and so unfair to the regular inmates. The black dope addicts and prostitutes and boosters and pushers called her "Mama." Whenever they swore in front of her, they said "Scuse me, Mama." On Christmas Day, one of the three toughest girls

in the women's side of the prison came to Mother's bed, and said, "Ooooo, Mama. Ah'm down. They doin' it to me. Ah'm *way* down. I wanna see mah kids. An I don't *never* cry. But I b'lieve I'm gone have to today!" and she folded up in Mother's arms and shook her head and cried. Mother patted her black angora hairdo and kissed her on the forehead, and said softly but angrily, "Yeah. It's all pretty rotten, isn't it. Just plain stinking."

We were sprung from jail two weeks early. The jailers were afraid of the uproar which might ensue



Mother and Joan out of jail, 1968

when we were to say good-bye to our friends, so they didn't tell us we were going home until a half hour before we left. We sat in the lieutenant's office and talked to her. Mother had never spent any time with this woman. She asked if she could go back to the building where she had been working and say good-bye to her friends.

"No," said the lieutenant.

"But I have to say good-bye to Gladys," said Mother.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you can't."

"You're not sorry," I said, "and you know we can. If you'll let us."

"Are you asking for special privileges, Joan?"

"Sure, if that's a special privilege. I didn't notice that it was. Everyone around here gets to say good-bye."

"I won't leave until I've said good-bye to Gladys and Jean," said Mother. The lieutenant changed the subject.

Photo courtesy of Wide World Photos.

"You know, I've never had the time to really speak with you, Mrs. Baez. It's a pity, because you look like an interesting person."

"Well," said Mother. "I'm glad I came here. I think I've learned a lot. In fact I know I have. Stuff I could never have learned anywhere else."

The lieutenant brightened. "Really?" she said. "What have you learned?"

"Oh," said Mother, looking at the lieutenant from under her contraband eye makeup. "I know how to steal now. I think I could steal about anything, if it was necessary. I can smuggle. I can get all sorts of stuff into the cells."

The lieutenant looked jarred and suspicious. Mother went on. "I never thought I would be able to lie. In fact I've never been able to lie, all my life. But now I find that I can look someone right in the eye and tell a bold-faced lie. It's not so hard if it's for someone who's locked up and not being treated well."

"Are you serious?" said the lieutenant.

"Oh, yes," said Mother. "It's marvelous."

I butted in. "So you're letting us out of here on good behavior, is that it?"

"To be truthful with you, Joan, it was not my idea to let you go. I would not have recommended you for good time." She turned to Mother. "You know, Mrs. Baez, I don't think jail is a good place for your daughter. She has a tendency to, well, kind of fit in awfully fast. I could see her easily beginning to fall into some of the patterns that the regular inmates have formed, and you know, whether we like it or not, we are dealing with two very different classes here."

"What are you trying to say?" I asked her.

"Well it just doesn't seem like a good atmosphere for you, some of the habits that —"

"She's afraid I'm going to turn queer," I said to Mother with a smile.

"Oh, heavens," Mother laughed. "My daughter's been queer for years. Don't let that bother you. She got it from me."

We ended our chat right about then, and all the deputies and sergeants began hustling us to get processed and out before the prison grapevine had spread the news that Mama and Joan Junior were being sprung. They kept rushing us, and I kept telling Mother to take her time, that they had no right to rush us. So we ironed our crumpled street clothes, and distributed all our candy and skin lotion and stamps, and the grapevine began to hum, and within fifteen minutes our most beloved and devoted friends made it through two locked doors and past the lieutenant's office to the ironing room to embrace us and kiss us good-bye, and then to vanish down the starched but internally crumbling hallways of Santa Rita. And Mother hit the damp, chilly morning on the outside with a labeled

Santa Rita kitchen apron stuffed under her pea jacket, and fourteen letters tucked into her long winter underwear.

MY FATHER

My father is short, honest, dark, and very handsome. He's good, he's a good man. He was born in Mexico, and brought up in Brooklyn. His father was a Mexican who left the Catholic Church to become a Methodist minister. My father worked hard in school. He loved God and the church and his parents. At one time in his life he was going to be a minister, but the hypocrisy of the church bothered him, and he became a scientist instead. He has a vision of how science can play the major role in saving the world. This vision puts a light into his eyes. He is a compulsive worker, and I know that he will never stop his work long enough to have a look at some of the things in his life which are blind and tragic. But it's not my business to print. About me and my father I don't know. I keep thinking of how hard it was for him to say anything nice about me to my face. Maybe he favored me and felt guilty about it, but he couldn't say anything nice. A lot of times I thought he would break my heart. Once he complimented me for something I was wearing. "You ought to wear that kind of thing more often," he said, and I looked into the mirror and I was wearing a black dress which I hated. I was fourteen then, and I remember thinking, Hah, I remind him of his mother in this thing.

My father is the saint of the family. You work at something until you exhaust yourself so that you can be good at it, and with it you try to improve the lot of the sad ones, the hungry ones, the sick ones. You raise your children trying to teach them decency and respect for human life. Once when I was about thirteen he asked me if I would accept a large sum of money for the death of a man who was going to die anyway. I didn't quite understand. If I was off the hook, and just standing by, and then the man was killed by someone else, why shouldn't I take a couple of million? I told him sure, I'd take the money, and he laughed his head off. "That's immoral," he said. I didn't know what immoral meant, but I knew something was definitely wrong taking money for a man's life.

My father teaches physics. He is a Ph.D. in physics, and we all wish he'd had just one son who wasn't so opposed to school, to degrees, to formal education of any kind, one child to show some interest when he does physics experiments at the dinner table. But then it must be partly because we felt obligated to be student-types that we have all rebelled so completely. I can barely read. That is to say, I would rather do a thousand things before

sitting down to read. He used to tell us we should read the dictionary. He said it was fun and very educational. I've never gotten into it.

When we lived in Clarence Center, New York (it was a town of eight hundred people, and as far as they knew, we were niggers; Mother says that someone yelled out the window to me, "Hey, nigger!" and I said, "You ought to see me in the summertime!"), my father had a job working in Buffalo. It was some kind of armaments work. I just knew that it was secret, or part of it was secret, and that we began to get new things like a vacuum cleaner, a refrigerator, a fancy coffeepot, and one day my father came home with a little Crosley car. We were so excited about it that we drove it all over the front lawn, around the trees and through the piles of leaves. He was driving, Mother was in the front seat, and we three kids were in the back. The neighbors knew we were odd to begin with, but this confirmed it. Mother was embarrassed, and she kept clutching my father's arm and saying, "Oh, Abo!" but he would take a quick corner around a tree and we'd all scream with laughter, and Mother gave up and had hysterics.

Then something started my father going to Quaker meetings. We all had to go. It meant we had to sit and squelch giggles for about twenty minutes, and then go off with some kind old lady who planted each of us a bean in a tin can, and told us it was a miracle that it would push its little head up above the damp earth and grow into a plant. We knew it was a miracle, and we knew she was kind, but we made terrible fun of her the entire time and felt guilty about it afterward.

While we were in the side room with the kind old lady, watching our beans perform miracles, my father was in the grown-up room, the room where they observe silence for a whole hour, and he was having a fight with his conscience. It took him less than a year of those confrontations with himself in that once-a-week silence to realize that he would have to give up either the silences or his job. Next thing I knew we were packing up and moving across the country. My father had taken a job as a professor of physics at the University of Redlands for about one half the pay and one tenth the prestige — against the advice of everyone he knew except my mother. Since leaving Buffalo in 1947, he's never accepted a job that had anything to do with armaments, offense, defense, or whatever they prefer to call it. Last night I had a dream about him. I dreamed he was sitting next to himself in a theater. One of him was as he is now, and the other was the man of thirty years ago. I kept trying to get him to look at himself and say hello. Both faces smiled very understandingly, but neither would turn to greet the other.

I don't think he's ever understood me very well.

He's never understood my compulsiveness, my brashness, my neuroses, my fears, my antination-alism (though he's changing on that), my sex habits, my loose way of handling money. I think often I startle him, and many times I please him. Sometimes I have put him through hell, like when I decided to live with Michael when I was twenty.

"You mean you're going to . . . *live* with him?"

"Yes," I said, and my father took a sleeping bag and went to the beach for two days, because Michael was staying in the house. Years later he sent me an article by Bertrand Russell, whom he respects very much, underlining the part which said that if young people could have a chance at "experimental marriages" while they were in college, they might know more about what it's all about before they actually got married. My father wrote that it always amazed him how I came to conclusions intuitively which took him years to realize.

THE WATER LEAVES

My sister Mimi and I were hanging around the Club 47 coffeehouse in Harvard Square. We were on the way home from Newport, '67. We were seeking old friends from eight years before, but also new faces, lots of new faces lined up in the warm New England evening. They let a blind girl in so she could find a seat. I watched the ticket lady hold her hand out timidly to return the change, not wanting to bump the blind girl's hand. When her things were in order the blind girl took the change and began calculating where she would sit, tapping a radar route around the tables and chairs. I went up to her and helped her find a seat.

"This is sort of comfy," I said, showing her the chair. "You're at the back, but on the aisle."

"Thank you very much," she said, sitting down and folding up her funny collapsible metal cane. Then she faced me, and said, "Excuse me, but your voice sounds vaguely familiar . . ."

I told her my name, and she let out a squeal.

"I'm Paula. Remember me? From Perkins? That was eight years ago! Gee, it's good to see you!"

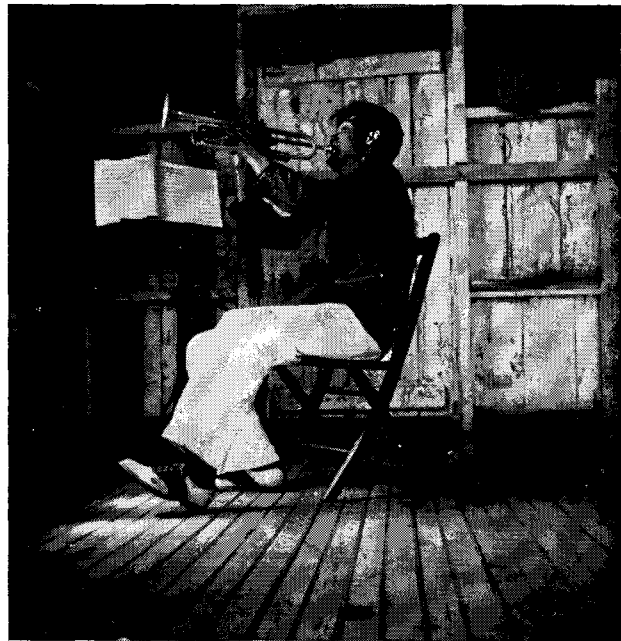
I sat down with her, and we chatted. She asked about Mimi, and I called Mimi over. Paula grabbed her cane and purse and jumped up to hug her. Of course, I thought, I had heard stories about the devoted blind kids who had showed up at 47 every time Mimi and Dick were on the bill. Paula fell into an enraptured chat with Mimi, who sat with her head tilted, watching the funny blind girl's face.

"We went to the Winter Festival. It was terrible," she was telling Mimi. "We were in a snow-storm, and my eyes were freezing. I thought I would die!"

"Your eyes were freezing?"

"Oh," she said, dropping her head back and facing me, and indicating her eyes by tapping her fingertips around her cheekbones. "These are just shell. See?" I saw two identical clear blue eyes. One of them was sunk a little in the socket.

"You mean glass?" I asked, and then looked closer and saw that her eyes were making almost



Father, 1940

imperceptible jerking motions in every direction, and that where we have the little dip next to the nose where gnats and sleep settle, Paula had an open place. In that place existed not the miraculous network of an eye, but something more like a dark cavern.

"Yes, they're glass," she said. "When it's really cold they get freezing and press against the socket, and it's killing." She showed Mimi her eyes.

"Anyway," she went on, "the festival was a big bore, except for Pete Seeger, of course." Her face broke into that magnificent odd smile which had never been checked in a mirror.

"Tell me," I said, "what you think of Perkins."

"Well," she said, trying to figure out how I felt about it.

"I was fired from there, myself," I said, to give her free rein. "For sitting on the boys' side, and taking one boy's watch home to be fixed. But it was really because I didn't wear shoes enough of the time, and because I loved the kids. I thought the school was set up for the kids. But it wasn't. It was set up for the teachers and housemothers."

"You're not kidding," said Paula in a low voice. "I didn't even know how to go out till I left Perkins and took a cane course." She took the folded-up

metal off her lap and flipped it into the air, and it snapped itself into a cane, as though it were a magic wand.

"Wow!" Mimi and I were impressed. "That's something. Do you like the cane?"

"Oh, I love it. It makes me much more independent than if I had a dog. You know, you're always having to tie the dog to something when you go into a store. This way I'm free to go anywhere I want, whenever I want."

Mimi and I played with the cane for a while.

Perkins Institute for the Blind. Stuffy housemothers and overeducated teachers. Turn out nice clean well-behaved blind types. I wondered how Paula had survived, and then I began remembering the kids. I had worked with the kindergarteners. I was in charge of seven children, twenty hours a day, six days a week. And I lasted for two months.

Little Archie, the problem child, eight operations on his eyes by the age of six, cleft palate, no taste buds or sense of smell, chewed his vitamins up in the morning, dropped his glass eye in the oatmeal and cried in noisy sorrow that he'd lost his eye — I felt sick trying to wash his face the first day, because both his eye sockets were infected and oozing, so at the breakfast table I couldn't eat, and when the head housemother said, "Is something wrong?" I said, "Archie's face, it's sort of icky," and began to cry.

"Oh, goodness, dear, we can't let a little thing like that get us down," she said brightly, and she took Archie off to wash his face and threw up her breakfast.

Archie's mother was always the first parent to drop him at the school on Sunday afternoons and the last to pick him up on Fridays, and the housemothers didn't give a damn about him in between because he was a bad boy and all the operations had made him hard to look at. I begged the women to quit calling him a bad boy, and said I would spend extra time with him. It turned out that Archie didn't know how to hug. So every time he came around I'd grab all the children I could find and be hugging them when he got near. He had a tiny bit of vision in his one eye if he poked it with his fist, and he'd climb up over the kids to find out what was happening. I'd be saying, "Oh, Gail, what a lovely hug, thank you!" and so Archie, with one fist jammed into his good eye, was beginning to see that he'd been missing something that looked like fun. And then one night after I'd put him to bed, and we'd said the horrible little Perkins prayer, I gave Archie a kiss on the forehead and said good-night, and as I got up to go he said, "Hey, Miss Joan, don't I get a hug?" and after we'd had a big warm hug there was a fiendish smile on his funny

cock-eyed face on the pillow, and he said, "You know what, Miss Joan? You're a good kid."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF?

"OK, you're a pacifist. What would you do if someone were, say, attacking your grandmother?"

"Attacking my poor old grandmother?"

"Yeah. You're in a room with your grandmother, and there's this guy about to attack her, and you're standing there. What would you do?"

"I'd yell, 'Three cheers for Grandma!' and leave the room."

"No, seriously. Say he had a gun, and he was about to shoot her. Would you shoot him first?"

"Do I have a gun?"

"Yes."

"No. I'm a pacifist, I don't have a gun."

"Well, say you do."

"All right. Am I a good shot?"

"Yes."

"I'd shoot the gun out of his hand."

"No, then you're not a good shot."

"I'd be afraid to shoot. Might kill Grandma."

"Come on. OK, look. We'll take another example. Say you're driving a truck. You're on a narrow road with a sheer cliff on your side. There's a little girl standing in the middle of the road. You're going too fast to stop. What would you do?"

"I don't know. What would *you* do?"

"I'm asking you. You're the pacifist."

"Yes, I know. All right, am I in control of the truck?"

"Yes."

"How about if I honk my horn so she can get out of the way?"

"She's too young to walk. And the horn doesn't work."

"I swerve around to the left of her, since she's not going anywhere."

"No, there's been a landslide."

"Oh. Well, then, I would try to drive the truck over the cliff and save the little girl."

Silence.

"Well, say there's someone else in the truck with you. Then what?"

"What's my decision have to do with my being a pacifist?"

"There's two of you in the truck and only one little girl."

"Someone once said, 'If you have a choice between a real evil and a hypothetical evil, always take the hypothetical one.'"

"Huh?"

"I said why are you so anxious to kill off all the pacifists?"

"I'm not. I just want to know what you'd do."

"If I was with a friend in a truck driving very fast on a one-lane road approaching a dangerous impasse where a ten-month-old girl is sitting in the middle of the road with a landslide one side of her and a sheer drop-off on the other."

"That's right."

"I would probably slam on the brakes, thus sending my friend through the front windshield, skid into the landslide, run over the little girl, sail off the cliff, and plunge to my own death. No doubt Grandma's house would be at the bottom of the ravine, and the truck would crash through her roof and blow up in her living room, where she was finally being attacked for the first, and last, time."

"You haven't answered my question. You're just trying to get out of it."

"I'm really trying to say a couple of things. One is that no one knows what he'll do in a moment of crisis. And that hypothetical questions get hypothetical answers. I'm also hinting that you have made it impossible for me to come out of the situation without having killed one or more people. Then you can say, 'Pacifism is a nice idea, but it won't work.' But that's not what bothers me."

"What bothers you?"

"Well, you may not like it because it's not hypothetical. It's real. And it makes the assault on Grandma look like a garden party."

"What's that?"

"I'm thinking about how we put people through a training process so they'll find out the really good, efficient ways of killing. Nothing incidental like trucks and landslides — just the opposite, really. You know, how to growl and yell, kill and crawl and jump out of airplanes — real organized stuff. Hell, you have to be able to run a bayonet through Grandma's middle."

"That's something entirely different."

"Sure. And don't you see that it's so much harder to look at, because it's real, and it's going on right now? Look. A general sticks a pin into a map. A week later a bunch of young boys are sweating it out in a jungle somewhere, shooting each other's arms and legs off, crying and praying and losing control of their bowels. Doesn't it seem stupid to you?"

"Well, you're talking about war."

"Yes, I know. Doesn't it seem stupid?"

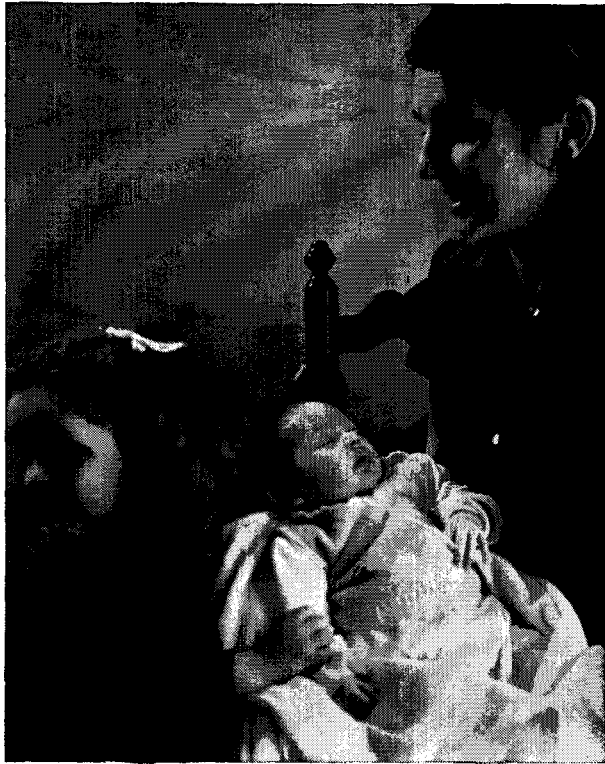
"What do you do instead, then? Turn the other cheek, I suppose."

"No. Love thine enemy but confront his evil. Love thine enemy. Thou shalt not kill."

"Yeah, and look what happened to him."

"He grew up."

"They hung him on a damn cross is what happened to him. I don't want to get hung on a damn cross."



Pauline, Joan, Mother 1941

"You won't."

"Huh?"

"I said you don't get to choose how you're going to die. Or when. You can only decide how you're going to live. Now."

"Well I'm not going to go letting everybody step all over me, that's for sure."

"Jesus said, 'Resist not evil.' The pacifist says just the opposite. He says to resist evil with all your heart and with all your mind and body until it has been overcome."

"I don't get it."

"Organized nonviolent resistance. Gandhi. He organized the Indians for nonviolent resistance and waged nonviolent war against the British until he'd freed India from the British Empire. Not bad for a first try, don't you think?"

"Yeah, fine, but he was dealing with the British, a civilized people. We're not."

"Not a civilized people?"

"Not dealing with a civilized people. You just try some of that stuff on the Russians."

"You mean the Chinese, don't you?"

"Yeah, the Chinese. Try it on the Chinese."

"Oh, dear. War was going on long before anybody dreamed up Communism. It's just the latest justification for self-righteousness. The problem isn't Communism. The problem is consensus. There's a consensus out that it's OK to kill when your government decides who to kill. If you kill inside the country you get in trouble. If you kill

outside the country, right time, right season, latest enemy, you get a medal. There are about one hundred and thirty nation-states, and each of them thinks it's a swell idea to bump off all the rest because he is more important. The pacifist thinks there is only one tribe. Three billion members. They come first. We think killing any member of the family is a dumb idea. We think there are more decent and intelligent ways of settling differences. And man had better start investigating these other possibilities because if he doesn't, then by mistake or by design, he will probably kill off the whole damn race."

"It's human nature to kill."

"Is it?"

"It's natural. Something you can't change."

"If it's natural to kill why do men have to go into training to learn how? There's violence in human nature, but there's also decency, love, kindness. Man organizes, buys, sells, pushes violence. The nonviolenter wants to organize the opposite side. That's all nonviolence is — organized love."

"You're crazy."

"No doubt. Would you care to tell me the rest of the world is sane? Tell me that violence has been a great success for the past five thousand years, that the world is in fine shape, that wars have brought peace, understanding, brotherhood, democracy, and freedom to mankind, and that killing each other has created an atmosphere of trust and hope. That it's grand for one billion people to live off of the other two billion, or that even if it hasn't been smooth going all along, we are now at last beginning to see our way through to a better world for all, as soon as we get a few minor wars out of the way."

"I'm doing OK."

"Consider it a lucky accident."

"I believe I should defend America and all that she stands for. Don't you believe in self-defense?"

"No, that's how the Mafia got started. A little band of people who got together to protect peasants. I'll take Gandhi's nonviolent resistance."

"I still don't get the point of nonviolence."

"The point of nonviolence is to build a floor, a strong new floor, beneath which we can no longer sink. A platform which stands a few feet above napalm, torture, exploitation, poison gas, A and H bombs, the works. Give man a decent place to stand. He's been wallowing around in human blood and vomit and burnt flesh screaming how it's going to bring peace to the world. He sticks his head out of the hole for a minute and sees an odd bunch of people gathering material and attempting to build a structure above ground in the fresh air. 'Nice

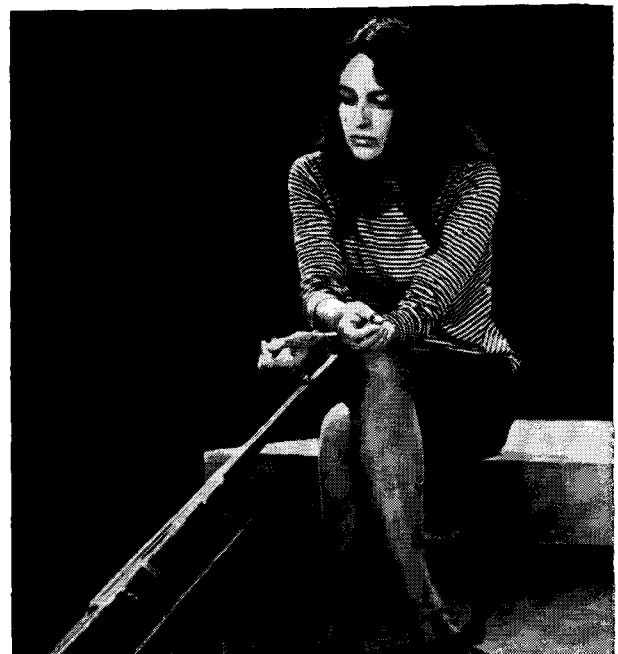
idea but not very practical,' he shouts, and slides back into the hole. It was the same kind of thing when man found out the world was round. He fought for years to have it remain flat, with every proof on hand that it was not flat at all. It had no edge to drop off or sea monsters to swallow up his little ship in their gaping jaws."

"How are you going to build this practical structure?"

"From the ground up. By studying, learning about, experimenting with every possible alternative to violence on every level. By learning how to say No to the nation-state, No to war taxes, No to the draft, No to killing in general, Yes to the brotherhood of man; by starting new institutions which are based on the assumption that murder in any form is ruled out; by making and keeping in touch with nonviolent contacts all over the world; by engaging ourselves at every possible chance in dialogue with people, groups, to try to begin to change the consensus that it's OK to kill."

"It sounds real nice, but I just don't think it can work."

"You are probably right. We probably don't have enough time. So far we've been a glorious flop. The only thing that's been a worse flop than the organization of nonviolence has been the organization of violence."



A friend of mine told me it would be risky to write about Jesus. . . . I wonder if Jesus knows what's happening on earth these days. Don't bother coming around, Jesus.

Photo by Gaveau.

THE NEW RACIALISM

by Daniel P. Moynihan

The liberals have been confusing their vocabulary, talking of “racism” when they mean “racialism,” and have been abandoning their traditional opposition to decentralized government and racial quotas. The results may be dangerous, observes Professor Moynihan, the buoyantly iconoclastic sociologist, author, and director of the Joint Center for Urban Studies of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University.

THE great enterprise on which the American nation was embarked when the Vietnam storm arose was the final inclusion of the Negro American in the larger American society. That the Negro was, and still in considerable measure is, excluded none will doubt. But it seems not less clear that this fact of exclusion has been the lot of a very considerable portion of the American people over the generations, and the process of inclusion, of “national integration,” in Samuel H. Beer’s term, a process “in which the community is being made more of a community,” has been going on almost from the moment the fortunes of war and empire defined this hopelessly heterogeneous people as made up exclusively of General de Gaulle’s “Anglo-Saxons.” In fact, at midcentury only 35 percent of the American people were descendants of migrants from Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Most of the rest have known greater or lesser degrees of exclusion — and into the present. But none quite like that of the Negro, and final, palpable equality for him became the essential demand of our time, just as it became the demand of the American presidency; only to arouse among some elements of the society — in greater or lesser degree in all elements — a pervasive fear and deep resistance. Laws in the hundreds were passed, but changes were few. As the black masses for whatever reasons became increasingly

violent, white resistance became more stubborn, even as it assumed more respectable forms: “Law and order.”

This resistance has produced something of a stalemate, and in consequence a crisis. The essential symbol, and in ways the central fact, of black exclusion in white America is that the Negro is not permitted to move about freely and live where he will. Increasingly he is confined to the slums of the central cities, with consequences at once appalling to him and disastrous to the cities. The laws do not require this exclusion; in fact, they forbid it. Now also does the Supreme Court. But it prevails because of a process of private nullification by whites.

More and more one hears that this situation is likely to persist so long as to require that it be treated as a permanent condition. And largely as a result of this conclusion, a marked reversal appears to be taking place in what are generally seen as liberal circles on the subject of decentralized government and racial quotas. For a good half century now — longer than that, in truth — liberal opinion has held quite strong views on these issues, and they are almost wholly negative. Nor have these views been in any sense marginal. Quite near to the core of the liberal agenda in the reform period that began at the turn of the century and

continued almost to this moment we find two propositions.

The first is that local government is conservative or even reactionary. Such nostalgia as might have persisted about New England town meetings was seen as historically obsolete and ethnically inapplicable. Local government in New York, for example, was known to be run by Irishmen, who were bosses wielding vast but illegitimate power, placing unqualified men on public payrolls, consorting with criminals, and lowering the standards of public life. In the South, local government was in the hands of racists, who systematically excluded Negroes from participation in public affairs, and much else as well. The West was far away. Hence the great thrust of liberal/intellectual political effort, and central to liberal/intellectual political opinion, was the effort to *raise* the level at which governmental decisions were made above that of state and local government, to that of the federal government. The great and confirming successes of that effort were, of course, the Administrations of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt. "States' rights" became a symbol of reaction. Distinguished public servants such as Paul Appleby developed the doctrine that those who insisted that this or that governmental activity was best carried out at the local level were in fact opposed to such activity, and confident that in actuality the local government would do nothing. E. E. Schattschneider explained the whole thrust of liberal politics in terms of the effort to raise the level at which the decisions were made. These views had consequence. Three years ago, for example, when the Johnson Administration was about to come forth with a proposal for revenue-sharing with state governments — the well-known Heller-Pechman plan — the proposal was vetoed by the labor movement on grounds that giving more resources to local powers could only strengthen the forces of conservatism and reaction.

The second general theme has to do with the whole issue of ethnic, racial (if one wishes to make a distinction between those two), and religious heterogeneity. These were matters which liberal opinion firmly held ought not to be subjects of public moment or acknowledgment. Rather as politics and women are proscribed as matters of conversation in a naval officers' mess, it was accepted that such categories existed, and given the doctrine of freedom of conscience, it was also accepted that religious diversity would persist, but in general, opinion looked forward to a time when such distinctions would make as little difference as possible. Opinion certainly aspired to the complete disappearance of ethnic characteristics, which were felt to have little, if any, validity. Increasingly, the identification of persons by race or religion, especial-

ly in application forms of various sorts, was seen as a manifestation of racism, of unavoidably malign intent.

It is hard to judge which is the more extraordinary: that Americans could have thought they could eliminate such identities, or that so little comment was made about the effort. (Resistance, then as now, was largely silent and ashamed.) Andrew Greeley has recently speculated that the historians of, say, the twenty-third or twenty-fourth century looking back to this time will find that, apart from the great population increase in the world, and its Westernization and industrialization, quite the most extraordinary event was the fusing of cultures in the American republic.

The historians of the future will find it hard to believe that it could have happened that English, Scotch, and Welsh, Irish, Germans, Italians, and Poles, Africans, Indians, both Eastern and Western, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Finns, Swedes, Lebanese, Danes, Armenians, Croatians, Slovenians, Greeks, and Luxembourgers, Chinese, Japanese, Philipinos, and Puerto Ricans would come together to form a nation that not only would survive but, all things considered, survive reasonably well. I further suggest that the historians of the future will be astonished that American sociologists, the product of this gathering in of the nations, could stand in the midst of such an astonishing social phenomenon and take it so for granted that they would not bother to study it.

I agree, largely as I feel that future historians, relieved of our nineteenth-century preoccupation with the appearance of industrialization and the issue of who would control the artifacts thereof, a preoccupation, in other words, with issues such as capitalism, socialism, and Communism, will also see that the turbulence of these times here and abroad has had far more to do with ethnic, racial, and religious affiliation than with these other issues. Nonetheless, beginning with the New Deal, federal legislation began prohibiting discrimination based on race and religion, and this movement increasingly took the form of forbidding acknowledgment even of the existence of such categories. In New York, for example, a prospective employer simply may not ask to know the religious or ethnic affiliation of an employee. A dean of admissions may not ask for a photograph of an applicant. The culmination of this movement, and given its insistence on absolute equality in competition, the high-water mark of social Darwinism in the United States was, of course, the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

Now, of a sudden, all this has changed. The demand for decentralization of government and local participation in decision-making about even

the most global issues has become almost a leading issue with liberal thinkers and politicians. Distrust of Washington, once the sure giveaway of a conservative or reactionary mind, has become a characteristic stance of forward-looking young men. And now ethnic quotas have reappeared, although primarily in terms of racial quotas. That which was specifically forbidden by the Civil Rights Act is now explicitly (albeit covertly) required by the federal government. Employers are given quotas of the black employees they will hire, records of minority-group employment are diligently maintained, and censuses repeatedly taken. In universities in particular the cry has arisen for racial quotas, roughly representative of population proportions, in both university faculties and student bodies, and the proposal is most ardently supported by those who would have themselves considered most advanced in their social thinking. It would seem altogether to be expected that this process will continue, and come to be applied to all the most visible institutions of the land, starting, of course, with those most sympathetic to social change, and therefore most vulnerable to such pressure, and gradually, grown more legitimate, extended to the more resistant centers.

WHAT on earth happened? Taking these developments in the order that I listed them, one can perceive at least two sources of the thrust toward decentralization, both related to the racial stalemate and both of which can properly be described as the result of a learning process, and on that ground welcomed. The first is the discovery by liberal middle-class America that many of the institutions of urban working-class politics served important and legitimate purposes, and that the destruction of these institutions created a vacuum in which by and large Negroes now have to live. Having destroyed the power of the local bosses, we learn that the people feel powerless. Having put an end to patronage and established merit systems in civil service, we find that the poor and unqualified are without jobs. Having banished felons from public employment, we find that enormous numbers of men who need jobs have criminal records. Having cleaned up law enforcement, we find that crime is run by the Mafia (or whatever is the current term for slandering Italians), instead of the police, as was the case in the idyllic days of Lincoln Steffens' youth. Hence liberals now are urged to return to local organization with an enthusiasm ever so slightly tinged with the elitism of the middle-class liberal radical who now as always is confident that he is capable of running anything better than anyone else, even a slum neighborhood. Middle-

class radicals continue to insist the Negroes in Harlem are powerless, not least, one fears, because the one type who is *never* elected is the middle-class radical. (But to my knowledge there is hardly a single significant elected or appointed political, judicial, or administrative office in Harlem that is not held by a Negro.) Hence an ever increasing enthusiasm of liberal foundations and reform mayors for creating new "indigenous" community organizations and giving to them a measure of real or pretend power. Whether in fact outsiders can create an "indigenous" organization is problematic. (Would it not be good sport for the Landmarks Commission to assign to Mayor Lindsay's Little City Halls their traditional Tammany designations of Tuscorora Club, Iroquois Club, Onondaga Club?) But the effort is sincere, if withal tinged with a certain elitist impulse to manage the lives of the less fortunate.

On a different level, a movement toward decentralization has arisen largely from the emergence of what James O. Wilson has called the bureaucracy problem, the fact that "there are inherent limits to what can be accomplished by large, hierarchical organizations." Although Max Weber explained to us why large bureaucracies, once established, would work for themselves rather than the putative objects of their concern, it was not until the bureaucracies were established, and someone tried to do something with them, that any great number of persons came to see the point. Interestingly enough, this seems to have happened in the Soviet Union at about the same time as in the United States. For certain it is an endemic mood among men who went to Washington with John F. Kennedy. The problem involves not just the dynamics of large organizations, but also the ambitiousness of our society. As Wilson continues: "The supply of able, experienced executives is not increasing nearly as fast as the number of problems being addressed."

This is all to the good. It responds to reality; it reflects an openness to experience. Irving Kristol has remarked, echoing Sir William Harcourt at the turn of the century on the subject of socialism, "We are all decentralists now." The acknowledgment that race and ethnicity are persisting and consequential facts about individuals that ought in certain circumstances to be taken into consideration is long overdue. (Several years ago, to my ultimate grief, I tried to get the welfare establishment in Washington to abandon its "color-blind" policy which refused to record anything about the race of welfare recipients. Last year Southern committee chairmen brought about the enactment of vicious anti-Negro welfare legislation, which no one could effectively oppose because no one is supposed to "know" about such things.) But before

lurching from one set of overstatements to another, is it not possible to hope that a measure of thought will intervene, and that the truth will be found, alas, somewhere in the middle?

The issues are intertwined, and tend to work against one another. Thus the fundamental source of equal rights for Negro Americans, for all Americans, is the Constitution. Where the federal writ runs, all men are given equal treatment. But this process is not directed by some invisible hand; it is the result of political decisions made year to year in Washington. "Local control" means a very different thing in Mississippi than it does in New York, and let us for God's sake summon the wit to see this before we enshrine the political principles of George C. Wallace in the temple of liberal rationalism. Paul Appleby knew what he was talking about. An aggressive federal insistence on equal treatment for all races is indispensable to the successful inclusion of the Negro American into the large society.

Further, to argue that all things cannot be run from Washington is not to assert that neither can they be run from city hall. Unfortunately, a good deal of decentralization talk is fundamentally anti-government in spirit, and this can be a calamity in areas such as race relations. Giving a mayor enough untied federal funds to enable him to govern his city could release immensely creative energies. Forcing him to break up his administration into endlessly fractionating units will bring on anarchy at best and chaos at worst. Given the heterogeneous political community of most large cities, this potential for ethnic and racial chaos, Kristof remarks, is especially great.

School decentralization in New York seems to be encouraging just this. The problem is that now, as ever in the past, the lower classes of the city are ethnically quite distinct from what might be termed the bureaucratic classes, and neighborhoods tend to conform to those distinctions. The result is that conflict induced between the two groups gets ugly fast. Thus the New York Times reported that the militant picketing of I.S. 201 in east Harlem in 1967 was "flagrantly anti-Semitic." Similar tendencies have appeared in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville area where decentralization is being experimented with. A leaflet recently distributed there reads:

If African-American History and Culture is to be taught to our Black Children it Must Be Done By African-Americans Who Identify With And Who Understand The Problem. It Is Impossible For The Middle East Murderers of Colored People to Possibly Bring To This Important Task The Insight, The Concern, The Exposing Of the Truth That is a Must If The Years of Brainwashing And Self-Hatred That Has Been Taught To Our Black Children By Those Blood-sucking Exploiters and Murderers Is To Be Overcome.

A pretty sentiment, to which, not surprisingly, there are Jews capable of responding in kind. Charles E. Silberman, the distinguished author of *Crisis in Black and White*, recently demanded of an American Jewish Committee meeting that it

face up to the raw, rank, anti-Negro prejudice that is within our own midst. We talk — endlessly — about Negro Anti-Semitism; we rarely talk about — let alone try to deal with — the Jewish Anti-Negroism that is in our midst and that is growing very rapidly.

All too familiar. And as Archbishop John F. Dearden of Detroit, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, observed last year, in other cities of the nation the Negro-white confrontation is becoming a Negro-Catholic (Protestant-Catholic) encounter. *Plus ça change*. . .

THE danger is that we shall see the emergence of a new racialism. Not racism, a term — dreadfully misused by the Kerner Commission — that has as its indispensable central intent "the assumption that psychocultural traits and capacities are determined by biological race and that races differ decisively from one another" (Webster's *Third New International Dictionary*). There is a streak of the racist virus in the American bloodstream, and has been since the first "white" encounter with the "red" Indians. But it is now a distinctly minority position, and mainly that of old or marginal persons, with an occasional politician seeking to make use of what is left. Yet there is a strong, and persisting, phenomenon of racialism, defined as "racial prejudice or discrimination: race hatred." This is in no sense confined to "whites," much less "Wasps." (I use quotation marks. The geneticist Joshua Lederberg notes that it is scientifically absurd to call anyone in this country "black," and probably not accurate to speak of "whites" either.) Writing in a 1935 issue of *Race*, E. Franklin Frazier, for example, referred to W. E. B. DuBois's then current proposal that the Negro build a cooperative industrial system in America as "racialism." There is nothing mystical about racialism; it is simply a matter of one group not liking another group of evidently antagonistic interests. It is a profoundly different position from that of racism, with its logic of genocide and subordination. And it does no service whatever to this polity to identify as racist attitudes that are merely racialist and which will usually, on examination, be found to have essentially a social class basis. But our potential for this type of dissension is large and very likely growing. In the hands of ideologues (who often as not enjoy the chaos) or charlatans (who stand to benefit) or plain simpletons, many forms of decentralization in

the modern city will give rise to racialism. Responsible persons should examine that prospect beforehand.

The question of quotas raises the same issue. As I am almost certain to be misunderstood — that appears to be an occupational hazard in this field (and I would seriously suggest that the training of any social scientist in years to come should include something equivalent to the processes by which psychiatrists are taught to anticipate and accept hostility) — let me offer a word or two by way of credentials. I believe it fair to say that I have been one of a smallish band of sociologists and political scientists who have insisted that race, ethnicity, and religion were and are relevant and functional categories in American life. I accept fully, as does Greeley, the Weberian analysis of E. K. Francis that the ethnic collectivity represents an attempt on the part of men to keep alive during their pilgrimage from *Gemeinschaft* to *Gesellschaft*, or as Greeley puts it, “from peasant commune to industrial metropolis,” some of the diffuse, ascriptive, particularistic modes of behavior that were common to their past. I have argued in favor of the balanced political ticket; I have even been a member of one. I see the emergence of “black pride” as wholly a good thing. And so on. But at the same time, I would hope as we rush toward an ethnically, racially, and religiously conscious society that we try to keep our thinking just a bit ahead of events.

MY CONCERNS are twofold and come to this. First, I am worried that having so far been unable to assemble the political majority that would enable the nation to provide a free and equal place for the Negro in the larger society by what are essentially market strategies (full employment, income supplementation, housing construction, and suchlike), we will be driven to institutional strategies involving government-dictated outcomes directed against those institutions most vulnerable to government pressure. I don’t like this mostly because I don’t like that kind of government pressure. But I oppose it also because I fear the kind of rigidities that it can build into a society that obviously is most effective when it is most flexible.

Remember, the Negro middle class is on the move. A recent study at Columbia found that the proportion of Negroes with professional or technical occupations in New York City is distinctly higher than that of Irish or Italians.

If there is an ethnic balance “against” Negroes in many municipal bureaucracies today, there is likely to be one “for” them in the not distant future. These are for the most part truly integrated groups, which, much as do the Armed Forces, provide

major opportunities for Negro advancement on purely equal terms involving neither discrimination nor preference. (When the Jewish principal at I.S. 201 resigned, his Negro deputy refused the job on grounds that she would not be appointed *as a Negro*. She had no need to be. Inspired or lethargic, brilliant or bright, she was on her way to a principalship on her own. That is what bureaucracy is like.)

My second concern is, to my mind, the greater. Once this process gets legitimated there is no stopping it, and without intending anything of the sort, I fear it will be contributing significantly to the already well-developed tendency to politicize (and racialize) more and more aspects of modern life. Thirty years ago Orwell wrote, “In our age there is no such thing as ‘keeping out of politics.’ All issues are political issues. . . .” I resist that. Not all issues. Not yet. Note that he added “and politics itself is a mass of lies, evasions, folly, hatred, and schizophrenia.” Not all American politics. Not yet. But enough is, and we must therefore struggle against the effort of government, in some large general interest, to dictate more and more of the small details. It is necessary to be more alert to Robert A. Nisbet’s observation that democracy is, fundamentally, “a theory and structure of *political power*,” but that liberalism is “historically a theory of *immunity* from power.”

This, to my mind, is something more than a generalized concern. For centuries it has been obvious that property is not always evenly distributed, and it has been more or less legitimate to talk about it. In America, however, in the modern world generally, there have grown up new forms of property and influence, not so readily perceived, and the people who possess them have been wisely content to leave it at that. Success, as Norman Podhoretz wrote, and as he learned, is a dirty little secret in America, which those who are successful very much dislike to see discussed in public. A quality which makes for social stability at this time is that different groups in the population value different kinds of success, and tend to be best at those they most value. But government knows little of such variegations, and I very much fear that if we begin to become formal about quotas *for* this or that group, we will very quickly come to realize that these are instantly translated into quotas *against*. This is painfully true in the field of education and culture, which to a very considerable degree at this particular moment in our history is exceptionally influenced by American Jews. It was in a certain sense in an effort to resist the processes that brought about this partial hegemony that the “older American” institutions imposed quotas in the first place, and it was to abet the process that the quotas were abolished. Those were in fact quotas on success,

imposed against a disproportionately successful group.

Let me be blunt. If ethnic quotas are to be imposed on American universities and similarly quasipublic institutions, it is Jews who will be almost driven out. They are not 3 percent of the population. This would be a misfortune to them, but a disaster to the nation. And I very much fear that there is a whiff of anti-Semitism in many of these demands. I was interested that when demands for quotas were made at Harvard, the *Crimson* endorsed with some enthusiasm the idea of ethnic representation, if not exactly quotas, on the faculty, but the editors were not at all impressed with the advantages of extending the principle to the student body. I do not know what was on their mind, but I do know that if ethnic quotas ever should come to Harvard (surely they won't!), something like seven out of eight Jewish undergraduates would have to leave, and I would imagine it to be a higher proportion in the graduate schools. This, I repeat, would be a misfortune for them, but a disaster for a place like Harvard. And much the same exodus would be required of Japanese and Chinese Americans, especially in the graduate schools.

One assumes that America has known enough of anti-Semitism and anti-Oriental feeling to be wary of opening that box again. Especially now. Given the prominence of Jews in current American radical movements — the *Times* describes the student activists at Columbia as “typically very bright and predominantly Jewish” — and the hostage of Israel, Jews are at this moment perhaps especially exposed to conservative or reactionary pressures which could easily make an issue of “overrepresentation.” Recalling what we did to Japanese Americans in World War II, we surely should be careful about exposing Chinese Americans today to reactionary pressures simply on the basis that mainland China is our enemy.

It comes down to a matter of prudence: of recognizing our potential for racialism, and guarding against it, while responding to real and legitimate racial needs. Thus Negroes need preferential

treatment in some areas, and deserve it. The good sense of the country in the past has been to do this kind of thing by informal arrangements — the balanced ticket. At the present time Israel, for example, seems to be having success with similar arrangements for its Eastern Jewish immigrants. Can we not do as much?

I hope I would not be interpreted as resisting a more open acknowledgment of these factors. To the contrary, I feel they should be more in our minds, but at a private and informal level of concern. I am acutely aware, for example, of the debilitating imbalance in the ethnic origins of American social scientists. I say debilitating because it is the nature of heterogeneous societies such as ours that analysis that could in any way be taken as criticism is routinely rejected when the analyst is of a distinctly different group. That is the plain truth of it. And it is a truth much in evidence with respect to Negro studies at this time. Thirty years ago in this country anyone seeking to learn more *about* Negroes would have had to read books written *by* Negroes: Frazier, Drake, Cayton, Johnson, and others. Somehow that tradition, nobly begun by DuBois, faltered. There was not, for example, a single Negro social scientist on the research staff of the President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. Now, with only a few exceptions, social science studies of Negroes are carried out by whites, and we are not to wonder that more and more the cry goes out from the slums that they are tired of that white magic and will listen no more. But Negroes are only one case, and not a particularly special one. American social science desperately needs to expand its ethnic, racial, and religious base, just as it has got to expand its interests in those areas.

Let me conclude with the words with which Nathan Glazer and I closed our own study of the city:

Religion and race define the next phase in the evolution of the American peoples. But the American nationality is still forming: its processes are mysterious, and the final form, if there is ever to be a final form, is as yet unknown.

HOME TO SHAWNEETOWN

A Story
by Nelson Algren

WE'LL fight you on condition you don't knock Reno out in the first two rounds," DeLillo's manager told me. "After two it's every man for hisself."

A hundred dollars, and I pay my own expenses to St. Louis. I took the fight. When you're managing yourself, you have to accept conditions.

Between instructions and the bell, I worked the lace of my left glove loose.

Early in the round I caught DeLillo lightly with the lace across the eye. He stepped back and complained to the ref. The ref didn't even waggle his finger at me. Just tightened the lace was all. By the middle of the round DeLillo's eyelid had begun to swell. By the end of the round he couldn't see on that side. I could have reached over and belted him out, but I didn't. I'd give my word.

In the second I got on his blind side and clipped him on the jaw. He started sagging. I could have finished him off, but I didn't. I danced him up and down until his head cleared. You see, I'd give my word.

When we came out for the third, I extended my gloves to him.

"It ain't the last round," DeLillo told me.

"It is for you," I told him, and reached over and knocked him cold.

Maybe it's true I couldn't fight much. But I always did have color.

One night Beth and I caught the Fight of the Week. The room would have been warm enough without a fire, but Beth has to keep one going all year round because of her pa. The old man was sitting in his overcoat. He was helping us watch Pete Mathias, the middleweight titleholder. Being a fighter is a step up from the mines, to Pa.

Mathias was having more trouble against an opponent no smarter than Reno DeLillo.

"He wouldn't be taking chances like that against *you*, Roger," Pa told me; "he wouldn't let hisself open against *you*."

We let the old man say what he wants so long as he don't complain. Pa don't have the right to complain anymore.

Around the eighth round I got the feeling I *could* whip Mathias. I got the feeling so strong I switched the fight off. Beth smiled just as if she understood.

Beth always smiles like she understands everything about everything. Maybe she does. The idea of my quitting the ring and opening a diner was hers. She found one for sale, too. Two thousand dollars. In Carriers Mills. But we're no nearer buying it now than we were four years ago when we got engaged. Which make it appear maybe she don't understand anything about anything.

My hundred-dollar kayo of DeLillo at The

Arena wasn't featured by *Ring* magazine. I greatly doubt it will be listed in *Boxing Year Book* under Great Battles of All Time. When I got into San Antonio I had forty dollars left of the hundred. I had to fight some fellow Sweetmouth Jenkins at the Army Post Arena there. He got a white manager.

A couple hours before fight time there was a polite rap at my hotel door. The door wasn't locked. I didn't bother getting off the bed.

"I'm Jenkins' manager," a little man in white seersucker, holding his hat in his hand, told me. I still didn't get off the bed. I'd never seen a fight manager holding his hat in his hand till then. It was my first time.

"My boy is a nice boy with a wife and family," the Polite Manager let me know. "I hope you don't bust him up *unnecessarily*, Roger. I'm not asking you not to beat him. Just don't bust him up. His wife is hardly more than a girl. Roger."

"Am I fighting Jenkins or his family?" I asked the Very Polite Manager.

"His wife will be down front, Roger. She's expecting."

I got off the bed.

"My name isn't 'Roger,'" I told the man, "it's 'Holly.' What is this anyhow? Would your boy take it easy on *me* if I had a wife expecting?"

"I regret having brought the matter up, Holly," he told me, and left just as if I were letting him down. "'Holly' is my *last* name!" I hollered after him.

But he kept on walking like he didn't hear.

Mr. Sweetmouth Jenkins, sitting across the ring from me, had a mouth like a tribal drum. Then here he comes at me with his piano-key teeth sticking out too far — I can feint him with my shoulders. I can feint him with my feet. I can feint him with my eyes or hands. But Mr. Sweetmouth is so busy doing everything wrong he don't know I'm feinting him. How can I take a man out I can't set up? He got away from me six times in the first two rounds, and in the third he begun looking good. I could almost hear Mrs. Jenkins saying, "Daddy, you looked *wonderful* the first three rounds." Daddy wouldn't be able to answer because his jaw would be wired. I *decided* that. I went out for the fourth to nail that tribal drum.

I couldn't nail it. He was too strong. He kept grabbing my arms in the clinches and squeezing the muscle. He made me ache all over with his chopping and butting and scratching my face and chest with his head full of wire bristles. Nigger fighters know how to use that patch against you. "I got to start *outthinking* this cat," I made up my mind.

I outthought him from the sixth round straight through to the final bell. All the while I was out-

thinking him he was chopping me from one side of the ring to the other till my arms were paralyzed and I was swallowing blood.

"By unanimous decision, Sweetmouth Jenkins!" the announcer made it, "over Roger Holly!"

I got a scattering of applause for having two front names.

But Sweetmouth Jenkins hadn't beat me. His manager had. It's what you get not making yourself hostile right from the go. I can still beat Mr. Sweetmouth Jenkins.

But when you're thirty-two and have been at this trade thirteen years, you've pretty well used up your hostility. I caught a midnight bus to Galveston. I had to fight somebody there, I didn't even know his name.

After the bus lights dimmed and the other riders were sleeping, I tried to get to sleep by remembering the names of men I'd fought. I couldn't remember more than two or three. I remembered the fights. It was just the names I couldn't remember.

So I remembered the names of the places I'd fought in. I did better on those. I remembered the Camden Convention Hall in South Jersey and the Grotto Auditorium in San Antonio and the Moose Temple in Detroit and the Marigold in Chicago and the New Broadway in Philly and the Norristown Auditorium and the Arcadia Ballroom in Providence and the Rainbow Garden in Little Rock and the Garden Palace in Passaic and the Armory A.C. in Wilkes-Barre and the Fenwick Club in Cincinnati, and Antler's Auditorium in Lorain, Ohio. Then I went back to Detroit and remembered the Grand River gym and the old Tuxedo A.C. on Monroe Avenue. Just before I fell asleep I knew those were the names of the places where I'd used up my hostility.

IT WAS getting light across that Gulf-Road land between the Gulf-Road towns when I woke up. I'd made this scene before. The land looked to me the way beds do in cheap hotels where you don't get clean sheets unless you pay a week in advance.

Bed after bed.

I got a room like that in Galveston. Then I went to look for a corner man. I had to fight somebody calls hisself Indian Mickey Walker.

It isn't always easy to find somebody to work your corner in these east Texas towns. Sometimes

Author of the first National Book Award, THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM, and of A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE, Nelson Algren is a polished chronicler of the unpolished aspects of life in the U.S.A.

you can find an out-of-work fruit-picker to carry your bucket. If you're lucky you'll find an old-timey fighter, fight-manager, or fight-follower to handle you. Them kind are the ones who don't take money off you. Yes, I've carried my own bucket.

At the Ocean Athletic Club I found a skinny little hustler from New Jersey, calls hisself Dominoes because he's been hustling domino parlors in the Rio Grande Valley. He'd kept one hand in his pocket so long one shoulder was higher than the other. I bought him a meal. Then I took him back to my room and emptied my little green and white Ozark Air bag on the bed: cotton swabs, surgical scissors, carpenter's wax, smelling salts, Spirits of Ammonia, iodine, Monsel's Solution, Vaseline, adrenalin chloride, and half a pint of brandy. I showed him what everything was for except the brandy. He already knew what brandy was for.

I asked him did he know anything about some clown calls hisself Indian Mickey Walker.

"Strictly an opponent," Dominoes told me. "I seen him fight a prelim at the Garden when he come up from the bushes, but he come up too fast. Went down even faster."

"All the same he done better than I done," I had to admit. "Closest I've got to the Garden was McArthur Stadium in Brooklyn."

"Never been there."

"The McArthur Stadium, or Brooklyn?"

"Neither," he told me, "but I'll tell you what I think. I think you need a manager."

"What for?" I asked the man, "I never needed somebody to tell me the best hand to hit an opponent with is the one closest to his jaw. I never needed somebody to teach me that when you clobber someone it's a shrewd idea to duck. What can a manager do for me beside robbing me blind?"

"He might get you in at the Garden," Dominoes decided. "Wouldn't you like that?"

"There's people in hell would like ice water," I told him, "but that don't mean anyone's bringing the pitcher."

Indian Walker was a shoeshine fighter. Stands in the middle of the ring with his head down and flails both arms like he's shining shoes. Built like a weight lifter. More hair on his chest than I got on my head. Some Indian.

The ref was one of them Elks Club athletes who'd refereed so many fights he'd gotten punchy. He likes to show who's the boss by sticking his head between us and hollering "Break!" so you could hear him in the back of the hall.

He stuck his head in there once too often. The stupid Indian nails him, and down goes the ref onto one knee. The whole house began counting him out. He made it up at eight. After that he

stayed out from between us. But every time we clinched, somebody would holler "Break!"

Indian Walker won seven of the eight rounds. One was about even. The ref give me the fight on points. I got the winner's end, a hundred dollars, for not knocking the referee down.

I HUNG around Shawneetown a week or so. Then I got a call from Twin City.

Some businessmen up there had "discovered" a six-foot-five schoolboy and had bought him half a dozen fast knockouts. They offered me five hundred and expenses to fight him. The reason they wanted me, I guessed, was because nobody has ever had me off my feet in a ring. It would be a boost for the Schoolboy Giant if he should be the first. I told the men to send me a hundred for expenses in front, that I'd want the other five before I got in any ring with a real live giant. Then I phoned Dominoes to meet me in Twin City.

"It ought to be worth fifteen hundred," I told Dominoes. He understood what I meant. So did Beth. They had to want a tank job. She didn't say anything. She wanted that diner in Carriers Mills as much as I did.

I took a look at the Schoolboy Giant working out. Some giant. It didn't seem possible that they were going to let me go after him. He was *all* schoolboy.

Yet nobody rapped my hotel door. Nobody stopped me on the street. Nobody phoned me for a meet. "Something funny is going on," I told Dominoes. "Something funny *isn't* going on," Dominoes corrected me.

The weighing-in was in a downtown newspaper office. The room was full of sportswriters. The Giant was undressing in a corner. I began undressing too. I let him walk toward the scales first. He was about to step on the scale when I shoved him to one side.

"Get off that scale!" I hollered right in his ear, and shoved him so hard he nearly toppled. I pointed my finger right up at his nose — "Don't *ever* let me catch you trying to get on a scale in front of *me*! Do you *hear*?"

After I'd weighed in I stepped down.

"You can weigh yourself now," I told him.

He weighed 232. I weighed 172. They billed me at 180.

It wasn't till after the instructions, waiting in my corner for the bell, that Dominoes whispered, "They're dropping him."

The Giant's people were betting against him.

Well, all right. So was I.

He came out into the middle of the ring, put his left foot into one bucket and his right foot into

another, extended his left hand and poised his right exactly as he had been told to do. I walked right up on his big flat feet, worked the ball of my wrist into his right eye; then held. I stepped back at the break, missed deliberately with my right in order to catch his other eye with my elbow; then held.

He put both gloves across his eyes, so I walked up on his feet again and butted him in the mouth. He half-turned toward the referee, and said, "He's walking on my feet," and I reached over and knocked him into a spin. He caught himself going down by his forearms.

I didn't go in on him. I waited till the ref got out from between us. The Giant put both arms around me, and he held me till the bell. I went back to my corner wobbling from his hug.

In the middle of the second round he spread those feet again. I walked right up on them and butted him in his mouth again. He turned his head toward the ref to complain again, and I hit him one on the jaw that sent him down on both knees.

He got up onto one knee with one eye shut, the other cut, and his mouth bloody. But he made it up at nine.

He still seemed to be in his right mind so I followed. And he smashed my nose in with a big right hand. I grabbed him around his middle and held. Just held. I thought it was *him* weaving side to side as I held, but it was me. The ref was trying to pull me off him. I didn't let go until I was sure I wouldn't hit the floor.

Then I came up fast and skulled him in his mouth again but forgot to pull back. He butted me back so hard I had to grab and hold again. The Schoolboy Giant was catching on. I went back to my corner with blood in my hair.

Dominoes cleaned my head and got the cut in it closed, all the while trying to tell me something. I couldn't make out what he was trying to tell, but I didn't have to. I knew what to do now.

A right uppercut is a sucker punch. If you don't time it exactly, you leave yourself wide open to your opponent's cross or jab. You have to think ahead to land it. You have to anticipate your opponent's moves. It's a good punch to throw at an opponent who fights a little lower than you do. But if you are fighting one a full head higher than you, you have to bring him down to you. There was plenty of it to bring down. I went for the body.

A right to the heart, a left to the solar plexus. The Giant lowered his head, his arms crossed level with his heart. I pivoted on the ball of my left foot until my right glove was almost touching the floor. Then brought it up. He pitched face forward as if he'd been blackjacked.

I watched his legs while the ref counted him out. The doctor was working on him half a minute

before his calves twitched. The last I saw of him, two handlers were dragging him to his corner with his toes scraping the canvas.

Dominoes gave me interference to the locker room. Some kid waiting there threw a handful of popcorn in my face.

"Lock the door," I told Dominoes as soon as we got inside.

Then I threw up.

A POSTCARD from Shawneetown was waiting for me at Boise. All it said was *Everyone Here Fine Don't Get Hurt*.

I read it sitting on a locker-room bench. After I'd read it I put it with Beth's other cards telling me Don't Get Hurt. Then I put on my trunks and went upstairs to the gym.

There was a poster next to the door. It said Cowboy Goldie Williams *vs.* Roger Holly. I began throwing my left into the heavy bag.

A good many people don't remember I began fighting as a left-hander. A good many people don't even remember I began fighting.

A lanky young fellow in blue jeans and Spanish boots stopped to watch me. I paid him no heed.

"You left-handed?" he finally asked me.

"No," I told him, "right-handed."

"Then *hit* it right-handed," he told me.

"I'm developing my left," I explained.

"*Developing?*" He looked like he couldn't believe his ears — "at your age you're *developing* something? Hell, you're old enough to be Cowboy's old man."

"Reckon I *could* be his old man," I admitted, "if I'd married when I was fourteen."

"Nobody gets married that young," he decided.

"But it don't make no difference," he filled me in — "Cowboy Williams is going to beat you silly. He's going to gouge you 'n' bust your eardrums, too. He's going to pound your kidneys. He's going to crack your ribs. He's going to bust your jaw. He'll give you *con-cussions!*"

"What do we do following *that?*" I asked him, "play unnatural games?" And went back to the bag. I wondered who had sent him.

When I climbed into the ring that night I found out who'd sent him. The fellow who came down the aisle in a white satin robe was the same fellow. Cowboy Williams had sent hisself.

A fighter so keyed up as to play trick or treat before a fight is likely to start fast, I guessed.

I guessed just right. He came tearing across the ring, and I caught him coming.

All I had to do was step aside to let him fall.

I kept an eye out for kids holding popcorn bags on the way to the locker. We made it without trouble.

While I was dressing, the promoter came in and sat down on the bench.

"I can get you on at the Tulane Club," he told me, "five hundred and expenses."

"I'll take it," I told the man. "Who do I have to kill?"

"Your worry will be how to keep from getting killed. You're fighting the Pride of New Orleans."

"Who's the Pride of New Orleans?"

"Johnny St. Francis. Stay in shape."

"I don't have to stay in shape to beat nobody named St. Francis," I told the man.

I stay in shape all the time: I don't drink or cat after women. Because in this trade if you stay out late on Monday, you still feel it Friday.

I didn't know till we got to New Orleans that Johnny St. Francis was unbeaten. Twenty-two professional fights, fourteen wins by kayo, six by decision, one no-decision, and one draw. Mr. St. Francis could hit, it looked like.

He didn't look like a hitter. A college boy, nineteen or twenty. Six feet high and not a mark on him. Mr. St. Francis could also move around, it looked like.

I didn't need anyone to tell me I wouldn't last ten rounds against this athlete. I went out and bought a pair of Sammy Frager five-ounce gloves, of which three ounces is in the wrists. I thought that just *maybe* I might get away with them. At the weigh-in I gave them to the referee. He looked like a doctor.

"Do me a small favor," I asked him, "let me use these tonight."

We were standing next to a scale, but he didn't put them on it.

"Beautiful gloves," he told me. "How much do we owe you?"

"Not a dime," I told him, "they're on the house."

He came into the dressing room that night and handed me the gloves and then left me and Dominoes *alone*. No deputy. Nobody. I'd never had anything like it happen to me before.

Dominoes pulled on white tape tight as I could stand it without stopping the circulation. Then he put black tape over the white. Then he put white tape over the black. I was loaded.

We'd hardly finished taping when someone knocked. Dominoes stepped out to see who. He stepped back in and shut the door behind him.

"There's a fellow out here wants to know if you'll take five hundred to let St. Francis go the distance," Dominoes told me.

"We take it," I told Dominoes. So out he steps again and steps back in and closes the door again and hands me five C-notes.

All I did for the first two minutes of the first round was test myself to see how I felt. I began feeling kind of limber. So I go in and hit St.

Francis with a left hook, and he starts to go down. I grab him and he's still falling. Then we're both falling all around the ring, me trying to make it look like it's *me* that's out on his feet. I leaned him against the ropes with my weight against him so he wouldn't slide onto the floor, and all the while the crowd hollering for *him* to finish *me*! I leaned on him till the referee pried me off. By that time the boy had come around.

All I did the next two rounds was miss punches by the yard, dance St. Francis up and down, duck, bob, weave, clinch, and complain to the ref to keep the stinker going. The crowd didn't care for it.

"If you don't start fighting, you're not getting paid," the ref told me at the end of the fourth.

"I got to get rid of this kid," I told Dominoes in the corner, "he's going to faint on me."

"Better not," Dominoes reminded me.

The crowd had its blood up. They'd paid to see a fight. I hit the Pride of New Orleans with another left hook, and he went out cold, arms stiff at his sides.

Dominoes picked up the stool with its legs sticking out and ran interference again for me back to the dressing room. As soon as he'd locked the door, someone began pounding on it.

"Coming under the door," I hollered, and slipped the five bills underneath it.

I'd beaten three unbeatables in a row, all by kayo. So a magazine did a story on fighters, bush fighters without managers. I was the best of a bad lot it said.

"I always knew you were a bad lot," Beth said when she'd read it; "I never dreamed you were the best."

Then she smiled as if she really *did* know what it was all about.

"Maybe you can't fight too good, honey," she told me later, "but you *do* have color."

THE poster said Sol Schatzer Proudly Presents — I couldn't read the rest because Dominoes was sitting with his head against it, pretending to be on the nod.

I read the contract in front of me through twice. Both times I stopped where it said *In event challenger establishes legitimate claim to title, he herewith agrees to purchase managerial services of co-signer.*

"I can beat Pete Mathias without a manager," I told Schatzer.

"It's the customary contract," he told me. "I don't have all day. So sign."

I pushed it back to Schatzer.

"You know what you are, Roger?" Schatzer told me, "you're an Agony Fighter, *that's* what you are. You know what else you are, Roger? You're

an Agony Man, *that's* what you *also* are. You can't fight, and you won't let an opponent fight. You can't make money for yourself, and you won't let somebody who can make it for you. You don't *want* a manager? Has somebody been around here lately asking? Somebody phoning to ask could he manage Roger Holly? *Who* been asking? *Who* been phoning? I'll tell you who: *nobody*, that's who been phoning to manage Roger Holly."

"I just *got* me a manager," I told Schatzer, and nodded toward Dominoes, on the nod under the poster of Pete Mathias.

"*That's* a manager?"

Schatzer jumped up, raced around his desk with the contract in his hand, and shook Dominoes like a half-empty sack. Dominoes opened one eye. Schatzer pushed the contract into his hand.

"Manager! Read a contract your fighter won't sign! *Read, Manager!*"

Dominoes tore the contract in two and let the halves fall to the floor.

"I don't know what you're getting so excited about, Roger," Schatzer told me when he'd caught his breath, "all I'm doing is protecting myself. If you should get lucky against Mathias, *I* lose *my* title. All the contract means is I manage you. Don't I have a right to protect my own interest?"

"How much does the co-signer take?" I asked Schatzer.

"Twenty-five percent, clown," Dominoes said like talking in his sleep.

"All right, Roger, I'll level with you," Schatzer began leveling. "Just for the sake of the argument, let's pretend you *do* have a chance against Mathias."

"I didn't say I had a *chance*, Mr. Schatzer," I told him in a respectful tone. "I said I *would*, I *can*. I *know* I'll beat Mathias."

"OK. So you *can* beat Mathias. So can Al Ostak. So can Vince Guerra. So can Lee Homan. So can Indian Walker — and every one of them can whip you and hold the title longer and draw better, too. Am I right or am I wrong?"

"I have a decision over Walker" was all I could think to say.

"I know about that decision," Schatzer found me out. "Indian Walker is a washed-up Has-Had-It Has-Been. But he can still beat *you*."

"Then why not offer *him* the fight? Why offer it to *me*?" I really wanted to know.

"Because then he'll get thirty percent of each man in a rematch," Dominoes cut in again, "and three guys he can get thirty-five percent out of."

"You stay out of this," Schatzer told Dominoes.

"I can whip Indian Walker," I told Schatzer.

"You can't even whip Sweetmouth Jenkins," Schatzer told me.

"I couldn't untrack myself that night."

"All right," Schatzer said, glancing at his watch,

"go ahead and whip him. Whip anybody you want. Whip Mathias if you want to. How you're going to get into a ring with him without me is where you got a little problem."

It was true that any one of those fighters could whip Mathias as easy as I could. It was true that there were just as many fighters who could take me. It was true that, if I got the title, I wouldn't be able to hold it long. It was true I never drew big.

And what was truest of all was that, if I didn't get this chance, I'd never get another.

"Give me the damned paper," I told Schatzer, and signed it.

"I'm sorry I had to speak to you like I did, Roger," Schatzer told me. "I did so for your own good. Actually, I have nothing but admiration for you."

Three days before the fight Schatzer sent for me. He came right to the point.

"I'm seeing you get five thousand dollars before the fight, Roger," he told me.

"I don't get it," I told him.

"In small bills. The day before the fight."

"I still don't get it."

"For not straining yourself to win, clown."

"Let me maul it over in my mind a couple days," I told Schatzer.

I didn't tell him I wasn't going to take the five thousand. If I let him know I wasn't going to take it, he might have Mathias fake a training injury. If the fight were postponed, I'd never get another chance. Nobody would be demanding to know when these two tigers were going to do battle. It would just mean somebody else taking the title off Mathias, that was all.

I put Dominoes in the gym to watch Mathias.

"He don't have to fake no injury," Dominoes reported back; "when he cuts out of the gym, he puts on a pair of foggy-type magnifying glasses so he can tell a taxi from a police car. But he's going to go through with it all the same. Schatzer must have a fix with the commission medics."

"He must need the money pretty bad," I told Dominoes, "he must need the money real bad."

It's never bothered me to climb into a ring first and wait in my corner until an opponent comes down the aisle and climbs through the ropes to the house's applause.

When Mathias came up the aisle everyone applauded, and half the house stood up to get a better look.

I could see him coming better than most, being higher up. He was in a flashy green silk robe. But the way he was coming, between two handlers, both of them half a head higher than he was, I saw what Dominoes meant. They kept him between their shoulders as they came to keep him walking straight. When they reached the ring they waited

till he got a hand on the top rope. Then one kind of half-boasted him into the ring. Mathias raised his gloves over his head and held them there until one of the handlers shouldered him toward the corner. Then he just stood there until the other handler put a stool up.

"He can't see me," I whispered to Dominoes.

"Hell, he can't even see the stool," Dominoes whispered back.

"This is going to be awful" was what went through my mind.

I didn't know how awful it was going to be.

Mathias kept his eyes on the floor during instructions. All I could see of his head was where he'd combed back a few strings of red hair to cover a bald spot, and a little pink horseshoe at the tip of his nose where the bone had been taken out. It must be filled with wax, I thought. When I tap him in the forehead, the horseshoe will get red. When I hit him squash on it, it's going to *pour* blood. And something about the way he was standing made me think he wasn't listening to the referee. Then the crowd whooped, and he didn't hear the whoop. Something more than his eyes was wrong with Mathias. His handlers steered him back to his corner.

Mathias came out of his corner and hit me in the mouth with his head. He slipped my lead and threw a right hand that near tore my head off at the neck. I moved back, mulling him to give my head a chance to clear. He caught the nape of my neck in his glove, jammed his iron jaw into my shoulder, and *whack-whack-whack-right-left-right*, I got hit by three house bricks from this deaf-blind tiger. *What has he got in his gloves* went through my mind, holding on hard. I stepped back to ask the ref to examine his gloves.

I came to in my corner with water dripping off my chest onto my trunks.

Mathias was standing in his corner waiting for the bell to spring upon me. All I could do was hope he'd wait until it rang.

"He's blind as a bat. How does he know where I'm at?" I asked Dominoes.

"He's *listening*," Dominoes whispered back.

"He can't hear."

"Stop scraping your shoes against the canvas. He's catching the vibrations. Get up on your toes — *if he can't hear you he can't find you.*"

And the bell.

I came out tippy-toe, stuck a glove in Mathias' face, and tippy-toed away quietly. Mathias wheeled and went for the opposite corner.

"Wrong corner! Other corner!" every fink in that house stood up hollering. Talk about your *informers*! If there'd been a Stool Pigeon's Convention in town, every single delegate had come just to help Pete Mathias find me.

Between rounds he didn't sit down. Just stood there boggling his head about trying to find out where I'd gone. Just before the bell his handler would whisper something in his ear, and at the bell he'd come right *at* me. That handler kept *telling* him where I was.

What could I do? Change courses? All I could do was to hope he wouldn't put his glasses on.

The way I lasted through that fight was by grabbing his left glove in both of my own and holding on to it for dear life for as long as the referee would let me. Once I stuck my head under his armpit to keep him from digging that iron chin into my shoulder and striking me. From this purely defensive position Mathias was so hampered he couldn't do anything but smash the wind out of my lungs, bang my ears till they rang, pound my kidneys to shreds, and rabbit punch me at will — all the while one of his ears was unprotected. Once I got my teeth into it good, but the ref pulled us apart and waggled his finger at me.

"I'm sorry I hurt him," I apologized to the referee.

That seemed to make Mathias mad. He clamped a headlock on me and began choking me to death. The ref stood ready to separate us the moment I began giving the death rattle.

"If that's how you men want to fight, it's all right with me," he told us.

"I didn't *mean* to hurt him," I explained.

That made Mathias *really* mad. All I remember of that fight after the eighth round was somebody who kept hollering, right below me in my corner, "You got him, Roger! You're getting your blood all *over* him!"

And then on an old scarred bench was a swab stick, the cardboard core of a roll of gauze, and the top of a Vaseline jar. And I knew that that was all that I had to show for getting my face punched in for fourteen years.

On the evening of the first day that we opened the diner in Carriers Mills, Beth turned down the lights and switched on the TV for our two customers.

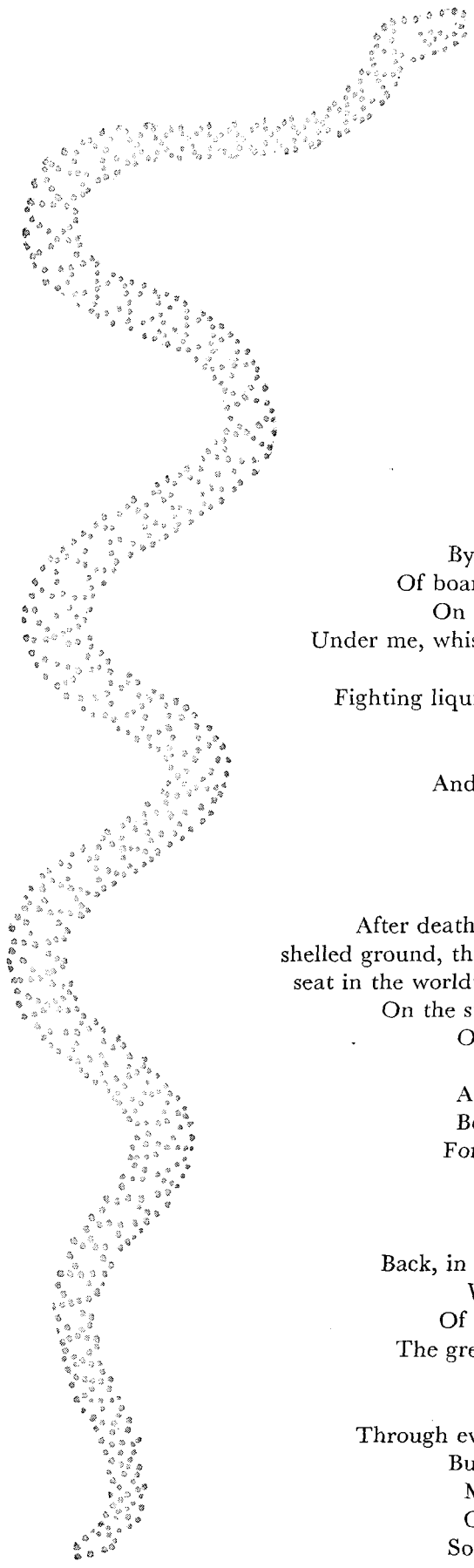
It was Indian Mickey Walker, challenger, against Pete Mathias, titleholder.

Walker knocked old Pete out in two minutes and twelve seconds of the first round. I switched the set off and went back to waiting on the two customers.

They say I couldn't fight much. Beth says at least I had color. And nobody can say anybody had me off my feet. Not even Pete Mathias.

But people keep running so fast these days, backward sometimes, you can never be sure what they might do to you by mistake.

I can still beat Mr. Sweetmouth Jenkins.



VICTORY

by James Dickey

By September 3rd I had made my bundle
Of boards and a bag of nails. America, I was high
On Okinawa, with the fleet lying on its back
Under me, whispering "I can't help it"

and all ships firing up fire
Fighting liquids sucking seawater, hoses climbing and coloring
The air, for Victory. I was clear-seeing
The morning far-seeing backward
And forward from the cliff. I turned on the ground
And dug in, my nails and bag of magic
Boards from the tent-floor trembling to be
A throne. I was ready to sail
The island toward life

After death, left hand following right into the snail
shelled ground, then knocking down and nailing down my chair like a box
seat in the worldwide window of peace and sat and lay down my arms
On the stomped grains of ammo-crates heavy with the soles
Of buddies who had helped me wreck the tent
In peace-joy, and of others long buried
At sea. The island rocked with the spectrum
Bombardment of the fleet and there I was
For sure saved and plucked naked to my shirt
And lids. I raised my head to the sun.
What I saw was two birthdays

Back, in the jungle, before I sailed high on the rainbow
Waters of victory before the sun
Of armistice morning burned into my chest
The great V of Allied Conquest. Now it was not here
With the ships sucking up fire
Water and spraying it wild
Through every color, or where, unthreatened, my navel burned
Burned like an entry-wound. Lord, I deepened
Memory, and lay in the light high and wide
Open, murmuring "I can't help it" as I went
South in my mind.

Yes, Mother

there were two fine hands
Driving the jeep: mine, much better than before, for you had sent
Whiskey. What could I do but make the graveyards soar! O you coming
Allied Victory, I rambled in the night of two birthdays
Ago, the battle of Buna stoned
In moonlight stone-dead left and right going nowhere
Near friend or foe, but turned off into the thickest
Dark. Oh, yes, Mother, let me tell you: the vines split and locked:
About where you'd never know me is

Where I stalled
and sat bolt up-
right in the moonlit bucket
seat throne of war
cascading the bottle to drink
To victory, and to what I would do, when the time came,
With my body. The world leapt like the world
Driving nails, and the moon burned with the light it had when it split

From the earth. I slept and it was foretold
That I would live. My head came true
In a great smile. I reached for the bottle. It was dying and the moon
Writhed closer to be free; it could answer
My smile of foreknowledge. I forgot the mosquitoes that were going
Mad on my blood, of biting me once too often on the bites
Of bites. Had the Form in the moon come from the dead soldier
Of your bottle, Mother? Let down in blocked
out light, a snakehead hung, its eyes putting into mine
Visions of a victory at sea. New Guinea froze. Midair was steady

Between. Snake-eyes needle-eyed its
Lips halving its head
Stayed shut. I held up the last drop
In the bottle, and invited him
to sin to celebrate
The Allied victory to come. He pulled back a little over
The evil of the thing I meant
To stand for brotherhood. Nightshining his scales on Detroit
Glass, he stayed on and on
My mind. I found out the angel
Of peace is limbless and the day will come
I said, when no difference is between
My skin and the great fleets
Delirious with survival. Mother, I was drunk enough on your birthday
Present, not to die there. I backed the jeep out
Of the Buna weeds
and, finally, where the sun struck
The side of the hill, there I was
back from the dark side
Of the mind, burning like a prism over the conquering Catherine
Wheel of the fleet. But ah, I turned

I sank I lay back dead
 Drunk on a cold table I had closed my eyes
 And gone north and lay to change
 Colors all night. Out of the Nothing of occupation
 Duty, I must have asked for the snake: I asked or the enemy told
 Or my snakeskin told
 Itself to be. Before I knew it in Yokohama, it was at my throat
 Beginning with its tail, cutting through the world
 wide Victory sign moving under
 My armpit like a sailor's, scale
 By scale. Carbon-arc-light spat in the faces of the four
 Men who bent over me, for the future lay brilliantly in
 The needles of the enemy. Naked I lay on their zinc
 Table, murmuring "I can't help it."
 He coiled around me, yet

Headless I turned with him side
 To side, as the peaceful enemy
 Designed a spectrum of scales O yes
 Mother I was in the tattoo parlor to this day
 Not knowing how I got there as he grew,
 Red scales sucking up color blue
 White with my skin running out of the world
 Wide sun. Frothing with pinpricks, filling with ink
 I lay and it lay
 Now over my heart limbless I fell and moved like moonlight
 On the needles moving to hang my head
 In a drunk boy's face, and watch him while he dreamed
 Of victory at sea. I retched but choked
 It back, for he had crossed my breast, and I knew that many-
 colored snakeskin was living with my heart our hearts
 Beat as one port-of-call red Yokohama blue
 O yes and now he lay low

On my belly, and gathered together the rainbow
 Ships of Buckner Bay. I slumbered deep and he crossed the small
 Of my back increased
 His patchwork hold on my hip passed through the V between
 My legs, and came
 Around once more all but the head then I was turning the snake
 Coiled round my right thigh and crossed
 Me with light hands I felt myself opened
 Just enough, where the serpent staggered on his last
 Colors needles gasping for air jack-hammering
 My right haunch burned by the hundreds
 Of holes, as the snake shone on me complete escaping
 Forever surviving crushing going home
 To the bowels of the living,
 His master, and the new prince of peace.

OUR MIDDLE-CLASS STORYTELLERS

by ALFRED KAZIN

MR. L. RUST HILLS, who has been a fiction editor for *Esquire* and other national magazines and is an enthusiastic supporter of many talented and relatively unknown young fiction writers, doesn't believe that fiction is in decline today, that the novel as a form is dying or dead. In order to show that American fiction is good, as good as it ever was, and especially good at explaining ourselves to ourselves, he and Mrs. Hills have put together a very large and interesting anthology, *How We Live: Contemporary Life in Contemporary Fiction* (Macmillan, \$12.50), drawn from stories and novels by fifty contemporary American writers — famous, near-famous, perhaps soon-to-be-famous.

How We Live is an interesting anthology because the editors know the kind of fiction that "scores," that instantly makes its impression, that can be understood and felt by the intelligent reader who likes fiction, reads it in magazines, and has probably taken a college course in which the text was Brooks and Warren, *Understanding Fiction*. Nowadays there are far more "students" of fiction than there are mere readers of fiction; no short story by Katherine Anne Porter ever gets published in a college anthology without many interpretations by professional critics explaining every other passage in it. If fiction is in "decline," the business of explaining fiction certainly isn't. Mr. and Mrs. Hills have a great many comments to make, most of them trite and many of them misleading. The editorial plan of the book is ridiculous. "How We Live: Contemporary Life in Contemporary Fiction" should be plain enough, but the book is thematically organized, as freshman readers say, and this into an unwitting parody of a sociological symposium. Part One is "The Way We Live Now," and is sub-

divided into fiction illustrating the way we live "alone," the way we live "in families," the way we live "in communities," the way we live "at work." Part Two, "Differentiations and Confusions," illustrates this unpromising theme: "In Religion: Jewish Conflicts in Cultural Assimilation"; "In Race: The Invisible Negro"; "In Class: Minute Distinctions in the Middle." Part Three is called "The Eye of Fiction," and under that heading we get "Vision: In Some Overviews" and "Method: In Some Stratagems."

It is nice that Mr. and Mrs. Hills are such unwearying advocates of American fiction writers today, and there are many brilliant pages in this book that indeed show just how many clever and gifted writers of fiction we have. As a collection, this is surely a useful book to have, and it shows very well what the "new," post-1945 generation is up to. If we leave out Vladimir Nabokov and Isaac Bashevis Singer (they are special in every way), it is interesting to note that the oldest native-born writer in the group is John Cheever, who was born in 1912. This means that among the fifty writers represented, we have not only such leading names as Saul Bellow, John Updike, Norman Mailer, Bernard Malamud, Ralph Ellison, Philip Roth, J. F. Powers, Flannery O'Connor, John Barth, Peter Taylor, but also such up-and-coming people as Ivan Gold, Stanley Elkin, Grace Paley, Donald Barthelme, Richard Yates, Harold Brodkey, R. V. Cassill, and such relatively obscure but talented writers as Philip L. Greene, Roy Bongartz, Leo Skir, Hughes Rudd.

But in their zeal to "defend" contemporary American fiction by showing just how much it bears on "How We Live," Mr. and Mrs. Hills

have not merely overloaded their book with a lot of sociologese usually made unnecessary by the very vivid realistic fiction they have selected; they have selected only those pieces of fiction that do illustrate our current American condition, that *they* can comment on. One consequence is that there is much too much of Mr. and Mrs. Hills in the anthology. A second and more serious one is that while the anthology does, on the whole, fairly represent the realistic, "concerned," topical quality of our fiction today, the reader, especially with the editors constantly telling him what everything "means," suddenly asks himself, If the best fiction we have today can inspire in the editors only banalities about our social condition that everybody knows anyway, who needs fiction in order to learn what is constantly reported by his magazines, newspapers, college textbooks, and television set?

The odd thing about this anthology is that the editors, so full of the value of contemporary fiction, have themselves denied it by making comments whose real import is that fiction is not unique, that its message is all too paraphrasable and summarizable and moralizable. Henry James called fiction "the greatest possible art form," and D. H. Lawrence said that the novelist had more power than other men. There is a wonderful story in this collection by Ivan Gold, "The Nickel Misery of George Washington Carver Brown," that takes place at an army training camp in Georgia. A clownish young Negro recruit, native of the district, becomes everybody's scapegoat; at the end he falls to his death when he becomes paralyzed with fear during a training exercise. The story is extraordinarily full, dense with the emotions of many people involved with and yet detached from the Negro's "nickel misery." The most striking thing is the intellectual exhilaration which Gold gets into all this teeming life; the story is harsh but not sad, and the harshness has a vigor to it that brings alive the mass life of the camp. The editors, however, see in this story "the moral purpose of good fiction: we are each responsible for what we know, and there is always more to learn about the way we live." They have a marvelous story here by Flannery O'Connor, "Everything That Rises Must Converge," about a young Southern "liberal" who is ashamed of his mother's racism, and then to his astonishment sees her fall and die at his feet after she is brusquely shoved by a Negro woman who resents the white woman's patronizing offer to give her little boy a penny. To this story the editors

append this vapid moralizing: "The author is telling us that the modern intelligent Southerner, educated and supported by a struggle in the past, must . . . overcome his disgust and impatience with the past . . . must somehow take action to prevent the collision of converging rising forces, so that the Negro . . . will not be enraged at every intimation of the past. . . ."

In point of fact this is not what the story is "about"; it is about irrationality and violence, the switch of moral roles in the midst of racial conflict. The son who has been so exasperated with his mother's "attitudes" now looks down on the mother dead at his feet, and for once in his life *has* no "attitudes," is face to face with the terrifying depths of death and guilt that can open up at our feet right on a street corner. Flannery O'Connor was not a liberal, and nice liberal comments are not to be drawn out of her mouth, for she never made any. She was a pitiless, ironic, fatalistic recorder of the fact that some original sin survives in every morsel of experience, that real experience usually has some violence in it, that this violence can only be described, it cannot be diagnosed or cured like an ailment. It is because the enduring injustice behind human life must be *relived* in art in order to be made bearable that readers of "Everything That Rises Must Converge" can enjoy its pitilessness, its irony, its severity. No matter "how we live," error, cruelty, and death are ultimately what we live, and this is why Flannery O'Connor and Ivan Gold (among others in the book) can only be distorted by the usual American effort to say "constructive" things in the face of terrible deeds.

Still, it cannot be denied that Mr. and Mrs. Hills have, on the whole, chosen fairly from the great mass of current American fiction; their book does represent much, not all, of what is going on. I miss Carson McCullers, but no doubt her early (and best) work is not the best illustration of "how we live." Her imagination was too pure, or was it too morbid for sociology? I miss something from William Styron, but no doubt Mr. and Mrs. Hills felt that they had enough examples of how we live in the South (Newport News, Virginia, subdivision). I miss the crisp and distinct voice of Joyce Carol Oates, but who needs another voice when we already have so many young lady novelists to tell us how we live? I miss something from Nabokov's *Pale Fire*, which is one of the great (and mysterious) novels of our day. It is, in fact, so difficult and hard to extract from that the editors have predictably chosen to reprint the great section from *Lolita* in which Humbert Humbert ruefully and hilariously describes the mad journeying up and down America with his nymphet — the motels, the gift shops, the national parks. Nabokov's is a marvel-

Critic and teacher, Mr. Kazin is currently at work on a study of the American imagination in the nineteenth century. His most recent book is STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES.

ously witty social commentary, and so is Thomas Berger's on Rinehart as a real-estate salesman; so is Hughes Rudd's on the "night folk" in a town where the people on the other side of town, in the "split ramblers," are enduring nights of quiet desperation; so is John Cheever's on Aunt Justina, who dropped dead in the living room but couldn't be moved or buried because of the zoning laws; so is Stanley Elkin's on the salesman who after being fired cashes in everything he has and hysterically, madly, tries to be really "free" for once. The deepest piece of writing in the book is Peter Taylor's "Heads of Houses"; there is a sense of individual character here that is wonderfully patient and subtle. But most of the other selections are indeed fables of our society, parables of our condition, and this goes for Bellow on Herzog's jealousy; Norman Mailer's satire, "The Man Who Studied Yoga," about middle-class Jews timidly looking at blue movies; John Updike's creamy, luxuriously styled study of a family reunion in "The Family Meadow." Loneliness, alienation, jealousy, moral pains all! Who can doubt that most American fiction is devoted to the moral pains of middle-class America, that it is just as domestic and realistic and unsparing as it was forty years ago in the pages of Sinclair Lewis, ninety years ago in the pages of William Dean Howells?

IN EUROPEAN fiction since the war the central subject, the presiding fact, has been death and the terror of nonbeing. That is why European writers have invented so many new forms, from Beckett's meditations by characters *in extremis* to Robbe-Grillet's laborious efforts to show that the whole field of human consciousness has been radically disturbed in our time. Nothingness is a specter to many European minds, and new forms have been called in to describe the European journey through hell. In Sartre and Camus, in Günter Grass and Uwe Johnson, one sees how naturally new forms and styles spring out of the realization that accustomed social forms, classes, and beliefs have disappeared. But in American fiction just now even the creative originality which Southerners and city Jews once brought to *their* experience of social dissolution has been swallowed up into the pervading middle-classness of American living and thinking and feeling.

Our subject now is not the terror of nonbeing, the "nausea" that Sartre so hauntingly described on the eve of the Second World War; it is the suburbs; relations with children, "minorities," mistresses, employers; illness; the search for "identity"; loneliness; and divorce. *The catastrophe in American fiction* is still the breakdown of a marriage.

Death, as in John Cheever's "The Death of Justina," can be an embarrassment, but is never terrible. How many stories in *How We Live* are about marriage versus loneliness, loneliness in marriage, loneliness after marriage; about husbands and wives not "relating" to each other or anybody else; about consciously odd characters who have opted out of their "society"; about odd fantasies that some dead movie star is still alive; about the "disillusionment" that comes with age; about the orneriness of people who promised better. In short, these stories are about the things we all are, the things we all live and know, the things we are always reading about in our magazines and questioning in ourselves. A story by Samuel Beckett or Günter Grass is likely to surprise even the people they live with, for there are depths of fantasy, hallucination, and imaginative bitterness in all these European writers who have survived the old Europe. But when you turn to a new story by John Updike in the *New Yorker* you know in advance pretty much what he is likely to write about.

So if we all share so many experiences and identities, if even the *ideas* that will go into our fiction are already being used and reused by so many people, if there is no longer any romance to fiction, an imaginative *world* of one's own, if we of the great American consensus are all in this together, where is the storyteller's specialness, his distinction as an artist, to come from? In this great pool of middle-class information where so many millions of us happily splash together, where writers and readers are so often bound by the same attitudes, what can the American storyteller do to realize *his* dream of reconstituting life into an art singular to himself, of finding what Scott Fitzgerald called "the stamp that goes into my books so that people can read it blind like Braille"?

The answer is that the writer from the middle class, writing entirely for the middle class, must become a performer, for his most pressing professional need is to capture the reader, to keep him interested, to captivate him by some fresh impression of the shared experience. The editors of *How We Live* fondly believe that the world we now inhabit has become so senseless that the contemporary novelist is compelled to invent a difficult new fiction, full of strange symbols and daring stylistic flights that they, the editors, need to explain to the innocent reader. But the age of "modernism" is now quite behind us. In actual fact the creative problem of the American novelist today is how to avoid banality. There are so many novelists working the same "area," with the same ideas, and these writers are so conscious of the publishers and readers who usually have the same ideas, that hardly any writers can now lose themselves in a singular imaginative world, as Kafka did — a world that is as remote

from ordinary experience as theoretical physics, and is to be understood through a system of symbols. There is a brisk expectable lucidity to even the most "eccentric" stories in *How We Live*, by Donald Barthelme and Terry Southern. These writers are mischievous and tricky, real devils — except that they are not, for they always have their eyes on us. Barthelme is a sharp critic of our culture, and Southern is a harmless parodist of it; but even Barthelme gets so cute, caught up in his act of resisting and eluding what is expected of him, that one stays the course for the wit of the performance rather than for the interest of the story. He is working on us all the time. There seem to be no private worlds left to the middle-class imagination. Everything can be understood, everything has to be shared, anything must be "sold" to the possibly indifferent reader. This is why our storytellers now depend so much on "style," on a continuous wit of mind, on manner. Above all, they have to be charming.

WHAT I am describing is of course magazine fiction, especially magazine fiction in the *New Yorker*, and especially the fiction of such virtuosi of style, manner, and gesture as Salinger, Cheever, Updike. Anything these talented men try out is extraordinarily well written, composed and recomposed with that sophisticated beguilement of the reader that is so much the art behind their work. Where would we be in this fiction without all this conscious charm? The *New Yorker* has been the principal stage and model of so much American fiction in our time because in *New Yorker* fiction there is rarely any action. This is the plight of the middle-class imagination: always to feel oneself a spectator, a conscience, a memory only; to inhabit a world that is only the reflection of one's conscience and memory; that is so full of yearning, guilt, angst, and literature, of "the death of God," the "imagination of disaster," vicarious reflections on Auschwitz, Hiroshima, Mississippi, South Africa, Harlem. The people in these stories initiate nothing and change nothing. "The trouble with him," Nathanael West said of a character, "the trouble with all of us, is that we have no outer world, only an inner world, and that by necessity." The "outer world" seems to be furiously asserting itself all around us, but in fiction it exists only if it is a force that calls force out of us, that exists to change us and to be changed. This does not significantly happen in our middle-class fiction; as in the French bourgeois world we have all laughed at in reading Stendhal and Flaubert, adultery is still the only precipitant of action. Sex is important in our fiction because this seems to be the only new

frontier open to many middle-class marrieds (the terms are virtually synonymous). But in our age of copious and instant and simultaneously concerted information about everything relating to the human body, even all ideas of love suffer from implied banality. So what we mock is not the culture that has robbed us of the enthusiasm of love, but ourselves for thinking ourselves a little bit different.

In one of John Cheever's most famous stories, "The Country Husband," the husband is like all other suburban husbands. That is the situation Cheever always starts from — except that this one is in a plane that suddenly makes a crash landing in a pasture. The adventure is not of the slightest interest to his family when he gets home, so he falls in love with the baby-sitter. The story begins brilliantly in the plane — "They flew into a white cloud of such density that it reflected the exhaust fires." This is the kind of detail that is not an unwitting *fact* of the age; in *Madame Bovary* ladies put their gloves into their wine-glasses in order to show that they do not wish wine, and this Flaubert noted without ever thinking that a later generation would not automatically understand his reference. Cheever's sentence is really a form of "style," of establishing his mastery over his material. And in fact there is no mastery in Cheever's story except his own. The husband has no great intimacy with his family, he does not get very far with the baby-sitter, and so he goes to an analyst who recommends woodworking as therapy. The story derisively ends on the brainwashed husband who will no longer fall in love. Yet who cares about this fellow? He is the interchangeable suburban nobody. It is Cheever one cares about, Cheever who moves us; he moves us literally by the force of his effort in every line, by the significance he gives to every inflection, and finally by the moral that the consciousness that comes with maturity is cruelly lucid, far from the dopey illusions of possibility we may entertain after surviving a crash landing.

Oh, the sadness of so much inactive thought! Oh, the ruefulness of seeing our lives so clearly! One needn't be a writer for the *New Yorker*, carefully steering one's little bark of art between those shores lined with gorgeous advertisements for furs, cars, perfumes, and whiskey, to feel this sadness. Hughes Rudd, who is not a *New Yorker* writer but a markedly independent fiction writer who happens to be making his living as a television correspondent abroad, has an aggressively well written piece in *How We Live*, "Nightwatch at Vernal Equinox," which is really not a story at all but a passionate social description comparing the outsiders, homosexuals, drifters in a little night café with the housewives moodily lonely in their "split ramblers." The story begins on the sound from a jukebox.

"The hidden record spinning in the bloated, winking jukebox blasts the walls of the bus station café, walls and ceiling shiny with old white enamel and the congealed grease given off by a million hamburgers; the sound bursts along the counters and booms and rattles in the glass cases of dead pie slices, crusted cake segments and soggy, oily sweet rolls." This is arousingly well-written. Mr. Rudd then moves on to say that listless waitresses are standing in this jukebox roar, that the counter top is formica, the ketchup and mustard bottles are polyethylene, the jukebox is a geological age of laminated, scrolled, and twisted plastics, the menus are slick in envelopes of heavy cellophane, and that the counter bears islands of stiffened pliofilm turrets, scratched and blurred, squatting guard over more pie slices and cake hunks. Much skill in observation, much savvy and patient endurance have gone into this description of America's horrid plastics. The weightless shallow pervading cheapness of all this plastic is a symbol of the civilization in which the burly man sitting at the counter is suddenly shown wearing lipstick, in which the

husband in the split rambler keeps vermouth in atomizers and makes martinis with battery-operated mixing rods, in which the wife feels that life "was being lived elsewhere, but not here in her city." But in point of fact nothing happens in this story except that Mr. Rudd is brilliantly writing it.

"It is because so much happens," a man thinks to himself in Faulkner's *Light in August*. "Too much happens." Too much is always happening to us and around us, which is why literature serves to clear our minds. Probably never in human history have so many people had such sense of "too much" happening as we in America have right now. Why, then, has the exciting sense of possibility with which so many of us live had the distinct effect of morally depressing our fiction writers? Why, in this "half-finished civilization," as Cheever calls it, "in this most prosperous, equitable and accomplished world, should everyone seem to be so disappointed?" It is because, in a world where things once difficult have become too easy, our moral attitudes have also become too easy. Literature has become too easy to make.

EMPTINESS . . .

BY STANLEY BURNSHAW

Emptiness seeps through the air, it is seeping
 Into our clothes. Where it blows from nobody
 Knows, yet the dangling tie clinches
 The neck, the shoulders chafe. It could come,
 We knew, the Unthinkable, but this cannot be
 The one we saw. Shelters abound:
 Nobody tries the doors. Everyone
 Seems to be standing-listening as though
 Expecting shrieks of a rain from a possible
 Further sky.

Is it still too soon
 To wonder what if the fume could burn
 Through all this skin? The light widens.
 Some have begun to tear their clothes
 Without waiting to ask. To learn, we were told,
 Is to wait and ask — nothing was said of a presence.

PROPHECIES, WITCHES, and SPELLS

by Ann Cornelisen

Not since Carlo Levi's CHRIST STOPPED AT EBOLI has there appeared a book as eloquent and effective about life in the poverty-cursed mountain villages of Italy as Ann Cornelisen's TORREGRECA: A WORLD IN SOUTHERN ITALY, to be published in October by the Atlantic Monthly Press. Here we present one segment. Miss Cornelisen, a 1948 Vassar graduate, went to Italy in the mid-1950s to study archaeology, and subsequently set up some 300 nursery schools there for the British Save-the-Children Fund. She lived for three years in the town she calls Torregreca.

EVERY village in Southern Italy has a *magò*, a *stregone*, a witch, often a woman, proficient in the art of casting and uncasting spells, of healing mysterious diseases and driving away evil spirits. It has always been a respectable, lucrative profession, but it does not attract the young of today. The idea has been embarrassed underground. Medicine has improved. Spells have softened into superstitions, and the evil eye has become a generic explanation for anything not understood. "Our mothers, our grandmothers believed in that sort of thing. We don't." Strange, then, that everyone in the province of Matera, doctors, lawyers, peasants, waiters, and bus drivers, refers to one town as *Quel Paese* ("That Town") rather than whisper its name. He who dares, even if he touches iron as he says it, must forever avoid the town, for he has invited the curse of the evil eye. There is no antidote. Calamity awaits him in *Quel Paese*.

I looked forward to *seeing* a town of such power, to *feeling* it, since such malevolence must create physical vibrations, but I had to wait almost a year. Barricaded by mountains, itself perched on a high rock spine, it was not a place on the way to any other. You went there on purpose or not at all. When I did, I was not disappointed. *Quel Paese* gave me a day I will never forget, not because what happened there was important, but because it had

never happened to me before — or since. All my luggage was stolen.

Once in Torregreca I met a surveyor, a charming bearded Venetian who was jubilant at the idea of talking to "a sensible person," as he called me. This was supposed to be his country, yet it seemed darkest Africa to him. If he "gazed on" a mother nursing her child, the family went into paroxysms of counterspells. "Dammit, I don't want to 'gaze on' them, but they will haul out their breasts in cinemas and office waiting rooms and bus stations. What am I to do?" Shaving his beard might have helped. It is a well-known fact that if a stranger's hair falls on the breast, it clogs the tit. Still, as a stranger, his envy was a threat to the milk. In passing he could snatch it up and take it with him. What irritated the Venetian surveyor most was *Quel Paese*. "Rot, nothing but rot, and my boss expects me to believe it. He's ordered me not to mention the name in his hearing. Eh!" he threw his hands up in the air. "What do you do with these people? They're back in the Dark Ages." A Northerner's sense of humor is as quick as his irritation. Soon he was telling stories in a bad mock Southern accent and planning another meeting when next he came to Torregreca. I never saw him again, but he sent me a postcard from Matera. "I take it all back. Had to go to *Quel*

Paese alone — no driver would take me. A mule threw me. I landed on an iron stake that pierced my chest. They say I'll be all right — three weeks in hospital followed by six months sick leave. Guess where I'm going! VENICE. Best wishes . . ."

Enchantments, *affascinazione*, sudden passion, strange physical symptoms, infertility, falling hair, cross-eyed babies — everything can be blamed on a spell that has been cast or a potion slipped into food. Casting spells may be the specialty of one witch, breaking them the art of another. The problem lies in choosing the right one.

The human being is surrounded by danger. The glance of a stranger, a neighbor's jealousy, a spiteful thought, the moon's beams, or the dark of a shadow — they are all threats. An adult protects himself as best he can, but a child must be defended. For centuries the campaign has been a delaying action. Mothers teach their daughters how to distract spirits. Their wives are concealed by the yards and yards of swaddling that truss a baby from the time he is born until he is a year old, sometimes older. This living mummy can be taken anywhere, like a package, dumped in any field, left on any shelf, and he is always protected by the charms slipped between the layers of his bindings. The twice-daily unswaddling and reswaddling is a ritual that takes skill. The baby is placed in a nest of old, soft rags. His arms are forced to his sides, his legs held straight out; then with a quick swirl of the wide band he is immobilized. Another quick wrap and the charm sack can be placed roughly where the mother thinks the genitals might be. The sack is not so important as its contents. There will be a length of hairy string, a few grains of wheat (any number so long as it is odd), perhaps a rough cross, an image of Sant' Antonio, San Rocco, or the Madonna. If the evil spirit can be tricked into counting the strands of string, or the wheat kernels, he will forget his wicked errand. Each saint has his own sphere, of course, and his very presence might put the spirit to flight. The sack in place, more swaddling is wrapped around, and then a pair of scissors, open to cut the evil spirit before it can reach the sack, is slipped between the folds. Now the bundle is ready for the final neatening up. The outside layers must be very even and close together, so that the baby's head seems to stick out of a cocoon of striated linen. He is slipped into a cotton envelope with coarse lace that tickles his chin, and he is ready for any eventuality.

Only certain people can make charms, ones that are truly effective against curses. Chichella's grandmother, her mother, and later Chichella herself were considered masters of the art. No one has ever been willing to explain why one person has the right personality and another does not,



Chichella, the keeper of the myth

but there is some undefined relationship between the person and the spirits. It may be the courage to defy their powers or it may be a subtle affinity created by invisible wavelengths, but whatever the unknown attraction is, it cannot be acquired. One is born a charm-maker, or one is not.

It was one subject Chichella never wanted to discuss with me. Another was the strange power she developed during menstrual periods, when other women avoided planting or making bread for fear they would "sour" whatever they touched. Apparently she reversed the cycle, excelling in those things she normally did well. The women knew it and came begging her to do them a favor, something they particularly wanted to turn out well, when she had her next period. I think she did most of them, and they were favors in the sense that she was never paid for them. But she did not want to talk about it. Naturally, I did. She usually had her own way. She could not remember, she would say, or, No one believed in that sort of thing. It was rare that I could lure her into any comments on magic, curses, or her own minor powers; but I remember one winter morning reading a book called *Sud e Magia*, by Ernesto de Martino while I waited for the fog to lift.

"Chichella," I called, "Did you ever hear anything like this?"

*Sope 'nu tempetille
c'era quatto voiarille:
'a cap'e rànule 'a scazzavane.
Fucitinne ranele da la vocca:
La chiave de la Chiesa non si tocca.*

On top of a little hill
there were four little steers
who squashed the head of a frog.
Flee little frogs of the mouth [i.e. cankers]:
The key of the church cannot be touched.

"What's the matter? Your liver off?" was her answer.

"No, why?"

"You're always funny when you read too much."

That seemed the end of the subject. I turned back to my book. Chichella does not like to be ignored, and she had more to say. She planted herself right in front of me with her hands on her hips.

"Your *professor*" — her scorn covered the whole profession — "says it's like that, so it *must* be. But the words are wrong . . . and he doesn't understand about church keys." She closed her eyes, frowned, and then started singsonging the real Tarnese words in a high nasal voice which had none of her normal huskiness. It was a trance voice; I could feel her trying to reach a particular spirit. She chanted on through different verses — as best I could understand, against infant diseases, cradle cap, hernia, and rough, thorny skin. She stopped as suddenly as she had started, opened her eyes, and looked at me in surprise, I thought.

"Don't stop."

"Nobody believes in that sort of thing anymore."

"Didn't you take Luigi to a witch when he was little?" I asked.

"That was different. The doctors didn't know what to do, and I was desperate. Besides, the witches have all died off now. They were old."

"Here — take a look at this picture." I showed her my book with its picture of the witch of Quel Paese.

"Looks like Ucculich right here in Torregreca. She's old now, doesn't do much, but I did hear her daughter will help — sometimes — as a favor." She blushed at giving herself away. The rest of the morning she was too busy to talk, and left with a short "*Buon giorno*" to me.

THE fog went on for a week. We draped our faces with scarves, like Arab women, to keep it from searing our lungs, but it stung our eyes and prickled our cheeks. Once or twice a day there might be a tear in the gray cotton revealing a sunlit patch way far below in the never-never land of the valley we thought no longer existed. A blink and it was gone; the mirage of a mind laid siege to by fog. The cobbles were slick, stone walls shimmered. Clothes clung, then mildewed on our backs. Finally late one afternoon a gale blew up to sweep the skies clear again and release us from prison. People streamed out of their houses, and the babble of life began again. We wanted air and reassurance. For myself, I walked through my own land of make-believe, across from town and around the end of the butte to the mountains. As I walked, I wondered about spells, for I could find no other explanation for my enchantment with the deep

red of saturated tiles studded here and there with diamond beads of moisture, or with those houses I knew to be mean and squalid, but which were, for me, a gleaming copper fall of light, shadow, and geometric pattern of mysterious beauty. Valleys stretched hazy and blue as far as the eye could see, with here and there a trailing veil of mist that had hidden from the wind. Stumps of grapevines, cruel and black in their deadness, tangled with their own shadows to cast a grotesque net over hillsides. In the wheat fields twilled with furrows the earth was gray, almost fertile looking, but no silken green sprouts had dared to announce a future. On beyond, the mountains — purple, red, blue, violent in their cleanliness — were more than ever the insurmountable wall between us and the rest of the world. Never had they been more beautiful or more threatening in their challenge. Still, men had built that proud sentinel tower I saw glowering red in the sunset; maybe they could fight on to some kind of victory. I hurried back to my fire.

Late that night I was awakened by pounding at my door. It was Chichella, hysterical.

"Luigi's dying. He's dying right in front of my eyes, and I can't do anything about it. It's a spell. He's always been under a spell — no one's ever been able to break it." She babbled on while I dressed. Down in her storeroom, in bed with the other two children, was a very feverish little boy shivering and crying, unable to swallow, unable to breathe.

"It's a curse — nothing to do — it's a curse."

"Have you called the doctor?"

"What doctor? I need the witch, the right one who understands the curse. I've never found the right one." She howled on. A linen towel wrapped swami-fashion hid Luigi's head and much of his face. When I pulled it aside to feel his cheek, Chichella turned lioness, clawing me away from the bed.

"Don't touch that!" she screamed. "Don't — touch — that!"

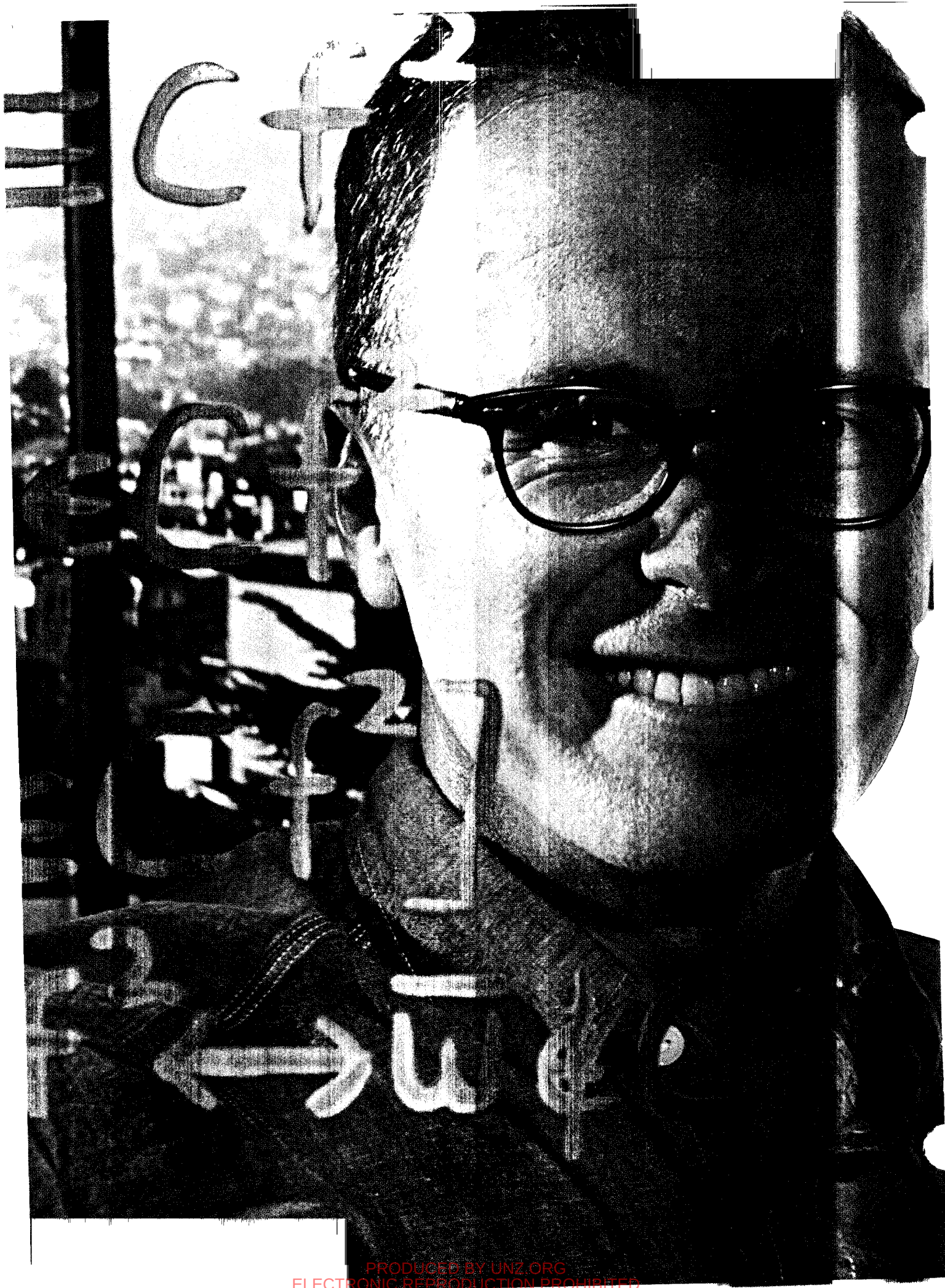
"All right, Chichella. Calm down and stay here. I'll get the doctor, but you could bathe his forehead and his face. He'd be more comfortable — and for God's sake stop babbling about a curse."

"He won't come, you know he won't. Besides . . ." She thought better of it, and I left before she could tell me again about the witch.

I cursed the cold, the spells, and the fancy language of anthropologists — *negativism*. That was not just negativism; it was stark terror. I would get the doctor out. He would come for violent fever or diphtheria. That last word was enough. He pulled his clothes on over his pajamas, and in less than ten minutes we were back at Chichella's. It was a strep throat, and someday, soon, there



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"



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Meet an elder statesman in the computer business.

IBM's John Backus is 43, pretty young for an elder statesman in most industries. But then, the computer business is less than 20 years old. And mathematician Backus has been in it since the beginning.

He started working with computers in the early 1950's. It was about the time a leading business magazine estimated that no more than 50 companies would ever have use for a computer.

Today, it is estimated that there are well over 50,000 computer installations in the United States alone. Part of the reason for this astonishing growth: the progress made in programming. In this field, John Backus was a pioneer.

"It bothered us, in the early days of computers, that so few people could use them," he says. "One reason was, programming cost as much as the machine. A small company just couldn't afford data processing."

With a small group of associates, John Backus tackled the problem and stayed with it for three years. The result was the simplified programming system called FORTRAN (FORMula TRANslator) which made programming considerably less expensive than before. Today, FORTRAN is probably the most widely used programming system in the world.

Currently, John Backus is working on a new mathematical concept which is still in the realm of pure theory. But his theories, like the work of many IBM scientists, ultimately have a way of making computers more useful.



From a beginning less than two decades ago, computer technology has made remarkable progress. John Backus is one of many outstanding men and women in the industry who have turned a laboratory marvel into tens of thousands of computers helping people around the world.

Adlai S. Stevenson

"The American standard of living is due in no small measure to the imaginative genius of advertising, which not only creates and sharpens demand, but also, by its impact upon the competitive process, stimulates the never ceasing quest of improvement in quality of the product."

Isn't it strange to find people in this country today who criticize advertising and say it should be restricted? Well-meaning people who say that it is unfair competition for a big company to spend more on advertising than a small company.

Ignoring the fact that it is advertising that helps small companies grow big . . . companies like Polaroid, Xerox, Sony and dozens more who have taken on the giants

in the marketplace and won their profitable niche.

These people think we should restrict the amount of advertising a company can do—just to be fair.

But, of course, big companies spend more on research and development than little companies, too. And that's even more unfair because it helps develop new products the little companies don't have

So, perhaps, we should also restrict research and development.

It's too bad somebody didn't think of this 40 years ago. Then we'd all still have iceboxes. And you wouldn't have to worry about getting all that frozen food home from the supermarket before it thaws. In your 1966 Model "T."

Magazine Publishers Association
An association of 365 leading U.S. magazines

will be a new saint, Sant' Antibiotica, famous for protecting children and exorcising curses.

It was gentle, rabbit-faced Dr. Neri I had dragged out of bed, the *medico condotto* who cared for the official poor list. Afterward, as I drove him home, I asked what he thought of spells that seemed more powerful than any god or medicine. He answered slowly, without contempt or medical bluster, offering me an idea after he had peeled off its rind of prejudices as he might the skin of an orange.

"We all try to explain our misfortunes, you know. Theirs are so violent, so sudden. To us a landslide, the collapse of a roof, or a disease — TB, ulcers — don't burst into existence like lightning. We see the symptoms, causes if you prefer. Life has a certain reasonable order to us, but to the peasants it's a series of somersaults. Each jolt is so unexpected it could only be caused by malevolent spirits and their curses — and they outrank God, or the disaster could not have happened. Take Luigi. His throat's been brewing for days, but the crisis tonight was the first anyone knew of it. A curse is the most logical answer for Chichella, a curse or God's vengeance. *You* seek comfort in God; *their* lives are spent trying to stay on the good side of all the gods." He paused as though working out a problem. "As doctors we could do a lot to change their faith in curses and spirits, but I wonder if we will. They're too convenient — they cover up all the things we don't understand. If your patient believes in the evil eye, you feel safer. Maybe I don't make myself clear. All of us in the South, not just doctors, but all the educated class, have encouraged ignorance in the peasants for our own protection. Times have changed, so have the peasants. They're not afraid of us, and they're less afraid of spirits every day. One wonders where it will end." He shook himself. "At this rate I'll be seeing ghosts pretty soon. Must be the night air. Won't you come in for a cognac?"

I thanked him and drove home.

I HEARD no more from Chichella about "we don't believe in spells now. Our grandmothers did." It was a bad winter for her. There was no work. On what I gave her she was trying to live, feed and clothe her children, and pay her husband's debt. Once, for a week, we kept a record of everything the children ate. Originally I had wanted to do it for a month, but as Chichella said, it was a waste of time because they always ate the same things. The breakdown is without specific quantities except for bread. Each child ate one pound of bread a day. One was three, one six, and the eldest was seven years old. Chichella herself ate a kilo, two and one fifth pounds, of bread a day.

<i>Breakfast</i>	<i>Lunch</i>	<i>Dinner</i>
Bread, persimmons	Spaghetti, oil, cheese, bread	Bread, persimmons
Bread, persimmons	Spaghetti, tomato sauce, bread	Bread, persimmons
Bread, sausage	Spaghetti, oil, bread	Bread, dried figs
Bread	Macaroni, beans, bread	Bread, persimmons
Bread	Spaghetti, oil, bread	"Pizza" (flat bread with garlic on top)
Bread, persimmons	Greens, beans, bread	Dried codfish, potatoes, bread
Bread, codfish	Macaroni, dried peas, bread	Bread, dried figs

On that kind of diet it was not surprising that the children in Torregreca were often small, potbellied, and listless. Teachers prided themselves on how well they kept order in their classrooms without realizing they had not overcome a problem; they had simply failed to recognize one. It is not natural for nursery children to sit like lumps for eight straight hours. If they do, something is wrong.

On the diet their parents can afford, the children are lethargic. As adults, their strength will not last for long periods of heavy work. Their pace must be slow if it is to be constant. Young or old, they have little resistance to infectious diseases, especially those of the respiratory system.

Chichella did the best she could on her budget. She seldom bought greens (spinach, chicory, broccoli, lettuce, and the like) because they were not filling enough. The fruits and vegetables she did buy were "surplus," too poor in quality to haul to the market or too abundant to bring a decent price. Vendors shoveled "surplus" off the backs of trucks; the more you took, the less you paid per kilo. The year had a pattern for Chichella and her children. One month they lived on peppers; another on figs. But it was always bread that was the filler, sometimes smeared with a blob of leftover beans, sometimes with a dried tomato or fig; more often than not it was softened with water and a drop of oil. Even Luigi, who was bottomless, got tired of it.

"Mama," he asked one evening, "does everybody eat plain bread for supper?"

"Just leave it if you don't want it" had been her answer. He did. Because they were always hungry, Chichella protected the precious extras she might have by carrying them with her in a patchwork shopping bag. At times she left it in my custody; three dried sausages, an egg, and maybe a packet of margarine I had told her to take when I left on a trip. If the bag was unguarded for a minute, the goodies disappeared. Still her expenses were twice her income, and I was not surprised when she jumped at the chance of adding

even sixteen cents a day to her income by cleaning San Potito, the parish church.

She had to finish before the first morning Mass at six, so she got up at four. One morning, as she stumbled through the dark she heard what sounded like a baby's cry. She stood still; again the cry, but further away, to her left. She followed it; again and again came the cry. She went on, stopping to listen every few steps until she realized she was nearing the cemetery gates. Then she panicked and ran to the church, where she bolted herself in until the priest came. She knew and so did everyone else that she had heard the souls of the dead crying out in protest. At dawn they had to return to the exile of the grave. Morning after morning she heard the same cry, a wail that was fainter and fainter unless she followed it along the road toward the cemetery. Morning after morning it terrified her. Old hags brought special amulets. Still the souls cried. She wore one of her own sack-charms against the evil eye. The souls howled and wailed. Finally she could bear it no longer. She gave up the job, and the priest could find no one willing to take her place. One hundred lire a day is not enough for braving an encounter with the souls of the dead who resent their graves.

ONE morning in the Piazza I met Don Matteo, gay as always and plumper, judging from the way his cassock pulled under the arms.

"Ah, just the person I wanted to meet. Come along with me, Donna Anna, we'll have coffee, it's my only vice now that Luca's put me on a diet." He chuckled, pleased at having one vice no one could deny him. "I don't see nearly enough of you — and what are these strange goings-on up your way? Have you been courting the devil?" He waited to continue until we were settled at a table and the men had retreated to a respectful gaping distance. "Now tell me, what have you been up to with the spirits? They say even you have heard them."

I told him of Chichella's dawn meetings with the souls of the dead and my regret at her giving up her job at San Potito. He nodded kindly as he listened, and seemed so sympathetic that I asked if he believed the spirits cried as they returned to their graves.

"*Ma nò*, you mustn't take that sort of thing seriously. They're always talking about spirits here. Old wives' tales, like ghost stories; their imaginations get to work, and pretty soon they believe they've heard spirits crying." He hesitated a minute, raising his eyebrows even higher. "But I *do* believe in the *Monached*. You know what they are? The spirits of unbaptized babies damned to

wander the earth. They end up living with people; they have to. Now don't laugh, I'm not teasing, they do! There's one in every old house in Torregreca. Ours is special, has a personality like no other. Of course he prowls at night. Likes jam and throws pots and pans around and lately he's taken a dislike to my new breviary — keeps pulling pages out. He's misplaced my father's old fascist medals. You can laugh if you like. Father may be absentminded, but not about his decorations. The *Monached* did it. If you'd rented an old house, you might have had trouble. They don't like change, and sometimes new tenants don't suit them. I suppose they'll disappear with all this new housing. They won't move, you know — absolutely won't. I'm *quite* serious!"

He was getting cross with me, so I asked about witches and curses. His face turned to a mask, his eyebrows straightened out, and I saw for the first time what a sad face he had. I thought he was going to dismiss the subject entirely. Instead he said, "Fear makes them believe. Doctors don't have the right cures. No one can explain the things that happen; finally, rather than believe in a true God who has His reasons, they believe in curses and witches. Enlightened priests — and there are some — have fought it. Others let it go, incorporate the pagan in Catholic ritual. As for witches, they're like plumbers here — everyone is a halfway witch. Old Ida, our faithful messenger boy, for instance. When her spirits are just right, she's one of the more powerful. She's a bit temperamental. If she doesn't like her customer, she pretends she can't do anything, but if there's a spell to be broken, she's the girl who can do it. I've noticed she likes you, so anytime . . ." He smiled, but talking about the superstitions of his parishioners had depressed him. He signaled for our check, and then leaned over and said very quietly, "Look at the men's faces! They can't imagine what we've been talking about. I'd better help them or — or their imaginations, you know. You must always be careful." In a louder voice, a public voice: "Have a nice trip, Donna Anna, and come back soon. There's still much to be done in Torregreca." Now what would they think? I was not going anywhere.

IN LUCANIA if there is a sense of religion in magic, there is also a sense of magic in religion, and to complete the braid of common belief, a silken strand of the pagan. Serpents are draped over statues of saints; the Madonna is called on to exorcise evil spirits; grain sprouts, grown in the dark, are placed in Christ's coffin on Good Friday. A bride and groom's relatives, who prepare the marriage bed hide amulets in the mattress against evil spirits

and sprinkle salt on the springs, but the culmination of their work is the formal blessing. Later a plowshare, in these parts an ambiguous symbol of fertility, is hidden under the bed with a sickle — once more the blade to cut the evil spirits before they can do harm. The serious business of the wedding taken care of, everyone settles in to have a high old time, except, perhaps, the bride and groom. Until very recently they were sent off to bed while the relatives danced and drank in the next room — and, of course, banged on the door for progress reports. Even now couples are barricaded in together for seven straight days in what is referred to as “The Bride’s Week.” Fortunately, relatives may come to call; the first visit is always that of the two mothers, who bring coffee and remake the bed — a courteous way of snooping for proof of the bride’s lost virginity. All they ask is a spotted linen towel to display — and who can tell human blood from the blood of a chicken, that noble fowl who has already supplied meat for the feast. Small wonder that those who can afford it are married in Pompeii and spend a few days away from their village!

Sanctuaries in dank caves or in the crypts of churches still hold a mystical attraction for the afflicted. Being Stygian and churchly, they unite, as it were, all the powers under one roof. Often they are so hung with arms, legs, heads, and other bits of the human apparatus that they might be the parts depot of a wax-works. Each votive offering has been brought by a pilgrim to thank the saint for driving the evil spirits out of a specific part of the body. Often the vows are made for children suffering the dread lassitude that signals infantile curses. The real malady — dysentery, worms, or just plain malnutrition — is so persistent the mother knows her child has been put under an evil spell. “Free my little Angelo of these evil spirits, and he will wear your cassock and rope for a year as a reminder of your protection.” So, for a year, if he is cured, little Angelo dribbles and spills

on the same habit, sleeps in it, and trails it through the dusty muck of the village streets. Sometimes the saint does not do his work well. He is discarded for another saint and another sanctuary. The power of curses is infinite, the power of saints limited and capricious.

Superstitious and devout as they are, Southerners have a casual approach to their saints. In May, for instance, for the festival of San Pancrazio, avenger of false witness and false oaths, the Torresi simply ignore religious facts and rearrange things to suit themselves. Of San Pancrazio’s life only the end is known. In 304 A.D., during the Christian persecutions ordered by the Emperor Diocletian, he was stoned to death. He was fourteen years old.



Festa in honor of Pancrazio

That is the official version, but for the Torresi he was the ever faithful lover of Santa Filomena, the mystery lady of the Catholic Church. There is no agreement about *her*; there are a number of stories. One tells of a Santa Filomena found perfectly preserved in a green dress in San Severino Marche. Another tells of remains found in 1802 under a garbled inscription in the Catacombs of Priscilla. At first they were identified as those of a martyr named Filomena; subsequent analysis proved they were of some later lady hurriedly buried in the same grave. The whole affair turned into an ecclesiastical porcupine; anyone who tried to

get to the meat of the situation was punctured by the dissenters’ quills. From their resting place under the altar of a village church near Naples, the “wrong” bones were already producing miracles and apparitions, and the parish priest had written an inspired life of Santa Filomena. Today it is considered a masterpiece of religious fiction, but it did much to confuse the issue at the time. The Church, in its wisdom, has decided there is nothing certain about the life of Santa Filomena. She *may* have been a Christian martyr who lived in the second or the sixth century. The Torresi are not so cautious. As they tell it, she was the beautiful daughter of a

rich merchant of Bari. San Pancrazio saw her, fell passionately in love with her, and asked her father for her hand in marriage. The father agreed. Santa Filomena did not. She knew her destiny was sainthood and her most precious purity must be defended at any cost. When, on her wedding day, she still could not dissuade her lover, she walked into the sea and drowned. San Pancrazio was inconsolable. Through seventeen centuries he has followed in her wake, and though he may be no closer to his beloved now, he has become a special favorite with all women, particularly the unmarried.

Prince Charming *all'Italiana* had found his way into the religious calendar and had brought such joy that anomalies of whatever character were to be forgotten. This was to be a gloriously irrational feminine festa. I was startled when the celebration began the night before, with bonfires lighted in all the streets and alleys. People sat around them, gossiping and feeding the fires with twigs. At the sound of a footstep they called "Who goes there?" The answer "Friend!" brought greetings and the offer of a glass of wine. A few feet farther on another fire, another group, another call "Who goes there?" On into the night they sat, watching by their fires until they judged all evil had been put to flight. This was the spring exorcism of the spirits that had coagulated in Torregreca during the winter. (This was as I first saw it in 1960. By 1967 some Torresi had found a more respectable interpretation. San Pancrazio was a vineyard keeper, a very careful one, and the sight of neatly trimmed vines gives him pleasure. So the fires are of vine cuttings, and if there are enough to appease him, San Pancrazio will protect the vineyards from storms. Perhaps this version is slightly less pagan, but it certainly is not the traditional one.)

Next morning Santa Filomena led the procession, borne aloft, reclining like a china Elizabeth Barrett Browning on a gold baroque chaise longue with satin pillows and angels that bobbed at the ends of long springs. She was languid and either very frail or very haughty. Her herald was an old shepherd who tootled away on his bagpipes; her followers, the women of the town, who were more dejected than elated by their lover's pursuit. They groaned an anthem whose words were lost in a babble of conflicting versions. Way at the back came San Pancrazio, a medieval beatnik scrubbed up and dressed for the occasion in tin armor and a satin miniskirt. With each lurch his puttees rattled and his helmet swiveled around on his wig. His bearers were doing their best, but they had to follow the excited directions of a priest carrying a wax hand mounted on a golden column. When he raised the hand high in the air, they stopped and wobbled. Two waves and they staggered off. The pace was

so slow there at the back that the men who followed San Pancrazio had time for a glass of wine at the several shops along the route. Soon their faces were flushed and their steps uncertain.

Snaking through the alleys of the Rabata and the Saraceno, Santa Filomena was usually one street higher than San Pancrazio. As I glimpsed them through the funnel of a cross-stairway they seemed to pass each other going in opposite directions. Where it would end was hard to tell. For a while, as we backtracked, I thought we might gyrate until the processioners had been dropped off, one by one, at their own doorsteps. Instead we drew up in front of the prisonlike elementary school. The statues were arranged side by side. No one spoke. The silence was tense, expectant. The men took off their hats in a half-embarrassed salute. The women, stiff, their eyes forward, held their candles absolutely vertical. Nothing happened. The priest brandished his wax hand again. Still nothing happened. He went red in the face and wigwagged emphatically. Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pause. Then again, all around us the not very loud pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop of firecrackers — lots of them. And another pause. Bang! Bang! Long, long pause — BOOM!

The windows of the school rattled, and there was a big sigh from the crowd. The festa was over.

FAIRY SONG

[Collected at Levanto (La Spezia) Italia]

BY RANDALL JARRELL

Warmed over pine-cones
The water washed me;
My mother fed me
A fried squash-flower;
The black priest blessed me
Upon his Vespa.

As I passed by the barber's
They were cutting the hair
Of a boy who, waving,
Sat on a horse-headed chair.

Ah, come away, come away
To the Bar, my beloved —
There, clothed in the jeans
Of a ranch of the West,
We'll dance to the clear strains
Of The Little Complex.

A Larger Role for the Small College

by ESTHER RAUSHENBUSH

"The small college of the future cannot afford to be the special privilege of the especially privileged," says Mrs. Raushenbush, who taught at Wellesley, Barnard, and Columbia before she joined the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College. Since 1946, she has served successively as dean, faculty trustee, director of the Center for Continuing Education, and president of the college. This article comes from THE UNFINISHED JOURNEY, a volume commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the U.S. Department of Education, to be published this month by John Day. It is part of a continuing examination in our pages of the pains and problems and prospects of higher education.

THE impressive salmon-colored application form on which one applies for federal funds for college facilities asks the petitioner, very early, to predict growth in the size of his institution over the next few years. Moreover, the instructions say that if it is not possible to promise such growth, the applying institution should not bother to go further in completing the application.

The reason for the requirement is understandable and sound. Twenty years ago we knew something about the number of seventeen-year-old people who would be ready for college by the early sixties, but as we review our behavior as educators, it is painfully clear we did much too little to be ready for them, although we talked a great deal about the problems their presence would pose. When they started coming, we rushed to house and feed and find ways of teaching them. The president of a great state university said, one September day about three years ago, with a kind of anesthetized calm, "Two thousand more freshmen registered at the university last week than we had expected."

So the national need for education in quantity is great, and the national government has a clear responsibility to do its share to meet the national

need. Its generous support of programs, research, teachers, and facilities testifies to its effort.

Not only in government application forms but at educational meetings, in conferences of administrators, in fund-raising efforts, in scientific and technological laboratories and factories devising and making instruments that will teach students by the thousands instead of merely by the hundreds, the race to meet the upsurge with teachers, space, equipment exerts a powerful force.

The small colleges respond in several ways. Some double and triple in size and share the need of the very large institutions for increased facilities for increasing numbers. Some of them grow, or try to grow, into universities; the need for specialized and graduate training gives many of them, at last, an opportunity to join the university ranks. Some of them resist growing, or grow moderately, out of a conviction that their educational value lies in remaining small. Finally there is evidence that in the present important search for ways to improve education, small colleges may develop new forms and new functions.

I have two things to say about small liberal arts colleges; both deal with the functions I think

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they have to perform in these times in addition to functions they have performed in the past, or instead of those functions.

One has to do with the way small liberal arts colleges, because of their size, their independence from large institutional pressures, their potential for mobility, their internal human relations, can serve some of the new and urgent educational needs more directly than can large institutions and give educators, teachers, students, parents, and society generally some insight into these needs as well as possible ways of dealing with them. The other endorses a new kind of relationship now developing between small colleges and large universities that may in the end maximize the assets of each and counteract, to some degree at least, the liabilities of each.

Whether in the increasing complexity of education liberal arts colleges will be able to serve these functions depends on whether we are able to summon the human resources and the financial support to serve them. I suggest that the possibilities are important and unique and can create a quite new design for education.

I do not seek to justify the traditional role of the liberal arts college or to support its survival because of its history. The small liberal arts colleges have been a powerful force in the best intellectual life of this country; they have educated great men and distinguished women. For a hundred years they made the largest contribution to the thinking of the men who designed the political and industrial life of the country and formed the institutions of a pioneering society. They were created to educate ministers and lawyers and statesmen, and until the last decade, in our own time, they still provided the undergraduate education of many of our most illustrious scientists, writers, educators, and scholars. Whether they will have this function in the future we don't yet know, but they have other and at least as important functions to perform in a world never dreamed of by those who developed these colleges or by those who, for more than a century and a half, have been educated in them. I will try to describe some of these and say why I think the small college needs to serve them.

When we came to educate women, we created new liberal arts colleges for them, and like the men's colleges, they performed two rather disparate functions that nevertheless seemed to live peacefully together. The men's colleges educated men to be gentlemen as well as ministers or lawyers. The women's colleges were the protected and private places where intelligent young women of family spent four years cultivating their minds until they should be ready to be the wives and hostesses of the gentlemen turned out by the men's colleges. But

the women's colleges were also the lively, trouble-stirring grounds for the battle women fought for intellectual, political, and social equality, and they quickly demonstrated that the education that had been designed for men of superior faculties could also serve such women. The need to make this demonstration — as well as their success in making it — has been the most important factor in the design of women's education up to now. In our time we should have new objectives in educating women, and seeking them may also be a new function of a liberal arts college.

FORTY years ago a new dimension was added to American education by the creation or re-creation (as in the case of Swarthmore) of a new kind of small liberal arts college. Those years were a lively time for education, as these are. New theories of learning, of human growth, of the importance of the early childhood years added ferment to education; new forces in scholarship, the turmoil following the First World War, the Depression, the pessimism and the utopian idealism of those years inspired new thinking about the aims and methods of education. In the course of a few years a group of colleges experimenting with new ways of education was created — Meiklejohn's Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin, Reed College, the redesigned Swarthmore, Antioch, Bennington, Sarah Lawrence — and for all their youth and their limited size, these colleges have been a force in American education. Numbers do not give the measure of their influence. Differing in many ways, they were all innovative and independent, and each had a strong character and life-style.

They came into existence when there were strong voices of dissent against custom, in and out of the universities. They undertook to discover ways of making education relevant to the lives of their students. They sought ways of teaching that would make their students transcend routine learning. They sought new subject matter in the effort to unite the study of literature, history, philosophy, science, and the arts to the questions, anxieties, and hopes of students in a crucial period of their lives. They rejected as the function of the liberal arts college the careful preservation of an academic culture created at an earlier time for a smaller and more homogeneous population for which ivy walls and the ivory tower had become the symbols.

Their two important missions were to understand more about growth and learning in the late adolescent years and to discover how to make classical learning relevant to inquiring students in a period of history full of possibilities and hazards. Some were more concerned with the first of these issues

— Sarah Lawrence College, for instance — and some with the second — the Experimental College and Reed College. They gave the liberal arts colleges new purpose — even when, as in the case of Meiklejohn's Experimental College, the life-span was short. That college was abolished after only five years, but its importance lasted far beyond its life, and the fortieth reunion brought together able men from all over the country to a ceremony quite different from most reunion ceremonies. We have new purposes now, and we need the imagination and the commitment that created those colleges to make education relevant to the students of this time.

The new experimental colleges reached from coast to coast, but the heart of traditional liberal education in small colleges was from the beginning in the North and East — New England, Pennsylvania, New York — with some distinguished examples elsewhere. Even a generation ago, for an Easterner to go to the Midwest to college was to leave the most civilized part of the world too far behind. But in these years there is a growing vitality in small colleges from Wisconsin to Tennessee as well as a freedom from tradition that may allow them to take a front place in redesigning education and educational institutions in the coming years.

They are using imagination in discovering ways of keeping the advantages of smallness and in dealing with its liabilities. For instance, they carry on their individual programs but unite formally or informally in regional associations for special purposes they cannot serve alone. One group carries out a common program for foreign study, for which students are prepared in the individual colleges and by some common activities. Another group comes together to develop ideas for the teaching of science in ways that are especially suited to small institutions.

A group of colleges committed to educational experiment and innovation combine to exchange ideas about their own future and the future of undergraduate education, to undertake educational research and curriculum planning, and to make joint plans for educational innovation.

All around the country, in the past ten years, good private colleges have made efforts, sometimes very elaborate efforts, to seek out and admit Negro students. More recently special programs have been instituted to supplement the inadequate education many of these students have had in poor elementary and secondary schools. Such efforts have been variously successful, but however effective they have been, or can be, they will not be adequate for the future. A much greater effort must be made to find ways of designing education after high school for students severely handicapped by inferior early education.

Some students will take their chances in the public universities, even with earlier schooling that cripples their efforts in college from the start. The best of the small colleges that have been educating Negro students will integrate white students, and if adequately supported, such colleges should be able to give the attention large institutions may not to the special academic problems of these students. Obviously, improving the education of the most deprived people, white or Negro, must start in the earliest years, but every year more of them arrive at college age with severely inadequate elementary and secondary education, and we have to consider how they shall be educated in the colleges we have or can devise. We are at the very beginning of the effort, which public and private funds will have to support, to provide for the improvement of these institutions, whether by making available funds to pay better teachers, introducing new programs, encouraging collaboration between stronger and weaker institutions, or by other means. Imaginative educational experiment is essential in this area, and good small colleges should be encouraged to make such experiments.

The cluster colleges now being planned and built in California and elsewhere, creating small colleges where otherwise mammoth institutions would grow, give a new design to liberal arts colleges and extend their range. This design, of which the Claremont Colleges are a long-established model, may become one of our most important devices for preserving the values of the small college. Unlike the associations of colleges, these are built close together, so that they can use the most expensive facilities jointly and thus escape the limitations of inadequate libraries or laboratories.

What are the educational values that are likely to be lost if the liberal arts colleges disappear, and what can they add to education when the demands for educating large numbers are so great?

Education as the process of inquiry and discovery by the students, as well as the acquisition of knowledge, has been the great contribution of the best of the small colleges. The exchange between teachers and students and among students — the discovery of possibilities for knowledge, for thought, for action that comes in the process of exchange — promotes learning in a dimension different from the education that comes when the student is a receiver only. The chance to discover the important questions, to discuss ideas, to explore humanistic studies, not as academic subjects but as ways of being, serves students' search for a value system as well as for knowledge. It is such experience of learning that motivates students and engages them in the process.

With the college years, students enter a new and highly self-conscious period of adolescent life. They

look much more consciously than they ever have before for connections between what they learn and what they are and want to become — and this is equally true of the angry and articulately rebellious ones and of the silent and apparently responsive ones. It is their final chance, in their formal education, to define who they are, to discover the difference between inward and imposed motivation for study. Relations they can establish with teachers and with each other encourage such engagement, and these relations are impossible for most students in big institutions. In only two or three years their rebellion against “anonymity” has become a cliché. It is an old experience, but it has become intense and vocal, and we have all discovered that we cannot ignore it. Education will serve the life purposes of this generation of students better if we can find ways of increasing the chance for direct association between teachers and students and among students in their studies. The small colleges and the new versions of the small colleges we can create should help serve these purposes.

THE most urgent problems that undergraduate higher education has to deal with in our time are these: In the face of the tremendous growth of knowledge, how do we decide what should be taught and how to teach it? In the face of the tremendous variety of students, how do we design education that is appropriate for them? In the face of the tremendous turmoil in the world immediately around us, in this country and in the rest of the world, how do we relate the education of students in college to what they are confronted with in the world outside? And how do we cope with the sense of dislocation we find all about us in students who are more aware than some of us who educate them of the magnitude of these problems, which are their problems as well as ours?

We have to seek answers to these questions in all the ways we can. Small colleges alone will obviously not find the answers. But neither will we find them by adding more and more students to lecture halls and by building higher and higher dormitories to house more and more people.

The large institutions will find better ways than they have yet to improve the communication of knowledge by means of the great technological inventions, and that knowledge will be best communicated which is most congenial to such methods. But there is much that is crucial in the developing education of students that will not be discovered in such lecture halls. The small colleges should serve as models or laboratories in which the impact of education on students can be seen and dealt with directly, and they can provide knowledge

about students and their response to education that should be useful to all institutions.

Small colleges can no longer be justified as mainly conservators of the past, as the last fine stronghold of traditional culture, as private places where young people can be sheltered from the world. This will not serve students; the extent of the problems of educating them does not justify these as the principal purposes of colleges.

The sense of dislocation that students experience and that has made front-page news has sources deeper than education alone can reach, but education obviously cannot ignore it. The violent evidence of students' dissatisfaction with their lives and their education, for all its extravagances, is most important because it throws a harsh and high light on conditions that exist even when they do not erupt in violence.

There are some basic dissatisfactions with life as it has been organized in undergraduate institutions large and small that we have to deal with, not piecemeal and as outbursts require, but by discovering what procedures we have always depended on are no longer useful, as they once were.

ONE aspect of the traditional design of undergraduate life that no longer serves students is its enclosed and protecting function. Mobility, the spectacular rate of change in where people go, how they live, what they see has, I think, abolished forever the image of the college as a private place where for four years attention can be focused on intellectual pursuits, away from the action of the world.

The design of life on college campuses is changing faster than most people imagine, and the change will continue. We are at the dying end of dormitory life as we have known it. The passionate attention given to parietal rules and demands for changes in rules obscures the fact that whether students have to sign in at eleven at night or at two in the morning or whether men and women students can visit in each other's dormitory rooms is not the issue. These are only symptoms of the issues. Students in all except the most provincial colleges are rejecting a life that is enclosed — in terms of what they study, how they live, how they function in the institution — and we discover to our dismay that the pattern of life that has so long been appropriate for the years between seventeen and twenty-one in an educational institution no longer suits.

That it will change, is changing, is obvious. There are two possibilities for change. One is to say that the institution has no responsibility for the style of life of its students, that they may live as they please and make such arrangements as they

can. This is what happens in many of the great public universities. Students who wish to do so may live in dormitories under dormitory rules made by the administration, and the others may live as they please. We can, in this way, let the life-style of small residence colleges erode and change by accident and circumstance, but it is in such colleges that we should be able to discover whether it is possible to create change, not by accident but by design.

The questions about how young people should live and be educated — young people who neither have the responsibilities to their original families that exist when they live at home nor have taken on responsibilities to families of their own — were settled once, when residence colleges were created. They have to be settled again, and it is important for education, for the lives of students at a particularly vulnerable time, and for the understanding that adults need to have of the young people they educate that the college not abdicate the question of how they are to live — that is, in what kind of community, if any, and by what values, and with what relation between their daily life and activities and their learning. The disruption of conventional dormitory life is as yet greater in the big universities than in the residence colleges, for many reasons, principally that the colleges *can* exercise greater control. But the causes of erosion, the dissatisfactions that make students seek to change regulations and seek more freedom to choose where and how they should live — it is in the smaller colleges that these can be seen and discussed with students and serious thought given to what should take the place of what we now have.

The restlessness with dormitory life, which is most obvious on the campuses with the most inquiring students, is part of a larger questioning about undergraduate education as we have known it. It is part of a rejection of the magic of the four-year span of undergraduate education. It took us a long time to get over the idea that students dropped out of college because they could not, or would not, manage academic work, a long time to discover that dropouts were often able students who resisted the uninterrupted span of four years after the uninterrupted span of twelve years in elementary and high school. It was in some of the best institutions with the ablest students that administrators began to recognize the importance for the life of some students of interrupting the four consecutive college years. We are taking a more reasonable view of a leave of absence for students and looking less on such interruptions as signs of failure either on the student's part or the institution's. But merely countenancing it may not be the best solution for a student's education. It is possible that we need to think of ways in which the time out of college can,

for some students, be important as part of their education as well as part of their personal growth. The public universities permit students to come and go freely enough. It is in the small colleges, where teachers know students and can follow the process of their education, the quality of their experience, and their growth as individuals, that we should be able to discover ways of making both study in the institution and experience outside it contribute to a student's education. The educational design of some colleges already provides for such activity for all students. Antioch is the best known, but students in other places should be able individually to spend time at work outside the college — in a laboratory or agency, on a government project, at an archaeological digging, in another school, or in industry — as part of their academic studies, whether or not this is part of the institutional design.

In the time to come, as we confront more fully the need to discover how to educate this larger and more heterogeneous population of students in a revolutionary world, the small colleges should be at the forefront of educational innovation. Their manageable size, their very freedom from the necessity to work with students in thousands, should encourage them to consider how to redesign programs of study to meet the needs of students and of a changing society. It is in such institutions that new ways of organizing a curriculum can most easily be found, and such efforts on a small scale might even provide experience and ideas useful to large institutions.

WE KNOW that most of the students in this country will be educated in massive institutions by methods that will reach large numbers of students at a time. Small colleges and the examples they are able to provide can be a force in decentralizing large institutions, and I suggest that their greatest new importance in our time will be to accomplish this. We have the chance, if we will take it, of creating a new design for education that will make the fullest use of the new technological devices that enable us to teach large numbers of students at once and perhaps better than they would be taught in conventional ways, that will preserve the irreplaceable qualities in teaching and learning that come from an interchange between a teacher and a student, and that will give opportunity and occasion to work in imaginative ways on educational problems that have been created by today's necessities.

The time is here for a union of great institutions and small colleges, and one of the most encouraging signs in American education today is the start that has been made all around the country to do this. From Florida to Michigan to California, men and



I'll try, but don't expect any miracles.

women dissatisfied with dealing with education by accretion are trying to find ways to decentralize, to create small colleges as satellites to universities in which the values of the small colleges can be extended to more students.

Such satellite colleges should not be merely collections of students and teachers in small groups instead of large ones. Each one should have a character and educational style of its own, as the best of the small traditional colleges and experimental colleges have had. In such colleges as these, every chance should be given for educational experimentation — the kind of effort that cannot be made with large masses of students and that can be made with small groups. Such institutions as these can be bold in the effort to discover how traditional knowledge can be redesigned for its greatest use to students in this time and how teaching methods which have been until now the experience of only the selected students in the more selective private colleges can be extended to others.

While some universities will encourage the establishing of "honors colleges" as satellites to give the most able students individual education and an environment for the exchange of ideas, it is even more important that these satellite colleges edu-

cate ordinary students — students who, by attending them, will have a better chance to develop high motivation for study. Some might be organized to teach students for only two years, sending them then on to the parent university.

Each should have its own faculty, its own living space, and its own study and teaching space. A number of experimental colleges connected with universities have been created in neighboring towns or at a distance from the parent institutions. But it seems to me that there are advantages in establishing satellite colleges close to the campus of the parent university; one might imagine a ring of small colleges around the periphery or on the grounds of the university. The satellite can then use the expensive facilities of the university.

There should be a faculty for such a college that is identified with that college. The professor should not teach in it as part of his regular program in the university but teach there full time, even though for only a limited number of years. It might be an asset to teaching for a faculty member to stay for several years in the satellite college and then return to the university.

Such small colleges could safely have a limited curriculum — fewer courses, fewer subjects to study at once, more depth and commitment to what one does study. Students should have free access to certain courses in the parent institution — lecture courses that supplement their studies in their own college. For this part of their education the size of a lecture class, the impersonality of the situation, would be no drawback, and perhaps an advantage. If there is a series or cluster of such small colleges on a university campus, it will often be appropriate to have free interchange of students among them. Each one might have its strongest emphasis in a single area of knowledge and develop special competence in its students in that field — the arts, behavioristic studies, literature and writing, science.

It is often said that in these days small colleges cannot provide adequate programs in science. It might be interesting for such a small college to discover what kind of study of science is indeed important to its students and appropriate in such a setting. The developing knowledge and the increasing importance in our society of environmental biology, for instance, might encourage the creation of a curriculum emphasizing such studies that would involve not only biology and chemistry but appropriate courses in sociology, psychology, and planning.

This is a branch of science with immediate and wide humanistic significance. Our civilization will be as immensely affected by problems of air and water pollution, population control, disease prevention as by the scientific problems that need

nuclear reactors and atom smashers for their study. Such a college would seek to attract students interested in these studies.

SATELLITE colleges should experiment with new populations as well as with new curriculums and new ways of study. Some should encourage the admission of students from poor homes and poor schools who especially need tutorial and small-discussion teaching to develop the abilities that their previous education has not developed.

The small college of the future cannot afford to be the special privilege of the especially privileged. We have for a hundred years neglected the education of the Negro population of this country, and we have ample evidence that we can neglect it no longer. We have tried to assimilate such young people and other poor and badly taught students into our schools and colleges, giving them such casual help as we could and letting them drop. A major responsibility of education in the coming generation will be to take their needs into serious consideration and bring to their education all the knowledge and skill we have developed in educating the most privileged of our children.

I have spoken of the fact that in this generation the residence college is no longer a private place and that the dormitory life of a generation ago will not do. This raises the question of what kind of life is desirable for young people in their undergraduate years. A satellite college could try to invent an appropriate community life, and it would be wise to have the students who will live in it participate in the invention. And perhaps this satellite, or perhaps another, could create a curriculum that has as a major part of its design a combination of on-campus and off-campus studies — an in-and-out college that would discover for students, and let them discover for themselves, modes of activity off campus that would be given form by their studies on campus. Such activities could range from research in laboratories or research institutes to teaching or other work with the volunteer service organizations which enlist students or in political offices. Such jobs might be related to studies before they go or after they return.

A college in such a setting that seriously turned its attention to the education of women might teach us a great deal we need to know. I suggest that we have never paid much attention to the education of women in this country, although we have talked a great deal about it. The women's colleges, in general, have modeled themselves on the men's colleges, and this made very good sense at a time when it seemed necessary to demonstrate that

women are as able intellectually as men and can take the same education as men. But it took relatively little time to demonstrate that the women's colleges were also important for the encouragement they gave to women (for whom there were no other educational opportunities) to seek intellectual, social, and political independence, and in those days they performed a mighty function and educated an impressive group of women. In our time it may be important to recognize that differences between men and women, whether of nature or nurture, may be such that the education of able women should in some respects be different from the education of men precisely because they are women and not men. The events of women's lives in timing, pace, and rhythm are very different from those of men's lives. The line of education for men from the beginning to the time they enter business or a profession is relatively straight unless interrupted by war, economic depression, or some other social dislocation. The line of education for women is quite different, and we will educate them differently, certainly for the professions, when we cease to think of marriage and the bearing and rearing of children as an interruption to a normal life design and begin to recognize them as part of the mainstream to which education is also central. So a satellite college could experiment, as we have done in only very small ways, so far, with the education of women.

It seems to me that the largest problem — and the greatest doubt in even the partial decentralization of large institutions — is the problem of faculty. But this seems to me not an argument against the establishing of small colleges as adjuncts to large institutions. It seems rather a challenge to seek to discover, and when discovered properly reward, teachers and administrators for whom this kind of experimentation would be an enlargement of their lives.

Designing, teaching in, and administering such an experimental college are enormously time-consuming and energy-demanding. We know that creative institutions are designed and brought into existence by individuals committed to the purposes for which the institution is created. These satellite colleges will no more be created by the order of a university administrator than were the experimental colleges of the 1930s. Alexander Meiklejohn was not to be restrained, nor was Frank Aydelotte when he was ready to bring to life his vision of what Swarthmore should be.

Any educational enterprise that requires imagination and courage can fail at the beginning if we do not have the human resources to create it. We need not only faith that they exist but support to find them out.

THE SURPRISE

An Atlantic "First" by Jack Canson

THE university was a nice place to be in summertime then, a nice warm place that a lot of people might have thought was hot, but what to me was a good clean healthy feeling you could feel clear through your body when you walked across the street, or anywhere in the sun. The campus was where you could feel it best, where the sun seemed to fall with just the right amount of heat, just the right intensity. I always saw a lot of people in a strain walking from one building to another, but I knew what was wrong with them, you could see it on their faces. They were resisting the heat, that was it. Not me. I never was stupid. I knew about things like heat and resistance and friction. Friction was what you had to avoid, you see, because friction creates an unpleasant heat, the kind of heat you see people making ugly faces over. I never allowed my system to resist sunlight and heat that way because I knew it had nothing to do with temperature. My clothes were always loose anyway, and I welcomed the heat — the kind of heat that was good and healthy, the kind of heat you move around in. A man without funds likes hot summer days. It's winter that's hard.

The campus was the best place for a walk all right, because of the number of well-watered oak trees everywhere you looked. They were large enough to have stretched away from the ground, but they were not so large as to be magnificent. Magnificent trees are all right, but a man without funds can't muster up a very close feeling for them. It's the same way with friends. Magnificent people don't make the best friends for a poor man for the same reason. I had a girlfriend named Ginny then, who was sometimes magnificent.

I think those oak trees on the university campus looked a lot like what olive trees would look like if olive trees grew larger than they really do. Yes, if you were drawing an olive tree and had a tendency to draw it lovelier than it actually was, and larger, you'd be drawing a picture of those oak trees on campus. They weren't too shady, and underneath them the grass and the sidewalks were always dappled in spots where the sun broke through the shade in the daytime.

I lived only a block from the campus then, in a one-room garage apartment that had no garage underneath it, only four wooden stilts for support.

I suppose you could have parked a car underneath it, if you could have driven through the yard to the side of the boardinghouse. Maybe it actually had been a garage apartment at one time, but what it was when I lived there was a single room tacked to the second story of a thirty-room boardinghouse, and it was called a garage apartment because the only way to get in it was up an old wooden set of stairs that swayed like they were held together by rope.

There were two windows in the room, and through the front one was an uninterrupted view of the university tower. I didn't have a shade on the top half of that window, and I could look out it anytime and see the big round clockfaces on top of the tower. The window pulled down from the top, and I left it open for a breeze and used it day and night anytime I wanted to tell time. From where I lived, the tower wasn't very far away, but because of the way the old house was situated I was at catercorners to it, and in order to tell the time sometimes, I had to read one hand off the part of the clockface I could see on the left and the other hand off the clockface I could see to the right. I had developed this ability to tell catercornered time over a period of several months, and I never knew anyone else who did it as a regular habit. A man without funds makes his way the best he can.

That tower was something to look at, even then. It was like looking up at a huge ugly bird staring down at you with two big bulging eyes that glowed in the dark. It was like an owl whose head and neck someone took and stretched until the eyes nearly popped out, and the way the corner of the observation deck jutted out, it made you think of a beak. You could tell time in that bird's eyes, I used to think, and then I would have confusing dreams of an owl perched on top of every building in town, going *whooo* every hour on the hour.

Ginny didn't like it in my apartment at night because I wouldn't cover the window. She had never noticed it before, but after I told her the tower looked like a bird, she couldn't look at it from any angle without getting a chill. It frightened her, she said, and indeed she did look frightened the times I noticed her lying in the dark staring at the tower through the window. But I couldn't help it. It was nice to have the time out your window when-

ever you needed it. It was also necessary to have the top half of the window open in order for my cooling system to be effective. Because the kind of heat I could never stand is the static heat of night, the heat of dead burned-out air. It's the kind of heat you would have in your throat if someone were strangling you. I never could blame the average man for working for a living and owning things like TV's and air conditioners. I had a fan myself.

The circulation of air in my room was carefully arranged. My fan was stuck in the window behind the bed, in the lower half, and it blew across the bed and the room and rebounded upward on the opposite wall, sucking in as it did fresh air from the upper half of the window facing the clock. If the lower half were open, it would merely blow my fresh air out the window, but Ginny could never understand this. She only thought in single layers.

I tried to stay on top of things all that time, a man without funds has to. In the heat of July my cooling system was doing the best it could, but it still needed elaboration, so I perfected a second step to my established procedure. It was a combination of the physical and the mental, this step was, and I was very proud of my ability to master it. Every night I soaked a towel and stretched out naked on the bed with the wet towel on top of me and the fan blowing across my body. The trick was in the timing. After a few minutes I would become chilled, and as soon as all the symptoms had appeared, I took off the towel and pulled a blanket over me, having created the illusion of being cold. I was quite proud of being able to fool myself consciously, but Ginny never understood the complexity of it.

But matters are never settled, are they? Nothing seems permanent anymore. Ginny claimed it made the bed wet. Since she refused to participate in the wet towel, the blanket was naturally too warm for her. Ginny didn't mean to be a handicap to me; in fact, she actually wasn't since I thrive under the threat of such minor challenges. So in an effort to be cooperative I put myself in a frame of mind to seek new and even more refined means of maintaining a satisfactorily cooled lodging.

That was how I met Pie then — because of

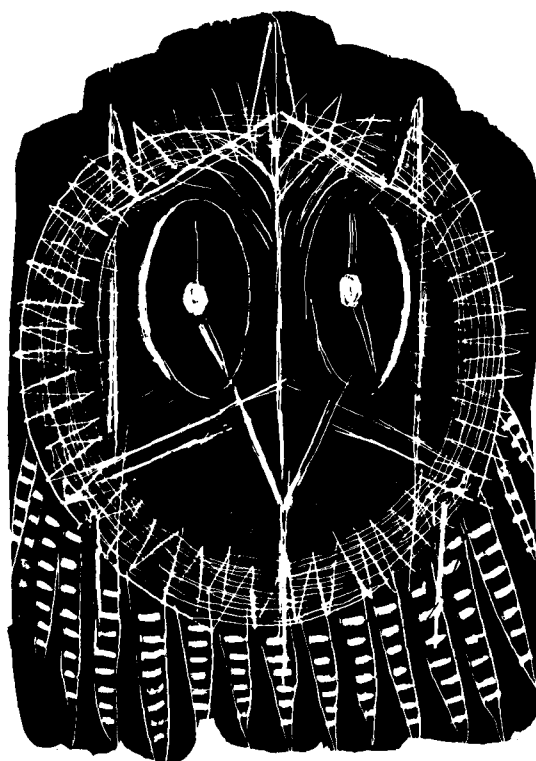
Ginny. Otherwise I would have been happy with the way things were, and the ice might never have caught my attention.

He looked like a Mexican boy about fourteen years old, but the man who ran the place told me one afternoon he was past his thirtieth birthday. I knew right away he hadn't much mind. Except for a rather limited power of speech and a strangely phenomenal memory which was intertwined with a conception of time, his skull might just as well have been stuffed with cheese. I'd never heard of anything like the way he responded to time, though. He couldn't have looked at a watch or a clockface and told you what the hour was, but he had a built-in system for doing the same things every day at

exactly the same time. Fred, the man he worked for, told me, "That's why they let him out of the school. Nothing can happen to a guy like that. He wouldn't hurt nothing, and you know damned well just what he's going to be doing at any second. You can set your watch by knowing when he goes to take a crap every day, I swear."

Ginny was rehearsing a play or something the night I saw him first. I don't really know what she was doing, but she was always around the Little Theater memorizing things to say to me when she saw me next. I was walking up and down the streets and on the campus. That was all I ever did then, walk, absorbing or casting away all the idiocy it had been

my privilege to witness during the day. There was a beer joint down the street from where I lived, a small squat building that looked like an exaggerated sand house made by children with a bucket at the beach. I must have walked down the alley behind it a hundred times, but that night I was passing just after closing, and inside the kitchen they were cleaning up and getting ready to go home. I heard the sound of the ice slushing out onto the pavement, and about six hundred things happened inside my head. I was like that then, sort of like a flesh-and-blood computer. Everything around me fed into my system and was instantaneously rejected, held for later consideration, or penetrated my consciousness for immediate action. Without funds, you have to be this way.



That ice meant a lot to me, quite a lot, and I realized instantly how important it was. I didn't think in terms of comfort or in terms of pleasing Ginny. What was important was that I was refining my system even more, I was carrying on my twenty-four-hour-a-day project of getting by. That was all there was to it. It was as simple as that — staying alive.

I was picking up the largest chunks and dropping them into a pasteboard beer carton when he came back out with another bucketful. He saw me just as he was dumping it and almost froze in the half-bent position he was in. I didn't say a word, and after a minute or so he turned around and went back inside. I could see one of the clockfaces on the tower from where I was, and I was very careful to mark the time. It would be necessary to be early. The ice wouldn't last long on the hot pavement.

Ginny didn't come that night, and it almost made me angry. I was anxious to show her my cool air. She'd have a look of admiration on her face all right when she saw it. I hoped that wherever she was she was hot and sweating and wondering about me, thinking how nice and cool it would be under a wet towel. She'd never believe about the ice. It was something she'd have to see and feel. I stayed awake until after the ice melted and turned into warm water, calculating the length of time it took a panful of ice to melt under a fan.

THE next day I caught myself wondering whether or not Ginny would come around again, and I realized what the ice was doing to me. I caught myself in time, all right. It was one thing to worry about Ginny while the fan was blowing over chunks of ice, but it was another thing the next morning when all that was left in the pan was stale water. It was essential that I watch myself from now on, I decided. This was just the sort of frame of mind Ginny was waiting to pounce on. She was looking for something she could help me with. I spent the day walking in the sun and picking up soft-drink empties until I had sixty-six cents' worth, which I used to buy ground meat and beans with. I already had a big sack of rice.

Ginny came up the stairs before I was finished eating. It was like I could feel the weight of her pulling the little room forward against the supports. Sometimes she knocked on the door, and sometimes she didn't. I was sitting in the dark, eating, and I could see her standing against the black dots the screen made against the streetlights behind her. I put my bowl down and opened the screen for her and turned on the lamp.

"Why do you sit in the dark?" she asked.

"It got dark while I was sitting here," I told her.

She poked at my dish. "Did you have anything to eat?" she asked. "Anything decent?"

I didn't want to talk about food. I wanted to hurry the time and get the ice under that fan.

"We had a meeting at the Little Theater last night," she said. "Dr. Grimes from the university was there."

"Good," I said. "It was nice and cool here last night."

"You don't know who Dr. Grimes is, do you?"

"Who?"

"Dr. Grimes, from the university."

"Who's he?" I said.

"He's a psychiatrist. He's interested in people," she told me. "He's a wonderful person, and he's interested in Little Theater because he thinks it helps us understand and help each other."

"Good," I said, but I wondered, how smart is he? That was the sort of thing I had been wondering about people lately. How smart are they?

"Will you stay with me tonight?" I asked. "I have a surprise for you."

"I have to go to a party," she said. "Will you go with me? I want you to meet Dr. Grimes sometime."

"Sure," I said. "If we can go late and leave early."

Perhaps I shouldn't have said that because I knew it would make her mad. She knew why I liked to go late. People got drunk or high, and I liked to take food outside and hide it. I liked to take an empty bottle with me and fill it up with their wine, too. But I wanted to leave early so I could get the ice and surprise her.

"You're like a vulture," she snapped. "My friends know that's the only reason you come," she said. "If you'd only talk to people and try to understand them, you'd be better off."

She was in a destructive mood, typical of civilization. All I wanted was to get the ice and put it in the pan and let the fan blow on it. That was all.

"I better not go then," I said.

"All right, damn you," she said.

She got up, and I followed her down the stairs and out to the sidewalk before she stopped and looked at me. I could see the reflection of the streetlights blurred in her eyes. She turned her head and some of her hair slipped down into her face, and she brushed it back with a snap of her hand. She was walking again, and I was almost beside her.

"What do you want?" she said after a while.

"Nothing," I told her.

Mr. Canson is a native of east Texas, who did some course work at the University of Texas before moving to Mississippi, the land of his hero, William Faulkner.

"Then what are you doing?"

"Now, you mean?"

"Yes, what are you doing now?" She was walking fast, not looking at me, not looking at anything.

"Walking with you," I said. "I don't even know where you live, you know. I thought I'd walk with you a way."

"I'm not sorry about anything," she said.

I didn't understand her at all. After a while she turned up a walk into a boardinghouse that looked like all the other old houses students live in near the campus, and when I stopped, she looked over her shoulder and said, "Bye." I crossed the street and went onto the campus, looking up at the tower and marking the time. From where Ginny lived, the tower was catercornered too — a big, ugly bird with clock hands in his eyes. I didn't feel anything particular except that I was doing something Ginny didn't like. But I couldn't worry about that. Wait till she saw that ice.

Later, the Mexican boy had the can full of ice, and I asked him who he was.

"Pie," he said, but I didn't understand what he meant. I'm that way too, just like all the people in the world. I don't hear what I don't expect sometimes. "Pie," he said, "Pie, Pie, Pie." He made a circular motion with his hands and scooped an imaginary slice out of it, and I knew what he meant.

"Pie," I said.

"Pie, Pie, Pie."

I tried to explain to him about the ice. There was still August and September to go through, and I thought we might as well come to a quick friendship if I was going to depend upon him for cool nights. All the while I talked he stood in front of me with a stupid grin. Some sort of a little fire seemed to burn behind his eyes. I didn't know then about his being a human clock, but I did know right off he wasn't quite ordinary. He looked too happy to be what he obviously was, a dishwasher and general kitchen swamper. He stood there grinning stupidly with his hands hanging down, the way an animal used to climbing would. His teeth were bucked, protruding the way comics who are trying to caricature Orientals make theirs stick out.

"Pie," he said, and took my hand wolfishly in both of his, shaking it with a great deal of excitement.

"You my friend," he stuttered.

I realized he hadn't heard a word I said about the ice. Ginny would probably not be there anyway, I thought, but it didn't matter so much about her. When you've refined life to a higher than ordinary plane, it has to function that way irrelevant to personalities. I wanted that ice in the pan every night, so I told him I would be his friend and visit him each night if he would save the ice for me. He understood that at once.

Ginny stayed away from me for another week, but I had my panful of ice and got to know Pie better. He told me the ice came from the big cooler they kept the beer in and that every night it was his job to drain the cooler. He was the dishwasher in the joint, all right. He asked me to bring him a chocolate pie sometime, and I said I would. You'd be surprised how cool and relaxing it can be on a hot night lying in bed with your fan blowing across a panful of ice water.

Then suddenly one evening Ginny came back. I knew it was her coming up the stairs, and I wanted the time to disappear. I couldn't tell her about the ice, she had to see it and feel it.

She looked in through the wire and spoke from outside. "I had to see if you were still alive," she said. "I had to make sure you hadn't starved or that this place hadn't fallen to pieces."

I opened the door for her, and she stood outside and waited for me to say something before she came in.

"Come in," I said.

"When have you eaten last?" she said.

People like Ginny can't understand. I manage to eat. I pay twenty dollars' rent a month. It's nothing for a man without funds to get by if he's alert. I asked her to sit down. It would be a while before I could get the ice, and I had to keep her there.

"How have you been?" she said, without sitting down.

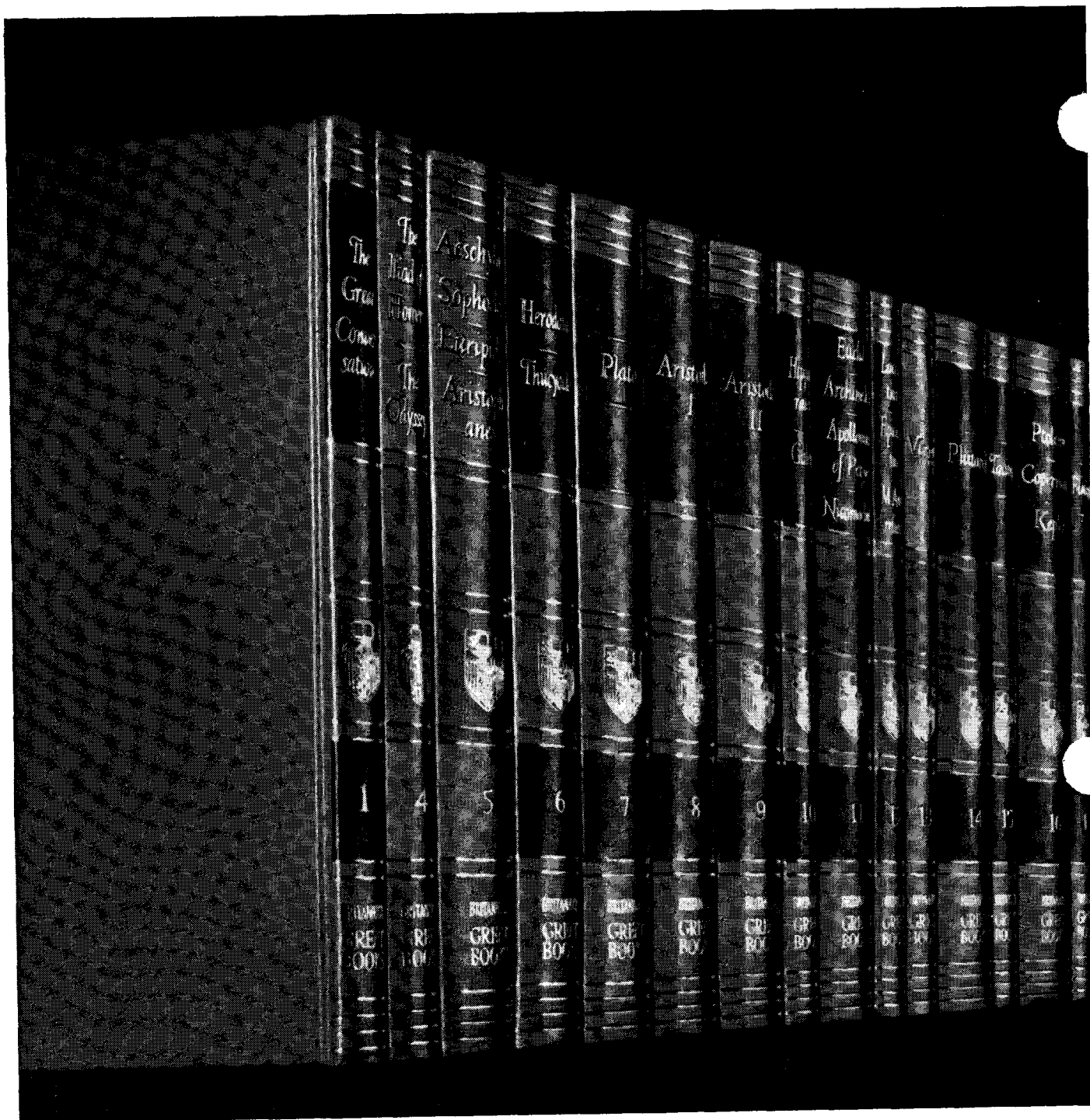
I told her I was fine.

"I can't stay long," she said. "There's a party at my house. Some very nice people are there. I came to get you."

"Will you come back with me?" I said.

"There's a lot to eat and drink," she told me. "You can have all you want."

I WENT to the party with her. It was at the same place I had walked with her to the other night. Inside was nice and pleasant, and there was an air conditioner in one of the windows. I didn't eat very much, and I only took what wine I was drinking, which is never very much. Ginny sat me down in a chair and brought a dark-looking man who was almost middle-aged and sat him down next to me. She introduced him as Dr. Grimes, and we got into a talk. He was very interested in how a man without funds makes it, but after a while he began to look bored. But I knew Ginny wanted me to talk to him, so I did. A few sacrifices befit a man on occasion. I wanted to see the look on her face when I unloaded the ice in the pan. That was all I thought about the whole time I talked and that was what I was thinking when I remembered I couldn't be late or the ice would all be melted. I found



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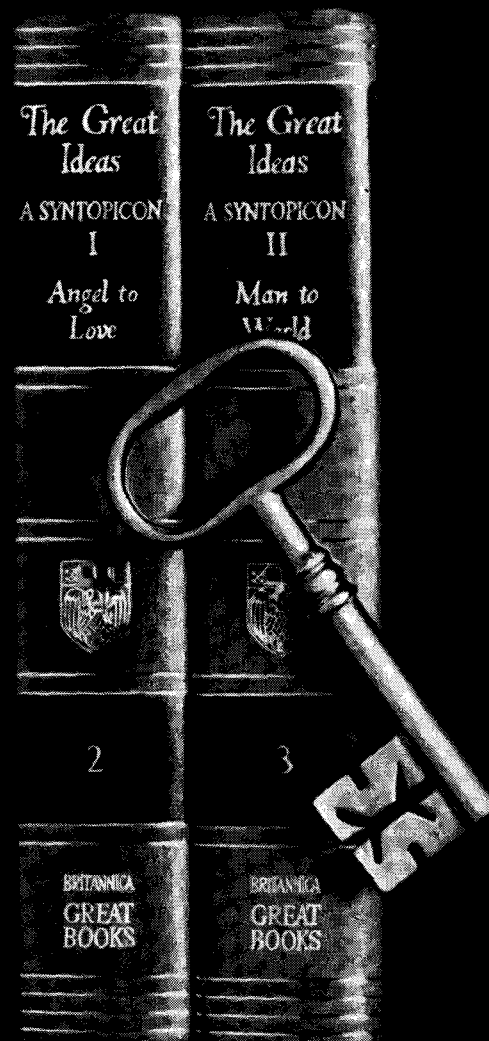
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Ginny, and she told me what time it was, and my stomach doubled up inside. Without giving the secret away, I tried to explain that I had to leave. I couldn't tell her why, it would spoil the surprise. It was something she would have to see and feel.

"I can't leave now," she said.

"I have to go now," I told her. "It's something special I have for you. But I have to go now, or it won't be there."

There was a moment of hope on her face, like she had all of a sudden decided that I knew what I was doing and could help her if she'd let me. Then the dull look came back. "What is it?" she asked.

"I can't tell you."

She pushed me to the door and followed me outside. She looked nice and not too much like an advertisement standing under the porch light with a wineglass in her hand and the noises of the party behind her. I get sights and sounds mixed up sometimes. The porch light gave her hair a halo.

"You phony," she said. "You've got nothing to say, nothing to do. I thought you needed help, but nothing would help you. You're not an intellectual or anything, you're just a bum. A goddamned bum."

I looked over the rooftop and caught a look at the tower clock. I'd have to run to make it. "Please come over when you're finished here," I said. "I have a surprise for you, but I have to hurry."

She slammed the door, just like that.

I got there just in time. Pie was standing around as if he didn't know what to do with the bucket of ice without me there to pick it up.

"My friend," he said, taking my hand. Then I talked to him as we picked out the biggest pieces. It was the same stuff he always talked about. He was full of talk about his father, who he said was a policeman in San Antonio. He always talked about the bus his father put him on, the bus that brought him to the state hospital. That was where Pie lived. The man that owned the beer joint Pie washed dishes in told me Pie was the same thing as a trusty at a jail. He had a work pass.

"When I think about him," Pie said, "it makes me hurt somewhere." He put wet hands against the front of his shirt. "He don't care nothing about me," he said. "He don't care nothing."

The man told me they called him Pie because he had a passion for it, a sort of erotic attraction to anything sweet and covered with meringue. The guy he worked for liked to talk about him. "He's like a damned clock," he told me. "Craps, does everything, at the exact same time every day. Takes him the same amount of time to do it too. The little bastard can't even tell time, either, that's the hell of it. I pointed up to the tower clock one day and said, 'Pie — what's that?' Know what he said? A bird. Get that would you, a bird!"

"I still see his face and hurt," Pie said. "He didn't look like nothing when he put me on the bus. He looked like the man who brings the beer in the boxes. He didn't look like nothing."

"How long ago was that?" I asked him.

"He don't care nothing about me," he said.

Ginny didn't come. She would never come, I decided, thinking that there was something peculiar about how I couldn't get her to see that ice after it was because of her I got it in the first place. I sat in bed awake knowing she wasn't going to come, feeling the air from the fan growing less and less cool as the ice melted. It was because of her I met Pie. In the dark he looked like a kid fourteen or so, but the man he worked for told me he was over thirty. I thought about his wet hands against the front of his shirt. Everyone knows the heart is only a pump, though. The tower looked like a bird to him too. That was a surprise.

I WAS a block away from the campus the next afternoon when I first heard the shots and the sirens. It scarcely penetrated my consciousness. Shots and sirens were nothing to be curious about around a university campus — I expected they had something to do with football. Then people began running up and down the streets around me. The sirens got louder, and there were more of them, and when I got to the shops across the street from the campus I realized everyone was hiding behind buildings in groups.

"They're mad," someone said, "Jesus Christ, someone's gone mad."

I watched and listened and found out the shots were coming from the tower. From where I was I saw a woman struck down and a window behind her busted. Police and ambulances were running everywhere.

"Jesus Christ!" someone said. "What in God's name is happening!"

I saw the woman being dragged into the store where the window was busted. Three shots splattered concrete where the woman had lain just as her feet disappeared inside.

"God, someone do something!" someone said.

You could see the puff of smoke first every time a shot barked from the tower. And then you could see little wisps of dust against the tower when the police returned the fire. I'd never seen anything like it. Someone had gone to the top of the tower and was firing in all directions. I'd never seen anything like it. I could have been lying in bed and watching the whole thing through my window.

It seemed to go on for hours, but I saw the huge ugly clock eyes above the observation deck where the shots were coming from and realized it couldn't

have been over half an hour since I heard the first shot. I didn't know what to do — it was more than I could think over. I was walking, and I heard someone shouting how many people were already dead. The shots and sirens were all around me, but what was that to a man on the way back to his room. There was already more to think about than I could handle, and it wouldn't do me any good to stand and look. The police would finally kill whoever was up there, I knew that. Or he'd jump off, and I didn't want to see it. I was walking back to my room. The surprise was over, there was only a little shock. It didn't surprise me at all that some poor bastard was on top of the tower shooting people.

I heard the sirens and the guns but didn't pay any attention and kept walking until I passed the beer joint where Pie worked. People were shouting at me. I heard their shouts but didn't understand what they were saying. It was like a lot of people moaning. Then I saw them. They were huddled behind some parked cars, waving their arms wildly at me. There was an ambulance there.

"Get out of the street, you crazy bastard!" a man yelled at me.

I turned and saw the tower over my head, realizing they were afraid I'd be shot. Suddenly, I was too. It would be hell, I thought, pure hell. I ducked behind the ambulance, but no one shot at me. There was a blood-soaked sheet covering a man on a stretcher behind the ambulance. The attendants were both covered with blood and looked as if they were suffering from heat stroke. I helped them lift the stretcher and the sheet got caught under one of their feet and was pulled off. It was Pie lying on the stretcher. His face was unmarked, and the first thing I realized was that I could see the thirty years in his face. His chest was exploded where the bullet struck him. He was as dead as I could ever imagine anyone to be.

"Come on, fellow," the attendant said, shoving the stretcher past me. "We've got a lot of work to do."

They pushed me out of the way and shut the doors and drove off, and then someone pulled me down behind a parked car.

"You'll get it standing in the open like that," he said. "That poor kid was plugged while he was emptying the garbage. I saw it."

Pie was like a human clock. What did a madman on the tower have to do with a bucket of garbage?

I got up and walked down the street and up the stairs to my room. The water from last night's ice was still in the pan. I lay down on the bed and watched the tower, watching the minute hand moving around the clockface while the shooting and the sirens went on. Sometime that afternoon

it all stopped. The shooting must have stopped before the sirens, but I didn't know. It just stopped, and occasionally I would hear someone outside talking or I'd hear somebody's radio, and bits and pieces of what had happened ran across me. I just lay there on the bed, and after a while the sun went away and it was dark. The tower was illuminated now, and I looked out the window at it, knowing it would be a long time before my computerlike mind had organized, filed, and understood its information. I was looking at the tower, but I couldn't tell catercornered time anymore. I just saw a big ugly bird.

I felt the room being tugged a little and saw Ginny against the screen. She called my name, and I answered her before she let herself in. She sat down on the side of the bed and started crying. She was holding onto my hand in the dark.

She just cried for a while, telling me occasionally how worried she had been for me. After a while she sat up straight and talked.

"I'm sorry about last night," she said. "Dr. Grimes told me to be firm with you. This afternoon made me realize how sorry I was I said those things."

She was squeezing my hand hard, and I didn't know what she was talking about.

"Are you all right?" she said suddenly. She reached over and turned the lamp on. The light didn't even hurt my eyes.

"Are you all right?" she said.

I nodded. In the light I could see the panful of water and the still fan. Ginny began squeezing my hand and then fell across the bed on top of me. She was crying again.

"Oh, God," she said, "what is happening to the world?"

"I don't know," I answered her quite honestly.

"He killed fourteen persons, and there are some who aren't expected to live. Just shot everyone he saw."

She cried some more and stayed like that for a while and then began smoothing my hair with her fingers. She stopped to turn out the light.

"I'm sorry about last night," she said. "We can't talk about today. We can't, please."

"OK," I told her.

"Did you really have a surprise for me?" she said after a while.

"Yes," I told her. Maybe she did need to talk about last night, I decided. That was OK with me. I didn't have to talk about anything to understand. Then I remembered the surprise. It didn't exist now. It was nothing but a pan of warm water.

"Tell me about it," she said, almost crying.

"I can't," I said. "I really can't. It was something you'd have to see and feel."

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Arts and Letters

Another Room in Hell

by John Wain

More than a decade after Malcolm Lowry's death, here comes his third (or have I lost count?) posthumous book; fourth, if you count the *Selected Letters* published in 1965. That so much of Lowry's work should appear posthumously is explained by his peculiarly agonizing methods of work: immense projects slowly worked over for years; a haunting sense that everything he wrote was part of one vast opus, the story of his sojourn on earth, and that no one branch of it should logically have precedence over any other, so that he was always skipping backward and forward, adding a panel to this room, a wing to that building, and the total edifice never got any nearer to being finished. Douglas Day, who with Lowry's widow has tackled the appalling editorial difficulties of getting this latest book together, says in his preface that for every published page of Lowry there are probably two hundred unpublished. This, when you come to think of it, is staggering, and also rather depressing. Every writer does a lot of work that doesn't show; every book rests on a foundation of discarded work, and the foundation is often bigger than the building.

But *that* much bigger! A proportion of two hundred to one! Clearly, in Lowry's case, the difficulties of writing presented themselves with unusual obstinacy, on an unusual scale.

This new book, *Dark As the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid*, is rather open in texture compared with most of Lowry's work. It is full of movement; it begins with a long airplane flight and goes on to include several bus journeys through wild Mexican country, alternately uplifting and terrifying, all of which is described

**Dark As the Grave Wherein My
Friend Is Laid**
by Malcolm Lowry
(New American Library, \$5.95)

very well. This constant change of locale is needed to balance the fact that from another point of view it is an entirely stationary book, immovably fixed in one spot: the consciousness of the hero. It is about what happens inside the mind of the principal character; most novels are, but seldom in so wholehearted a way as this.

Briefly, what happens is this:

Sigbjørn Wilderness, an English writer, takes his American wife, Primrose, on a trip from Canada, where they have been living for some years, to Mexico. It is their first holiday together; the Second World War has ended only a few weeks previously and the frontiers are only just reopened, but quite apart from this, their decision to go to Mexico has a special significance. Sigbjørn spent some years there before the war, writing an immense novel in which he believes passionately but which he has not so far managed to get published. In Mexico, dreadful things happened to him: he parted from his first wife, plunged into drink, lost the thread of his life entirely, and finished up being denied admission to the United States because he was considered a person likely to become a charge on the public; he was also in highly unpleasant trouble with the Mexican authorities. All these sufferings are reflected — and, it may be, transcended, distanced, and conquered by art — in the book, which he has slowly written and rewritten in the intervening years. But if the book represents a triumph, that triumph has not yet been acknowledged by

the world, since it has met with nothing but rejections and in fact gets a new and particularly crushing rejection during this very trip.

However, Mexico it is and must be. To Primrose, whose mind works cleanly and constructively if a trifle oversimply, so that at moments she seems like one of those girls in American magazine ads who are sculptured out of pink toothpaste, the trip is a positive moral act, a means of reliving that particular circle of hell and this time coming out of it victoriously; that Sigbjørn, this time armored by *her*, should take himself around the scenes of his disintegration and see that they are not so terrible after all, savoring their beauty while immune to their fatality, seems to her a necessary act of cleansing affirmation. As for Sigbjørn, his motives are more complex. With part of his mind he assents to Primrose's scheme for salvation, since he loves her and feels genuine gratitude for her; with other parts of his mind — but the whole book is about what lurks in other parts of Sigbjørn's mind, and it is too much to be summarized.

The couple duly take themselves to the various towns, the various streets and hotels and rooms and bars, where the scenes described in the unpublished masterpiece were acted out. They meet people who figured in Sigbjørn's life in those days, most of them trivial little characters. But one of them, Fernando, is remembered with admiration and love: an Oaxaquenan, a man of strength and gentleness, no less a drunk than Sigbjørn but transcending his drunkenness, resisting its tragic conclusions and limitations, living a life full of hope and gaiety, working for some cooperative banking organization whose object is to find a little capital for the peasants to improve their land and equipment.

All through the years Sigbjørn has thought sustainingly of Fernando, has written letters to him which have gone unanswered, and now, after a series of defeats which have shaken his confidence and made him feel that it was a fatal mistake to expose himself again to its place and its influences, Sigbjørn and Primrose penetrate to the town where Fernando was last heard of. There they learn that he has been dead for years, but the grief they feel is releasing; Fernando lives, his

personality is still a force in their lives, they feel an impulse to find his grave and say a prayer over it, they do in fact light a big candle for him in a church. These two casual non-religious people experience a definite sense of numinous communion with the dead man that is liberating, since it puts their lives into a larger and more serious dimension; and they take their places in the bus, to begin the first stage of the long journey home, with something green in their hearts, matched by the green outside the windows, the new fertility of land that has been opened up with the aid of Fernando's bank, so that his memorial is a better life for the simple people he loved.

As a basic story, this is a good one: a strong, clear-cut situation giving plenty of scope for development in any way the writer wishes. As it stands, Lowry has got around to developing it only in two ways. One is the evocation of Mexico and the atmosphere of the various journeys; the other is the spiritual barometer of the hero, Sigbjørn. (These two, naturally, are intertwined so that they are almost one.) All the rest is left sketchy. Primrose is not much more than an outline, and the various characters from Sigbjørn's past life are merely roughed in; except, perhaps, for Fernando, who, though he never appears in the book, is brought before us as a palpable presence through the hero's memories of him.

Does this matter? "*Dark as the Grave*," says Mr. Day, "would, in fact, have been given the same treatment as *Under the Volcano* got: Lowry would have applied to it layer upon symbolic layer, tied together all his images in a tremendously complicated network of correspondences, and brought Sigbjørn Wilderness's quest into much sharper focus. But he never got very far along in his project, and our loss is not a small one."

Well, perhaps. One is entitled to a personal opinion here. I think it is quite possible that Lowry would simply have spoiled the story by knotting its symbols into a more and more elaborate cat's cradle, pressing it down under "layer upon symbolic layer," and all the rest of it. He was a strange writer, tremendously developed in some respects and entirely undeveloped in others. Of the necessary equipment of the novelist, he had about half, and his

fatal tendency was to work too hard with the half he did have. (Mr. Day begins by admitting that Lowry was "not really a novelist," though he admits that it is difficult to know what else to call him. One can't call him a poet; the quality of his published verse simply forbids it.) A few pages further on, Mr. Day gets as far as finding a category for Lowry: he was an autobiographer.

It would be a cliché to say that he wrote "thinly veiled autobiographies"; but it would be the truth. Very rarely he tried to invent characters, but he did not know enough about any other human being to do this — which, incidentally, is why his secondary characters, especially his women, seem shadowy and ill-defined — and so he would return to his only true interest: Malcolm Lowry. But he could never bring himself to face Malcolm Lowry completely, and so was unable to finish any of his self-portraits.

This is a pretty startling admission from one who is acting as one of Lowry's official vendors. If Lowry drew no character but himself, and yet was unable even to "face completely" that one character, why should we be interested in his work? The answer comes a little later on.

What sustains all [Lowry's] works is not plot, nor dialogue, nor movement, but the spinning up and down of a mind which is genuinely amazing, in all the senses of the word. The pace of this mind is such that it generates great tension and excitement, so that the "plot" of a Lowry novel is the movement of the mind of the author — or, shall we say, the mind of the protagonist. Whenever he lets his protagonist think Lowry is a great writer.

Moderately stated and persuasive as this estimate is, I disagree with it. I don't believe Lowry was so powerless in the ordinary skills of the writer, nor so powerful in this generating of mental high tension, this "spinning up and down," as Mr. Day makes out. His tendency to cerebration, to foam out ideas, hasn't the power to convince in specific passages, to impose conviction locally; it spreads over the whole book as a kind of luminous mist, impressive at a distance like the clouds around some mountain peak, but insubstantial at close quarters; Lowry's mind, to put it bluntly, was persistently ordinary, his thoughts and perceptions were often

commonplace, and the reason he so insistently went on spinning them out was that, having none of the essential novelist's gift of invention, he was terribly limited in his subject matter. He wrote about nothing, but absolutely nothing, that had not happened to him.

That Lowry never made anything up, that he was first and last an autobiographer, is not a disabling charge against him. Nevertheless, it acted as a bias on his work to an extent that current literary taste has some difficulty in perceiving. The cult of subjectivism in literature, as it derives primarily from Rousseau and thence in a broadening stream through European and American romanticism, has left us a curious legacy. It seems to have become deeply rooted, as one of those unargued assumptions that always lie at the foundations of a culture, that the first duty of an imaginative writer is to analyze himself, to present a portrait of his own character, and in doing so to project his "world." In fact, so far as one can gather from listening to casual conversations, most people today regard the artist as someone who sets up a little fairground booth called his "world," a private world with its own landscape and its own natural laws, which the consumer is invited to visit and spend some time in before coming out and going into the next world. Painters, writers, composers, they stand in a row with their gaily striped booths, usually with a leather-lunged barker or two on duty outside to draw the customers in, and the whole business of appreciating any art, of getting to know about it and allowing it a certain play in one's life, is a matter of entering the booth, sampling its atmosphere, and adding the experience to one's collection of adventures.

This is where the romantic cult of the individual, in its modern deliquescence, has landed us. As a theory of art — an unformulated, unargued, tacit theory — it is not complete nonsense; it is merely limited and inadequate. The artist always has used his individuality as one of his means of exploring the mystery of life. He has always understood that the complex recesses of the human mind are difficult to see into — difficult enough in one's own case, and almost prohibitively difficult in the case of another person, owing to the impossibility of

getting them to hold still long enough to be studied. So that the artist has always relied on introspection, on analysis of the self, for much of his understanding of humanity.

What is different about the modern situation is that for the first time the artist is content to gather his evidence from the self and *leave it at that*. In stronger and richer ages of art, he obviously did just as much self-examination, but the results, once established, were built into works of imagination that offered, at least, to make statements of universal validity. Shakespeare could understand Hamlet without being a prince, Cleopatra without being a woman, Falstaff without being fat, Iago without being wicked, and the reason why he understood such a wide range of emotions was that his own personality must have had an enormous range and he must have taken advantage of this range without losing the opportunity to study other people. But Shakespeare used the insights he gathered from introspection to build an art that looked outward upon life.

If Shakespeare is felt to be too premodern, too rooted in a world not yet transfigured by romanticism, think of a modern artist like Baudelaire, who drew his own interior landscape, analyzed his own struggles and agonies, yet never seems merely to be inviting us into a stifling little booth at a fairground. Partly by the intensity with which he contemplated his own horror, partly by the formal majesty of the language in which he clothed his delirium, Baudelaire never fails to convince us that what he is showing us is the dark area of our own souls. His art triumphantly makes good the claim that the reader is "*mon semblable, mon frère*" — that the respectable frock-coated reader shares the poet's damnation because he partakes of the same human condition. But since then we have narrowed the function of art to a series of case histories. The reader of modern literature is supposed to collect individualities like bric-a-brac: curiosities, shrunken heads on the mantelpiece, not intended to go beyond themselves into any larger truth.

Given this perspective, Malcolm Lowry is bound to stand out as a giant. He has all the powers and skills that this expectation demands,

and none of those it ignores. Undeniably, Lowry has a "world." Undeniably, he presents his own portrait. When we think of the contemporary writers who have won a very large following while still retaining some reputation for seriousness, from Sartre to Norman Mailer, from Henry Miller to Graham Greene, we might say that they have one thing in common, an obsessive concern with their own selves, an unshakable confidence that the major work of literature in our time will take the form of a completely truthful autobiography. I am dubious about this view myself; it seems to me probable that the twentieth century, tragically wrong about so many things, will prove to have been wrong here also, and that the writers who will live will be those who show some imaginative concern for other people, some ability to experience the world intensely through characters very different from their own.

Be this as it may, I cannot feel altogether sorry that Lowry did not get a chance to subject the simple and effective story of *Dark As the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid* to the process of elaboration that one sees at work in *Under the Volcano*. It seems to me to do very well without; it makes its essential points, and presents a credible picture both of the central character and of the relationship which he clings to and finds sustaining and saving. It is human and open; it has humor, and the casualness of some of the sketched-in passages, hardly more than notebook entries, acts as a substitute for the lightness of touch which would have disappeared so completely under the remorseless pressure of that "layer upon symbolic layer," that "tremendously complicated network of correspondences," of which Mr. Day so chillingly speaks.

Lowry was a gifted and dedicated man who was prepared to make sacrifices for his art, who knew there was no easy way to be a good writer and was willing to do it the hard way, who was unmodish and genuine and had the courage to be lonely. For all these things I honor his memory, and that makes me glad to have one book, at any rate, which got out of his hands before he had a chance to inflate and over-elaborate it, and which now comes before us with its own true, natural, and simple outlines.

Education: Answers for Everybody

by Amos T. Wilder

Christopher Jencks, one of the fertile thinkers associated with the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, and David Riesman, the renowned sociologist, have combined the historical and sociological approaches in *The Academic Revolution*, an important analysis of the relationship of higher education to American culture.

The authors have set for themselves a gigantic task, which they accomplish by outlining the evolution of higher education in America and then examining the role of higher education vis-à-vis particular interest groups and subcultures (occupational, sectarian, ethnic, geographical, sexual, generational). Among the colleges especially founded to serve these various groups are Catholic, community, women's, sectarian, Negro, and professional. Sometimes the focus of the study is

The Academic Revolution

by Christopher Jencks
and David Riesman
(Doubleday, \$8.95)

on the relationship between groups and the overall system of higher education; other chapters deal specifically with the impact and implication of what the authors view as the major trend in American education upon the special-purpose college. The volume concludes with a discussion of the graduate schools, which now shape undergraduate education, and with suggestions for their improvement.

The book covers a Niagara of subjects, and the authors admit that their writing is speculative, impressionistic, and that their conclusions are often contradictory, based on a deductive and functional analysis. They use little documentary evidence because of the paucity of such material. Instead, Jencks and Riesman have relied upon secondary sources and interviews as they move along. If the writing often seems all thumbs, their defense of an academically unorthodox approach is quite noble: the very lack of material on

this subject testifies to the fact that too often scholarly research has been directed away from pressing social issues because of a slavish adherence to a particular methodological discipline. This they feel is nothing less than a de facto abdication of both a personal and a social responsibility which should be a central concern of the academy.

The thesis of *The Academic Revolution* is that this century has seen the rise to power of the academic professions. From prestigious bastions of intellectual power, and through the sacred vessel of the Ph.D. degree, the academy now dominates discussion and policy on who deserves an education, as well as how and what constitutes that education. On a positive side, Riesman and Jencks believe that this "revolution" has resulted in the rise of a "meritocratic" system, seemingly equalitarian, where competence and achievement (measured by objective tests) rather than social position are the criteria for entrance into the world of higher education. They also applaud the essentially liberal social and political attitudes which are often the by-product of this training.

Their work, however, is not a hymn of praise. Rather it is a lament etched with a certain irony. For underpinning the outward trappings of meritocratic selection are the structural realities of American society. In company with an increasing number of our better critics Jencks and Riesman argue that the relative size of social classes in this country has remained unchanged since the end of the Second World War. There has been, however, an absolute growth in the number of college graduates.

This exposes as a false assumption the familiar idea — which educational institutions feast upon in order to grow — that education is a key to a room at the top. There is movement within classes, but educational attainment does not necessarily determine a higher social position. The authors fear that we still prefer to believe otherwise, with resultant social frustration. When they write then that what we need in education



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is less emphasis upon social mobility and more emphasis upon equality, they utter a plea for a healthy diversity of honored approaches in higher education to serve a number of different needs.

But is there a healthy diversity of approaches? The general conclusion of this book is that the prestige models offered by the academic revolution, the university-college and the Ph.D., are so attractive that like a gorgeous woman of pleasure they are leading good men astray. The already well-known chapter on the Negro colleges is a case in point. The vast majority of these colleges now enroll students who need remedial help. But Jencks and Riesman find that these colleges are mimicking the prestige models and thus leaving their students poorly educated, B.A. degree and all. Are the colleges likely to change? Riesman and Jencks are pessimistic. The same trap awaits community and Catholic colleges. The authors hope that the community colleges will always lead an independent life, offering a curriculum aimed at local problems and utilizing faculty and material which would cause convulsions on a university-college campus. Will they? Riesman and Jencks are pessimistic.

The movement of the Catholic colleges into the revolutionary arena is widely hailed today. While applauding the end to a narrow parochialism, our authors would not have these schools surrender an ethical concern which they find sadly lacking in the empirical academy, just as they hope that a feminine point of view will not be lost as coeducation, which they support, inexorably sweeps away all but the richest women's colleges.

Jencks and Riesman naturally save their sharpest comments for the conduct of graduate education, for here is where the academy perpetuates itself. They echo the appeals of the most intelligent student activists and faculty dissenters who are urging a more flexible mixture of theory and practice which demands and rewards a much more flexible range of skills and competences. The radically simple reason for these demands is that a worthwhile education must always concern itself with issues less defined by colleagues than by society itself. The lavish support offered to our prestige university-colleges, however, has allowed their

faculties to sponsor too much pre-professional training and irrelevant scholarship to the exclusion of more existential concerns.

For the sympathetic reviewer, this book is hard to talk about. One could plead endlessly for tighter distinctions and more precision of language and concept. One could

criticize the irony which pervades its pages, for Riesman and Jencks often hold out little hope that their criticisms will be accepted. It is a game they play, and it is often quite contrived. But overall the book is triumph which raises the right questions on a broad canvas about higher education in this country.

The Descent of the Huxleys

by Gertrude Himmelfarb

We are by now familiar with the phenomenon of the "intellectual aristocracy" that has presided over English culture during the past century. An intellectual aristocracy literally — of birth as well as talent. It is altogether a curious affair, and although historians and sociologists have freely alluded to it and have even mapped out its genealogy, they have shied away from some obvious questions: Why and how does such an aristocracy persist when other aristocracies so conspicuously decline? And what, if any, is the specific character of this aristocracy — that is, the specific character of its intellectuality, apart from its general character as an aristocracy?

The questions may be too ambitious and unanswerable applied to the aristocracy as a whole. But perhaps they can be addressed to a part of it. The Huxleys, notably,

famous scientist and champion of Darwin, can have passed on to his great-great-grandchildren no more than one sixteenth of his genes; and yet the family singularity has been preserved. Sir Gavin de Beer, in his preface, suggests that the genetic inheritance is somewhat greater than that. But the more interesting question is qualitative rather than quantitative. Granted that the Huxleys have had a genetic inheritance making for superior intellect, did that intellect have a distinctive form? "Was there a typical intellectual stance which they adopted; were there beliefs, attitudes of mind, certain constancies, recurring regularly, so that one could, in spite of human individuality, recognize a Huxley by his talk almost as surely as a man's regiment could be recognized by his shoulder-flashes or his buttons?" The rhetoric, the metaphor, would seem to call for a negative answer. Yet Mr. Clark responds affirmatively. The Huxleys, he insists, have been intellectually, substantively distinctive. For one thing, they have shared a common set of "interests"; they have all been interested in "man and his environment, the spread of scientific knowledge, the problem of the world's resources and how to manage them for the common good." More important, they have shared a common set of beliefs underlying these common interests: a belief in one culture rather than two (the inseparability of art and science); and a belief that there is something in nature that cannot be entirely explicated by science.

This is a formidable heritage, whether transmitted through the genes, as is implied, or through environmental conditioning. (There has been, after all, no institutional arrangement to facilitate this trans-

The Huxleys

by Ronald W. Clark
(McGraw-Hill, \$8.95)

The Essence of T. H. Huxley

edited by Cyril Bibby
(Macmillan, \$7.95)

This Timeless Moment

by Laura Archera Huxley
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$6.95)

The Huxleys were, and are, right in the middle of it. They interconnect with the rest. Three of the Huxleys are uniquely interesting in themselves, and interesting as they relate to each other. One could not do better in the choice of a case study.

It is with great expectations, therefore, that one turns to the collective biography of the family by Ronald W. Clark. Mr. Clark is intrigued by the fact that T. H. Huxley, the

mission, no "Huxley Foundation" to perpetuate these interests and beliefs.) Or it would be formidable if true. Or if the truth were more than a truism. It is always possible to find a common denominator if one is willing to be sufficiently reductionist. The question is whether that denominator is significant. One is reminded of the old gag about the policeman who is about to arrest a demonstrator and is told, "I'm no Communist. I'm an anti-Communist," to which the policeman blithely replies, "Communist, anti-Communist, I don't care what kind of Communist you are." If only Mr. Clark had cared more about what kind of intellectual each of the Huxleys was, he would have written a better book. There would have been less straining for effect, for spurious significance. (Typically: "Thus the process of evolution, which the Huxleys had always appreciated as so central to existence, was to be strangely illustrated by their own lives in three successive generations" — that is, each generation was different from the preceding one.) And there would have been fewer infelicities, even grotesqueries, of style. ("Huxley metaphorically gritted his teeth and pressed on." Or, "In most Huxley homes there was at least one portrait of TH in his prime, looking down in benevolent regard from the walls, metaphorically saluted at sun-up and sun-down like the Union flag, the *persona* of a past culture still influencing the present.")

Mr. Clark, if only he had sufficiently respected their differences, might have found a genuine and important common theme in the Huxleys — at least in the three Huxleys in whom one is most interested: TH, and his grandchildren the scientist Julian and the novelist Aldous. (The other Huxleys appear in this book as fillers, endless lists of names and accomplishments designed to make the statistical point that the Huxley genes will and do out.) But the theme is a common problem, not a common interest as he defines it, still less a common belief. What is significant is that to this problem each of the three Huxleys gave a quite different answer. The problem is nothing less than the meaningfulness and adequacy of science in interpreting life. This problem was what TH bequeathed not only to his grandchildren but to

the world at large. He also bequeathed to them an answer, or rather an attitude, a mode of address. But his answer, attitude, mode, or whatever, was precisely what they — Julian, Aldous, and most of their and our contemporaries — have rejected.

There were giants in those days, and T. H. Huxley was one of them. Self-made, self-taught, sharp-tongued, delighting in controversy, unawed by professors, bishops, or prime ministers, inquiring into and pronouncing judgment on science, philosophy, theology, politics, economics, or law as the occasion might arise or as he might create it, he was also kindly, humane, unaggressive in personal relations, undemagogic in rhetoric, subtle in argument, genuinely knowledgeable about those subjects he chose to controvert, and altogether more modulated and complicated than he is generally made out to be. He took it upon himself to be Darwin's "bull-dog," knowing that Darwin had neither the heart nor the stomach for a fight. (Literally neither heart nor stomach; the smallest exertion brought on the "neurasthenia" or whatever it was — psychologists and doctors have

had a field day with it — that incapacitated him for everything except his work.) Yet even in defending Darwin, in arguing for, explicating, and popularizing his theory, Huxley never glossed over its difficulties or defects.

Mr. Bibby's anthology, *The Essence of T. H. Huxley*, is too snippety, but it does succeed in revealing a side of him that one would never suspect from Mr. Clark's book. For even at the height of the Darwinian controversy, Huxley is seen to have kept his balance. The theory of natural selection, he then wrote, was the best available one, the most persuasive hypothesis that had yet been offered. But it was theory and hypothesis, not truth or fact. And he recommended to his readers the state of mind characterized by Goethe as *thätige Skepsis*, active doubt, the "doubt which so loves truth that it neither dares rest in doubting nor extinguish itself by unjustified belief." Another twenty years, he held out the hope, might produce the evidence to establish the truth or falsity of the theory. Twenty years later, however, he had new cause for doubt. Recalling the adage that new truths begin as heresies and

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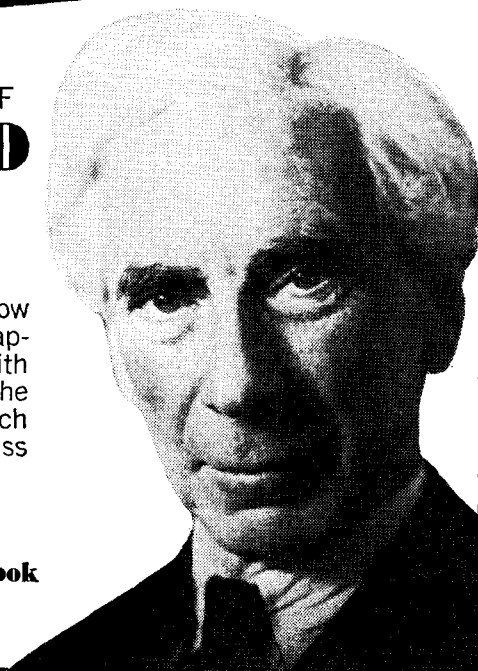
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF **BERTRAND RUSSELL**

1914-1944

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end as orthodoxies or even superstitions, he predicted that in still another twenty years, "the new generation . . . will be in danger of accepting the main doctrines of the *Origin of Species* with as little reflection, and it may be with as little justification, as so many of our contemporaries, twenty years ago, rejected them."

That "new generation" was Julian Huxley's. TH is reported to have said of the four-year-old Julian: "I like the way he looks you straight in the face and disobeys you." But one wonders whether he would have been so indulgent of the adult Julian, who disobeyed one of TH's main principles: "That to which I am utterly opposed is the creation of an Established Church Scientific, with a hierarchical organization and a professorial Episcopate." For Julian is at present the undisputed archbishop of the Established Church Scientific. And if his early years were spent largely in defending the orthodox tenets of that church, his later years have been spent in building up precisely the organization and episcopacy that had been anathema to his grandfather.

But it is more than a scientific orthodoxy, more even than a scientific establishment, that Julian has proselytized for. Both have been intended as instruments for the reorganization of society, a reorganization that would make society for the first time rational and scientific. *If I Were Dictator*, published in 1934, was the semifacetious title of a not at all facetious book in which the structure of such a society was outlined. (An earlier visit to Russia had impressed him with the scientific rationality with which that country seemed to him to be solving its social problems.) And his Romanes Lecture on Evolutionary Ethics described the potential evolution of man to a new and higher state of species and argued for the need to "construct a mechanism" to further that evolution.

Again Julian had flouted his grandfather, who had warned against just such aspirations to power on the part of scientists and just such a perversion of the idea of evolution. TH's Romanes Lecture on Evolution and Ethics, delivered fifty years before Julian's, rebuked the "administrator" (he was not so bold as to call him a "dictator") who presumed to impose upon so-

ciety his "logical ideal of evolutionary regimentation." This "pigeon-fancier's polity," TH insisted, was neither desirable nor, fortunately, possible. It was impossible because there was in man a "free-play of self-assertion, or natural liberty," which would resist such a polity. And it was undesirable because the very idea of "evolutionary ethics" was abhorrent. Ethics was not a fulfillment of evolution; it was a denial of it.

Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process; the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest . . . but of those who are ethically the best. . . . The ethical progress of society depends, not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it.

Julian's quarrel was not only with TH; it was also with his brother Aldous. *If I Were Dictator* was the obverse of *Brave New World*. Julian's book followed Aldous' by two years and was intended to restore the benignness of a scientifically organized society that Aldous had portrayed as thoroughly malignant. Yet the two books were opposite sides of the same coin. Aldous, as much as Julian, was science-ravished. Even more than Julian, he had been amorous of knowledge, facts, whatever passed as certain reason. Yet even while obsessed by his passion, he was nauseated by it — and nauseated by life, since sex, morality, and the human and social relations that made up life seemed dependent on, and at the same time nullified by, reason-cum-science. For a while he could tolerate life only by denying its meaningfulness, its rationality. But finally meaninglessness itself became intolerable. At that point, still seeking a meaningfulness that would be as absolute as that which he had once attributed to science, he turned to a variety of pseudo-scientific techniques to do what science had conspicuously failed to do.

These pseudo-, crypto-, preter-, or supra-scientific techniques (depending on how much credibility one allows them) take up a good part of the account of Aldous' last years written by his second wife, Laura. The title, *This Timeless Moment*, is from the hypnotic re-

frain with which Aldous soothed his first wife during her dying hours. Holding his left hand on her head and his right on her solar plexus ("between two right-handed persons this contact seems to create a kind of vital circuit"), he repeated endlessly the message directed to her subconscious: "Forget the body. . . . Go forward into the light. . . . No memories, no regrets, no looking backwards. . . . Only light. Only this pure being, this love, this joy. Above all this peace. Peace in this timeless moment, peace now, peace now." But it was not only in *extremis* that Aldous used such techniques. A miracle worker, to be sure, was called for only after everything else had failed to cure his wife's cancer. But vital circuits, subliminal messages, magnetic passes, hypnosis, automatic writing, acupuncture, clairvoyance, mediums, nature foods (his brand of vegetarianism proscribed not only the usual meat, fish, and eggs, but also all milk products), mescaline, LSD (it was LSD that his wife administered in his last hours), a variety of other drugs, and every variety of mystical creed and practice — all these were his everyday fare. Once science had abdicated, it would seem, everything was permitted.

For Nietzsche it was the death of God that meant that everything was permitted. And perhaps this is the clue to the later Huxleys as well. They were able to give credence to everything because they could give no credence to God. Julian devised an "evolutionary humanism" that promised to make of science a "religion for humanity," a "religion without revelation." Aldous engaged in a kind of polymorphous mysticism in his search for the "timeless moment." TH had coined the word "agnosticism" to describe his own *thätige skepsis* on the subject of religion. But here again TH differed significantly from his grandsons. For if his agnosticism ruled out a positive belief in God, it also ruled out a positive belief in any substitute for God. When Herbert Spencer sought to make a substantive principle of belief out of his "Unknowable," Huxley rebuked him. A capitalized, hypostasized Unknowable, he pointed out, was "merely the Absolute *redivivus*, a sort of ghost of an extinct philosophy, the name of a negation hocus-pocussed into a sham thing." As for himself, he continued, "if I

am to talk about that of which I have no knowledge at all, I prefer the good old word *God*, about which there is no scientific pretence." And when others tried to do with his Agnosticism what Spencer did with the Unknowable, Huxley rebelled: "If there were a General Council of the Church Agnostic, very likely I should be condemned as a heretic. . . . On the whole the 'bosh' of heterodoxy is more offensive to me than that of orthodoxy, because heterodoxy professes to be guided

by reason and science and orthodoxy does not."

Thätige skepsis, in science as well as religion — this defines the difference between the generations. Having never created an absolute out of science, TH had no need to seek an absolute anywhere else. But it takes not so much a strong mind — his grandchildren assuredly had that — as a strong character to rest content in a state of "active doubt." Content: not complacent, but not desperate either.

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

The Pleistocene Age when the great ice cap covered the larger part of the Northern Hemisphere was the nursery of the Atlantic salmon. As the glaciers receded and vast quantities of fresh water poured into the northern seas, the salmon evolved into the anadromous fish which it is today, first tasting life in a gravelly bed of fresh water; migrating, when strong enough, into salt water, where it feeds ravenously and in two to four years attains its growth; then returning to the river of its birth, where it spawns and in an exhausted state drifts, tail first, downstream, struggling to reach the salt sea, where it may be revitalized for a second cycle. Cave dwellers in southern France and northern Spain drew its likeness on reindeer bone. Later, the Romans, whose legions fed on it in their conquest, named it *salmo*, "the leaper," for leap it will, up falls and over logjams or rocky obstacles in its fight for life.

The characteristics which have made the Atlantic salmon the noblest and most beautiful of fish have also, under industrial conditions, made it the most vulnerable. From the spawning bed to the feeding grounds, the salmon runs a gauntlet of from several hundred to two thousand miles, beginning with anglers, set nets, and trawlers in the estuary. The rivers have become polluted: lumber companies with their slash, sawdust, and lignin, the mines and distilleries with their unscreened discharge of poisoned water, the hydroelectric dams, and everywhere man's incurable habit of using streams as sewers have progressively

killed many once abundant streams. And now a new danger threatens. Not until young salmon were tagged and traced on their long voyage downriver and out to their secret feeding ground off the Atlantic shelf did we know where they grew. We still do not know for sure what they feed on, but we do know where they feed — off the coast of Greenland. Here congregate and mature the millions of salmon from the rivers of Canada, Scotland, Ireland, England, the east and west coasts of Sweden (and the paltry few from Maine), and here congregate the fleet of Danish trawlers. Greenland belongs to Denmark, and the fact that the fish originate in the rivers of other countries (Denmark has but one salmon stream), whence they would return if they were not slaughtered, does not trouble the Danes. For a good look at man's predatory greed and for the most vivid and comprehensive history of *Salmo salar* yet written I recommend Anthony

Netboy's *The Atlantic Salmon, A Vanishing Species?*

Mr. Netboy gives us a dreamy picture of the past when salmon, "with the stamina of a racehorse," were coursing up the main rivers of Europe — the Thames, the Elbe, the Moselle, the Douro in Portugal, and the Miño in Spain; when fish grew to great size, the record being a 103-pounder landed in the River Devon in Scotland; when Parisians caught salmon on the Left Bank of the Seine; and when the nets on the Dutch section of the Rhine alone yielded 1,200,000 pounds annually. In those days before the Rhine became "the longest and worst sewer in Europe," Rhine or Scotch salmon were a delicacy in the restaurants of Paris and London.

The author describes the life cycle and migrations, and he speculates on the mysteries of the fish: that the red coloring of their flesh may be derived from the crustaceans in their diet; that odor is the crucial factor in guiding salmon to their home stream — is it the dissolving oxygen content that attracts them?; that they live on their fat while in fresh water, never eating even when ice-bound; and that their survival depends on clean, passable waters and on swift and enlightened regulations.

Salmon are too valuable to be exterminated, so said the Magna Carta in a clause stipulating that rivers be kept unobstructed by agents of the Crown so that migrating fish would have free passage. But laws work only when men are vigilant; they have been so in Britain but not in Spain or France; the Rhine died while Switzerland, Holland, and Germany were still dickering over a treaty, and the United States squandered its Atlantic salmon faster than any nation in the Old World. Today we rest our hopes in Canada. Canada is presently supplying the bulk of the tagged salmon (78 percent) caught off the west coast of Greenland, and if the new stern trawlers, now abuilding for Greenland, with their 600-hook deeplines, live up to the expectation of catching 4000 to 5000 metric tons of fish a year (primarily cod), one wonders how many salmon, half-grown or mature, will be included in the Danish plunder. How greedy can men be?

Gavin Maxwell, whose *Ring of Bright Water* made the otter an

The Atlantic Salmon
by Anthony Netboy
(Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95)

Seals of the World
by Gavin Maxwell
(Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95)

The Algiers Motel Incident
by John Hersey
(Knopf, \$5.95; Bantam, \$1.25)

To the War
by Robert Edson Lee
(Knopf, \$4.95)

imaginary pet in thousands of American households, has performed an exemplary and entertaining task in the writing of his new book, *Seals of the World*, the second volume in the World Wildlife Series. Mr. Maxwell tells us that the seal world has been reduced to thirty-one species, ranging from the little ringed seal, less than five feet long, through the fur seals, with their doglike heads, which I have watched as they fished in the Ipswich estuary, up to the giant elephant seal, twenty feet long, four tons in weight, with a roar that can be heard for miles. In his terse and lively manner the author describes the habitat and present population of each species, where they are found, whether they migrate, what they eat, and when they mate; and then comes the heart of the matter, what has happened to the species in its relation to man. This is a bloody story with infinite variations, and occasionally a happy ending, for the butchering for blubber and skins which began in the mid-eighteenth century came to a halt a hundred years later when there were too few left to make it profitable. By 1890 the killing of fur seals on the Pribilof

Islands and indiscriminately at sea had become so wasteful that the herd was nearing extinction; by this time, two million skins had been processed, the tax and royalties on which very nearly paid the United States government for the purchase of Alaska. At last Russia and the United States saw the light; they agreed on protective regulations, the population began to increase, and today some 70,000 Pribilof seals are taken commercially each year, all bachelor bulls, with Japan, Great Britain, and Canada each getting their quota. Conservation in the nick of time.

Observant and authoritative, Mr. Maxwell is most entertaining in his account of the walruses, how they use the bristles of the mustache to filter off the debris from their favorite shellfish; how they enjoy sunbathing, climbing on top of each other on an ice floe until it becomes overloaded, tips up — and the whole herd finds itself back in the water; how they often sleep in the water in an upright position; and how they haul themselves ashore using their tusks to get a grip on the ice or stone. He is equally explicit about the elephant seals, with their mammoth courage, the leopard seal, the playful seal pups, and the baritone sea lions.

John Hersey, the author of that classic work of reportage *Hiroshima*, has assumed a less compassionate but no less difficult assignment in his new book, *The Algiers Motel Incident*, in which he attempts to recapture the action and the motives leading up to the killing of three young black men at the height of the Detroit riots last summer. On the night of July 25 a frantic call went out from a National Guardsman that snipers were operating in the Algiers Motel, a transients' hostel on Woodward Avenue, only a few blocks from Twelfth Street where the black uprising had started. Shots had been heard from the interior of the Algiers. The police, who were the first to arrive, had itchy fingers, for a member of the force whom they all respected had been killed only a few hours before, and vengeance was in the air. They shot their way in, and in searching for guns, they brutalized and killed three of the group of ten young Negroes whom they took to be the snipers. In broad strokes at the be-

ginning Mr. Hersey seems to make it an issue of black innocence against white sadism, but as the interviews, interrogations, and testimony continue, one begins to wonder.

Part of Mr. Hersey's difficulty is in trying to think and react as a Negro would. Few white writers are able to — Alan Paton is one who does — but Mr. Hersey is no novice, having spent a summer living with a Negro family when trouble was grievous in the Deep South. One must respect the perseverance and sincerity with which he dedicates himself to this book. Yet his sympathy for the blacks leads him to minimize the recklessness and irresponsibility of the young blacks and to maximize the cruelty of the police, whose anger had been inflamed by the fact that the punks had two white prostitutes with them. Most of these black suspects had police records. Carl Cooper had served time repeatedly for his thieving, and Auburey Pollard, who had also done time, was feared as a knife carrier and a bad fighter. All of them had a cynical contempt for the legal process; they had taken part in the looting, and what is more, they did have a gun. It may only have been a starter's pistol — the evidence on this is not clear — but to have discharged it inside the motel in the dead of night, when they well knew that snipers were at work, was an act of flagrant defiance. They asked for trouble, and they got it.

I think Mr. Hersey is too emotional in his exoneration of the behavior of the young blacks, and I think that the fragmentary pattern of the report is too theatrical. The book becomes a test of credibility in which the reader matches his judgment against the writer's. "I am continuously aware," writes Mr. Hersey, "that my reliance in this narrative on the statements of witnesses tends to fragment the story; it is not so much written as listened to, in bits and pieces." One has to fit the pieces together as in a crossword puzzle, making due allowance for the confusion, illiteracy, or lying of the witness, and in the process I come to question not Mr. Hersey's selections, but his conclusions.

In his account of the white justice that followed he is on firmer ground, for it was a travesty, the evidence and due process bent to exculpate the police and the technicalities invoked by the judge so disgraceful

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that it is no wonder those blacks who were involved, and chief among them, Carl Cooper's mother, came away with hatred in their hearts.

ART

Toward the National Treasure

by Frank Getlein

Occasionally to a war veteran a mid-life comes the realization that never again will life seem so fresh and varied and dangerously worth living. *To the War* by Robert Edson Lee is the honest, evocative testimony of a likable young Iowan who graduated in architectural engineering just in time to be adapted as a hull-repair specialist in the Navy. He worked first inspecting submarines in Portsmouth, then on a repair ship in Saipan patching up the wounds of Iwo Jima and Okinawa, then on a floating drydock in New Guinea. His book is good because the tablets of his mind were so impressionable and because he writes with such verve and humor. He is something of an artist; indeed, his watercolors finally broke down the resistance of his first Captain and Exec., who, of course, were regular Navy. Spared as he was from combat, Lee is forthright with men, fastidious with women, and never takes himself too seriously. This little book holds much that is masculine and true.

The Writers

John Wain, British critic and novelist, is the author of a long work in verse, *Wildtrack*, published recently by Viking.

Amos T. Wilder, not to be confused with his father, the theologian, is a young sociologist currently teaching at Yale.

Gertrude Himmelfarb has written extensively on radical figures of the nineteenth-century British establishment. Her biography of Darwin is the standard work on the subject, and her latest book, *Victorian Minds*, was published by Knopf.

Frank Getlein is art critic of the *Washington Star* and an editorial writer for that journal.

Edward Weeks's book *Fresh Waters* was recently published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. Mr. Weeks, Herbert Kupferberg, and Phoebe Adams contribute to the magazine every month.

The newest art museum in the country is also the oldest: the Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine Arts, which opened at last in its own building in May, 122 years after it had been established by Congress to receive and care for any gifts of art that patriotic citizens might wish to give to the nation. The building itself is even older: the Old Patent Office Building was begun in 1836 and completed in 1867. It is thus itself a museum of the evolution of architectural thought through the middle third of the nineteenth century, and its history, taken with that of the National Collection, tells us a good deal about official American thought on the arts.

To begin with what was almost the end, the building is one of the noblest in Washington, and in the 1950s was slated to be torn down and its site made into a parking lot. The congressional government of Washington can never get enough parking lots to turn over to high-priced private operators, yet the idea of low-priced municipal parking buildings has always struck the Congress as socialism or worse. That same kind of curious thinking has marked the National Collection's history, and to a less spectacular degree, the building's.

When we think of a patent office today, most of us envision the very essence of bureaucracy, with clerks shuffling papers and files stacked to the ceilings. In the early years of the republic a quite different idea prevailed. Invention was the American Muse, and her inspiration was to lead the young nation to greatness. In fact, of course, that is exactly what has happened, but the success of the idea has led us all to take invention for granted and think of it as the rather dull, predictable output from the think tanks of the giant scientific corporations.

It was in that earlier spirit that Congress, in the 1830s, held a competition for a patent office. The site designated had been marked by L'Enfant for a national cathedral. It was appropriate. The winning

design was entirely in keeping. William Parker Elliot drew the facades of the Parthenon, elongated them to cover the two-block site, and took the prize. It then became the responsibility of Robert Mills — the government architect who did the Treasury and the Washington Monument — to get it off the drawing board and on the ground. He did so magnificently. The space is beautifully articulated. The necessarily long corridors are never the hopeless vistas they are in so many newer Washington buildings; Mills kept strict control over proportions and the breaking of space with decorations and the opening of corridors into galleries. Several of these are breathtaking in their simplicity, daring, and strength.

The Granite Gallery, on the ground floor, has great granite pillars between which contemporary sculpture is now installed. On the third floor, the length of a football field, is the Lincoln Gallery, so named because Lincoln's second inaugural ball was held there. Slim marble pillars divide the space for the main run of paintings and sculpture, from the late eighteenth century to the early twentieth and the WPA.

The building was used as a hospital during the Civil War. Clara Barton and Walt Whitman tended the wounded on cots set up between the glass cases of models of inventions. In our own century the building was used to house the Civil Service Commission, and Mills's wonderful space was fragmented and partitioned, desecrated and dust-ridden. The interior was indeed a burlesque of bureaucratic architecture, and its demolition for the parking lot trust seemed reasonable enough to people who had seen the inside and never really looked at the outside. It was saved by a vigorous campaign, and designated by Congress for the National Collection and for a new National Portrait Gallery, now scheduled to open this autumn.

The General Services Administration, the federal government's substitute for architecture and de-

sign, has worked its mindless will to a very large extent within the Portrait Gallery, clearing out the Civil Service partitions as instructed and then automatically re-creating much the same effect by installing the all-purpose overhead government-issue apparatus for lights, air conditioning, communications, and God knows what else. A great deal of Mills's success in the corridors and in the larger offices comes from his graceful use of vaulted ceilings and even groined vaults, with the stress lines coming down to pilasters. The GI utility machines destroy this utterly, and at the same time destroy the proportions by establishing a visual ceiling that is lower and flat. But on the whole, the building is a splendid rediscovery for Washington architecture, and there may even be hope for what has been rededstroyed. The great advantage of the utility machines is their interchangeability. Some day GSA may be persuaded to take them away and put them in a new building where they will fit into the Nondescript Modern that is the agency's specialty.

The National Collection has an even more checkered past than its building's. Plans for the original Smithsonian called for a spacious ground-floor gallery in the red brick Gothic castle. By the time the castle was opened, however, the science-minded management had relegated its art to a small space on the second floor. In 1865 that entire floor was gutted by fire and the surviving paintings and sculpture transferred to the Library of Congress and the Corcoran Gallery of Art for safe-keeping. Thirty-one years later a Smithsonian secretary, Samuel P. Langley, got around to asking for

them back. In 1904 President Theodore Roosevelt requested Congress to designate the collection the National Gallery of Art, which it did. TR also called for national support for the new national gallery; a number of collections were contributed, and the Ranger Bequest was set up as a permanent acquisitions fund. Ironically, in response to the same call, Charles L. Freer established the Freer Gallery on the Mall, where his collection of Oriental art has been enhanced and exhibited ever since and where his extensive collection of American paintings has been hidden in the basement stacks.

In 1937 Andrew W. Mellon gave the nation his collection of European paintings and money for a building. He asked only that his collection be called the National Gallery of Art. This of course was stealing the name of what is now the NCFA, and the Collection responded exactly as a human would. It went into trauma-induced paralysis. The years piled up like the dust on the pictures. The works were crowded into pitifully inadequate space behind the north end of a southbound stuffed elephant, the largest ever captured. Few Washingtonians knew the collection existed. It was visited chiefly by tourists looking for the rest rooms.

Symbolically enough, the main acquisitional activity during the 1940s and 1950s was the building up of a superb collection of miniature paintings on ivory.

In 1958, however, Congress voted to save the Old Patent Office from the parking sharks. In 1963 Dr. David W. Scott arrived on the scene from California, at first as assistant director to his old teacher Thomas Beggs, and shortly as director. Im-

mediately things began to happen.

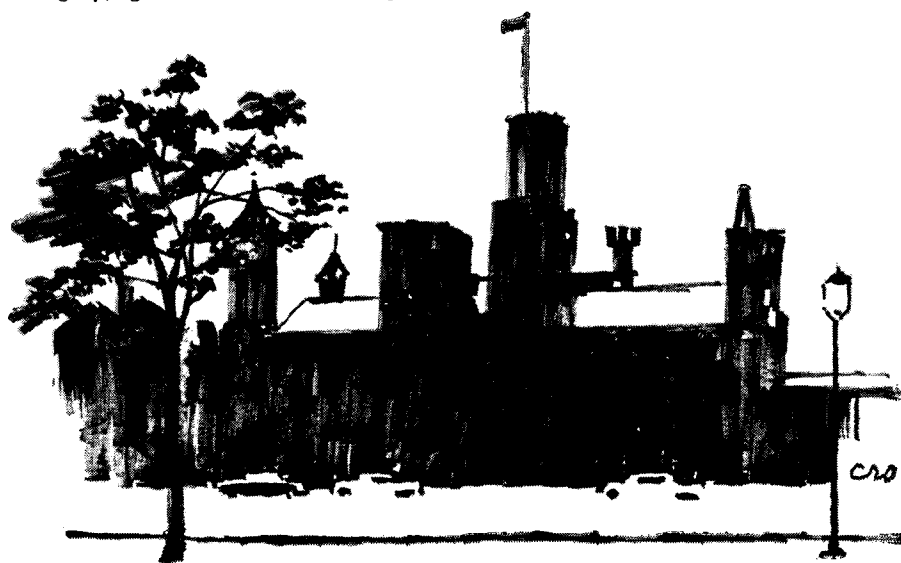
Like the nature it studies, the Smithsonian abhors a vacuum. The secretary, S. Dillon Ripley, is known in the museum trade as "the Ripper" and is suspected of plotting to move into a nonexistent vacuum by making the institution somehow the No. 1 American museum. In the more modest field of government-art relations, Dr. Scott has found himself surrounded by vacuums and has vigorously interpreted the National Collection's "mission," or congressional charter of purpose, in such a way as to fill many.

Very early in his regime he undertook to supply the White House offices with American paintings and sculptures borrowed from dealers and artists. Shortly thereafter he received custody of the old Court of Claims, next door to Blair House, to house a permanent rotating exhibition of American arts and crafts for the edification of visiting chiefs of state and others. And from the beginning he has owned the warehouse for the State Department's Art in Embassies program.

In spite of its name, the National Collection is a great deal more than a collection of pictures and statues. It is a collection of activities as well, all of them bound together by the art and government relation. In an age when the plastic arts are modulating into happenings, events, and environments, Dr. Scott's organization is more in the mainstream than most.

The collection is somewhat spotty, as one might expect, but it does have some extraordinary strengths. The most recent major acquisition is the studio and its contents left in Florence by Hiram Powers. Largely on the basis of that purchase, the NCFA is certainly among the top three collections of nineteenth-century American sculpture.

NCFA owns almost the entire surviving body of work by George Catlin, the Indian painter admired by Baudelaire. Its seventeen Ryders are the largest group in the country. Dr. Scott has begun a program of salvage and rediscovery which will eventually give him an unapproached and unapproachable collection of the art produced for the government in the 1930s. The heart of the contemporary holdings is the S. C. Johnson and Son collection: 102 American paintings acquired by the wax company in and around 1960.



But the NCFA is also suddenly demonstrating to both collectors and artists as donors the kind of magnetism that the National Gallery has exercised for years in the old master field.

The NCFA is a good and growing collection of American art housed in a great American building. It is a new involvement of our government in art, an involvement taken easily and naturally. At the dedication, in a talk marked for its grace and lightness of touch, President Johnson acknowledged that he could not call himself the father of the NCFA or even the grandfather, but said he hoped to be the "uncle," one "who may not visit very often but who wishes his relatives to do well." And who, it may be added, helps out occasionally with small gifts and large encouragement.

Short Reviews: Records by Herbert Kupferberg

Berg: Lulu (two versions: Böhm, *Lear*, Fischer-Dieskau on DGG-139273/75, and Ludwig, Rothenberger, Blankenheim on Angel SCL-3726). Double or nothing: for years there was no stereo *Lulu*; now there are two. Both have their merits, but right from the brash opening monologue, the DGG set is clearly a case of the right people in the right opera. Berg's atonal score and amoral heroine seem perfectly meshed in the conducting of Karl Böhm and the singing of Evelyn Lear.

Bellini: Norma (*Varviso*, Suliotis, *Del Monaco*; London OSA-1272). This is a short-form *Norma*, liberally cut. No great musical loss, perhaps, but Elena Suliotis' vocalism is notable mostly for its rough vigor, and Mario del Monaco's only for its roughness. Stick to Sutherland, or better yet, Callas.

Boston Symphony Chamber Players (*Joseph Silverstein*, violin, *Doriot Anthony Dwyer*, flute, *James Stagliano*, horn, *Claude Frank*, piano, and others; RCA Victor LSC-6184). A chamber music ragbag, including Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Poulenc, Villa-Lobos, Alexei Haieff, and one or two others. But some of the playing is simply beautiful — the Mozart G Minor Piano Quartet and Brahms's Horn Trio in E-flat, to name two.

The only false notes are struck by Peter Ustinov in an aimless and useless spoken introduction. At least they don't charge extra for it.

Chávez: Violin Concerto (*Henryk Szeryng*, Chávez, *Mexican National Symphony*; CBS-32-11-0064). Not very Mexican, but a lyric, well-constructed, coolly romantic concerto, sumptuously played by Szeryng.

The Generations of Israel (CBS-32-B5-0012; two-record set with album-sized book). A generally superior entry in Columbia's expensive Legacy series. The book is almost scandalously wasteful of space, but the record, through the voices of several generations of Zionists, offers memories of Palestine's early settlers, a shattering glimpse of the Nazi era, graphic accounts of the British blockade, and finally, the triumphant epic of our own times.

Gilbert & Sullivan: Mikado highlights, Pinafore highlights, Patter Songs (*Sargent*, Soloists, *Glyndebourne Festival Chorus*; Angel SCB-3724). All are taken from Angel complete albums, and all are sung by much stronger voices than are usually heard in the Savoy operas. Three records of sheer delight — if G. & S. delight you, of course.

Machaut: Notre Dame Mass (*London Ambrosian Singers*; Nonesuch H-71184). One of the earliest (fourteenth century) masterpieces of Western music, Guillaume de Machaut's Mass receives a vivid and pungent performance in a recording made in Rheims Cathedral.

Messiaen: Turangalila Symphony (*Ozawa*, *Toronto Symphony*; RCA Victor LSC-7051). The ten movements of Messiaen's excursion into sound are a bit wearying at times, but the sheer interplay of his exotic sounds and harmonies is often startlingly beautiful. Seiji Ozawa is attuned to Messiaen's score, and the Toronto Symphony is also quite responsive. Toru Takemitsu's *November Steps* fills the fourth side of the two-record album.

Moussorgsky: Pictures at an Exhibition (*Piano version by Vladimir Ashkenazy*, *orchestral version by Zubin Mehta and Los Angeles Philharmonic*; London CS-6559). *Pictures* both ways — as Moussorgsky wrote it for piano, and as

Ravel orchestrated it. Strictly from the performance standpoint, Ashkenazy's sensitive, gentle piano version is the more surprising, and revelatory, of the two.

Nielsen: Piano Music (*John Ogdon*; RCA Victor LSC-3002). Nielsen's piano pieces share some of the characteristics of his orchestral music, combining a kind of rugged strength with a prevailingly lyric feeling. Included here are the Suites Opus 8 and Opus 45, the Chaconne, Opus 32, and Three Piano Pieces, Opus 59. Ogdon plays them with vigor.

Prokofiev: Romeo and Juliet (*Leinsdorf*, *Boston Symphony*; RCA Victor LSC-2994). Less than the complete score, but a generous serving of excerpts. *Romeo and Juliet* is Prokofiev's finest ballet score, and one of the most satisfying recordings Leinsdorf has achieved in Boston.

Rossini Rarities (*Montserrat Caballé*, *RCA Italiana Orchestra*; RCA Victor LSC-3015). *Tancredi*, *Armida*, the *Siege of Corinth*, all get a hearing. So does Desdemona's Willow Song from *Otello*, though Rossini's rather conventional tune sounds pallid alongside Verdi's subsequent masterpiece. As always in her recordings, Caballé floats her tones beautifully.

Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C (*Furtwängler*, *Berlin Philharmonic*; *Heliodor* H-25074). One of the great recordings of all time, happily restored to the catalogue in a low-price reissue.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 1 in G Minor, "Winter Dreams" (*Yevgeny Svetlanov*, *U.S.S.R. Symphony*; *Melodiya-Angel* SR-40057). Recommended for Tchaikovskians fatigued with the Fifth, pained with the *Pathétique*.

Werner: The Curious Musical Instrument Calendar (*Paul Angerer*, *Vienna State Opera Orchestra*; Nonesuch H-71193). Gregor Joseph Werner had the job at Eisenstadt before Haydn did, and if nothing else, this record shows how Count Esterhazy improved matters when he hired the new man. This *Calendar* is a reasonably glib and pleasant depiction of the passing seasons, but strictly of curiosity value today. Only excerpts are given, but they do run on.

Short Reviews: Books

by Phoebe Adams

Searle's Cats by Ronald Searle. Stephen Greene Press, \$4.95. Experiment proves that four out of five ailurophiles scream with laughter over these drawings; so do four out of five ailurophobes. So do four out of five persons emotionally indifferent to cats, and finding five persons emotionally indifferent to cats is a project that merits a foundation grant. Mr. Searle's subjects have stick legs and rainbow-striped eyes and a certain resemblance to deformed tarantulas, but they are cats nonetheless and funny beyond description or belief.

To the End of the World by Blaise Cendrars. Grove, \$5.00. Presumably, this novel was written out of humorous exasperation with Parisian theatrical bigwigs, but recognition of Mr. Cendrars' models (or victims) is not necessary for enjoyment of the exuberance, the fantastic inventions and exaggerations, the explosive absurdity of language which are the book's distinction. The heroine is a ragbag old actress with the temperament of Falstaff and the shape of a lath, and nothing much happens except a collision between an acting company and the police.

The Unimportance of Being Oscar by Oscar Levant. Putnam's, \$5.95. Jewish humor has a long and honorable history. It has survived much. It will survive Mr. Levant.

The New Language of Politics by William Safire. Random House, \$15.00. The language goes back to gerrymander, which is hardly new, and most of the entries are accompanied by quotations, derivations, attributions, and whatnot. If anybody really needs "an anecdotal dictionary of catchwords, slogans and political usage," this is most conscientiously it.

The Dance of Genghis Cohn by Romain Gary. New American Library, \$5.00. Part fireworks display, part nuclear attack, this surrealist novel is equally amusing and savage, and rockets along at the speed of light.

A Personal Matter by Kenzaburo Oë. Grove, \$5.00. Mr. Oë is a young

Japanese novelist whose Westernized preoccupations give his work a disconcerting déjà vu quality. Actually this novel has a valid theme, convincing characters, and coherent structure. It is worth reading, despite some tiresomely explicit love scenes and a cream-puff ending.

The Art of the Puppet by Bil Baird. Plays, Inc., \$19.95. Mr. Baird writes well of hand puppets, string puppets, shadow puppets, and manhandled puppets, from remote primitive masks to modern abstract constructions. The illustrations are delightful.

Stonehenge of the Kings by Patrick Crampton. John Day, \$7.50. Mr. Crampton, a semiamateur archaeologist and daring accordingly, envisions Stonehenge as the work of a merchant kingdom under strong Minoan influence. The idea is so beguiling that one shares Mr. Crampton's candid regret at the way he is obliged to back it—roughly an ounce of evidence to a ton of speculation.

Bring Larks and Heroes by Thomas Keneally. Viking, \$4.95. The author is Australian, and his novel describes events in a nameless eighteenth-century penal colony in a style that cleverly avoids anachronistic modernity and distracting archaisms. The story is a string of brainless outrages, disgusting but pertinent because the basic subject of the book is the horrors imposed on people outside the protection of law.

The World of Henri Cartier-Bresson by Henri Cartier-Bresson. Viking, \$14.00. Over thirty years' worth of fine photographs, plus a short preface deploring "gratuitous virtuosity and other ineptitudes."

Happy Families by Saul Maloff. Scribner's, \$6.50. "... her filial face shone with a moral beauty that penetrated through layer after layer to the skeleton of her articulate mortality. . . ." This line comes late in the book, and I quote it to prove that I really have read the novel, which is a muddle of dithering energy, needless references to current problems, tricks known to impress reviewers, and characters that one has met before, all of them catastrophically unpleasant. An epigraph from *Tarzan of the Apes* sug-

gests that the whole enterprise may have been intended as camp. It doesn't work that way, either.

The Story of Jodrell Bank by Sir Bernard Lovell. Harper & Row, \$5.95. Sir Bernard conceived notion of England's great radio telescope and wangled the structure into existence under the auspices of Manchester University and despite troubles over design (nothing like it had ever been built before), land, labor unions, money, press coverage, the local sewage system, and a mean bull. His book is a saga of scholarly persistence, interesting even if one understands only a fraction of the astronomical and engineering vocabulary involved. The money row is perfectly clear and mournfully familiar.

Unless Peace Comes edited by Nigel Calder. Viking, \$5.75. Experts in various scientific fields describe the developments in weapons that may be expected before the end of the century. The list includes explosives, gases, robots, disease, and interference with normal atmospheric and geophysical conditions. All the essays are factual in content and restrained in tone. They are terrifying. They should all be read.

Hals by Pierre Descargues. Skira, \$7.50. As usual with the unfortunately named Taste of Our Times series, the text ranges knowledgeably over the painter's technique and environment, the illustrations are good, and the whole small book is handy, useful, and agreeable.

Case History of a Volcano by Don Herbert and Fulvio Bardossi. Harper & Row, \$4.95. This book provides a great deal of information about volcanoes, in a style all gussied up to attract people who don't want to read about volcanoes.

The Third Reich of Dreams by Charlotte Beradt. Quadrangle, \$4.95. During the 1930s, Mrs. Beradt was a journalist in Germany. She undertook an odd sort of research on the effects of the Nazi regime: collecting people's dreams. Assembled, these dreams reveal, with alarming consistency, the same motives for submission to a government that the dreamers despised. An essay by Bruno Bettelheim concludes the book and sums up its significance.

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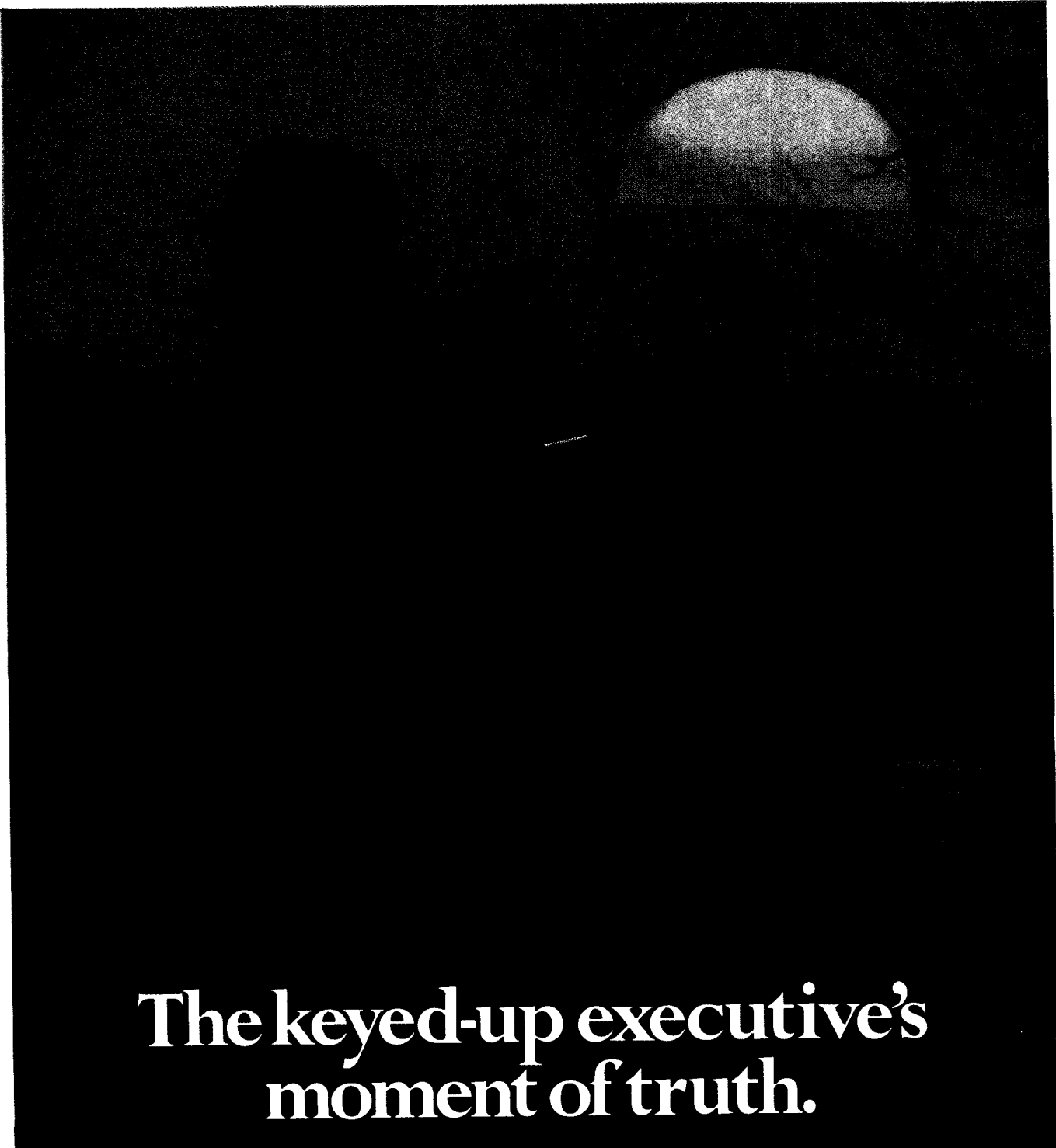
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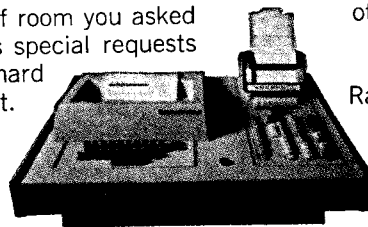
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